

Almudena



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DAY CLASSES

The School is under the management of the Board of Education and the Advisory-Vocational Committee.

Instruction is offered in Day and Evening Classes in academic and vocational courses of study. All day Courses provide a liberal education in English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools, the Universities, and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare boys and girls for commercial, business, industrial and home making pursuits. The program of the Commercial Course requires three years for its completion. Special Courses in commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of two or more years of work in other departments. Technical and industrial Courses are offered in Drafting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. The Practical Arts Course for girls prepares for scientific home management and includes Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Cooking, and Applied Art. Three or more years attendance is recommended for all day pupils.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

The Entrance Certificate or its equivalent is required for all regular courses. Under special conditions pupils with Senior Fourth Book standing may be admitted to a preliminary course in the Technical Department if judged able to undertake the work.

EVENING CLASSES

Evening Classes will open in October and continue until the end of March. During 1928-29 instruction was given in the following subjects:—

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Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

All courses offered have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

C. B. LEAVER,
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F. C. ASBURY,
Principal.

GEO. BROWN,
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For entrance to the above courses at least Complete Pass Junior Matriculation is required.

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Honor Course in Business Administration.

Honor Courses in Mathematics and Business (for Actuaries), Chemistry and Business, Physics and Business.

Honor Course in Science and Medicine combined.

For entrance to these four groups of courses Pass Junior Matriculation and Honor Matriculation in four subjects are required.

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WIN, MUST WITH
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USE IT AND PROVE IT

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Prices very reasonable.
Exclusive styles.

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Doctor—"Blindfold him."



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7. Part of the course leading to the B.A. degree may be completed by home study and attendance at Summer School.
8. A residence for women students, and a Union for men have recently been completed.

Write for a calendar of the Faculty in which you are interested, also information about Matriculation Scholarships.

W. E. McNEILL, M.A., Ph.D., Registrar.

THE COLLEGIATE

Published under the Auspices of the S. C. I Literary Society.

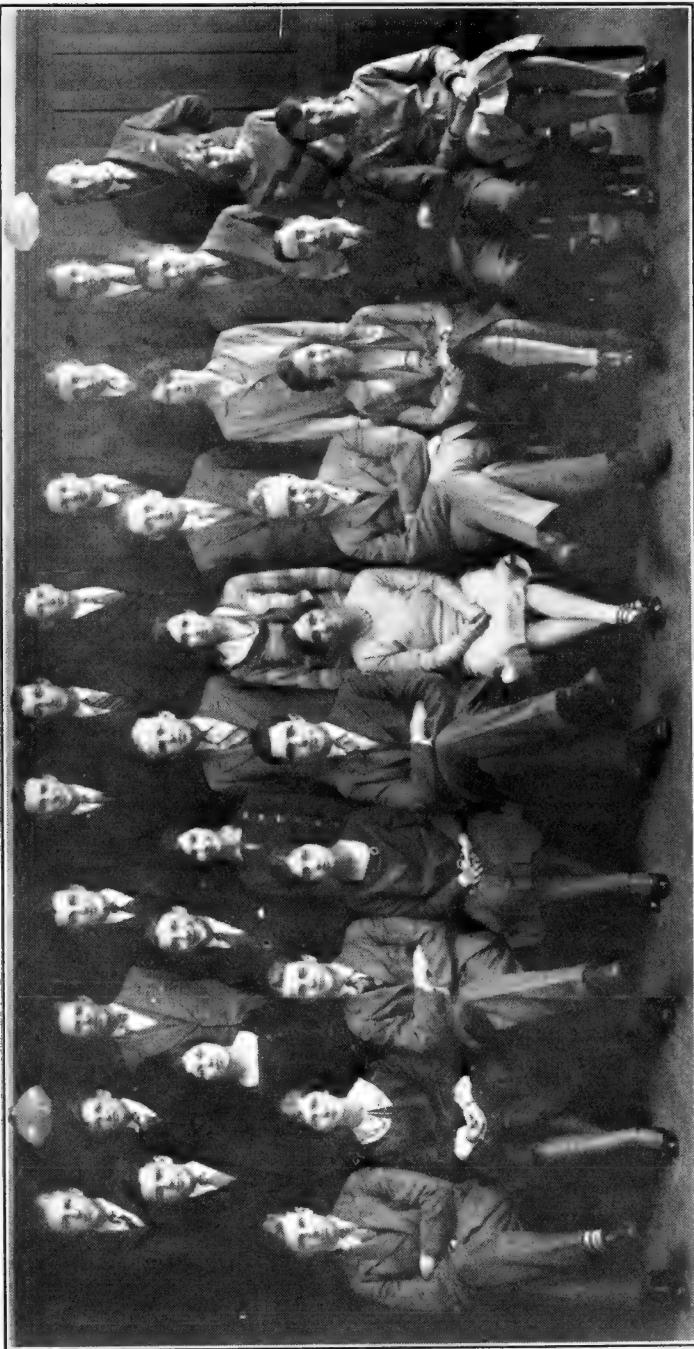


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MAGAZINE STAFF OF THE COLLEGIATE

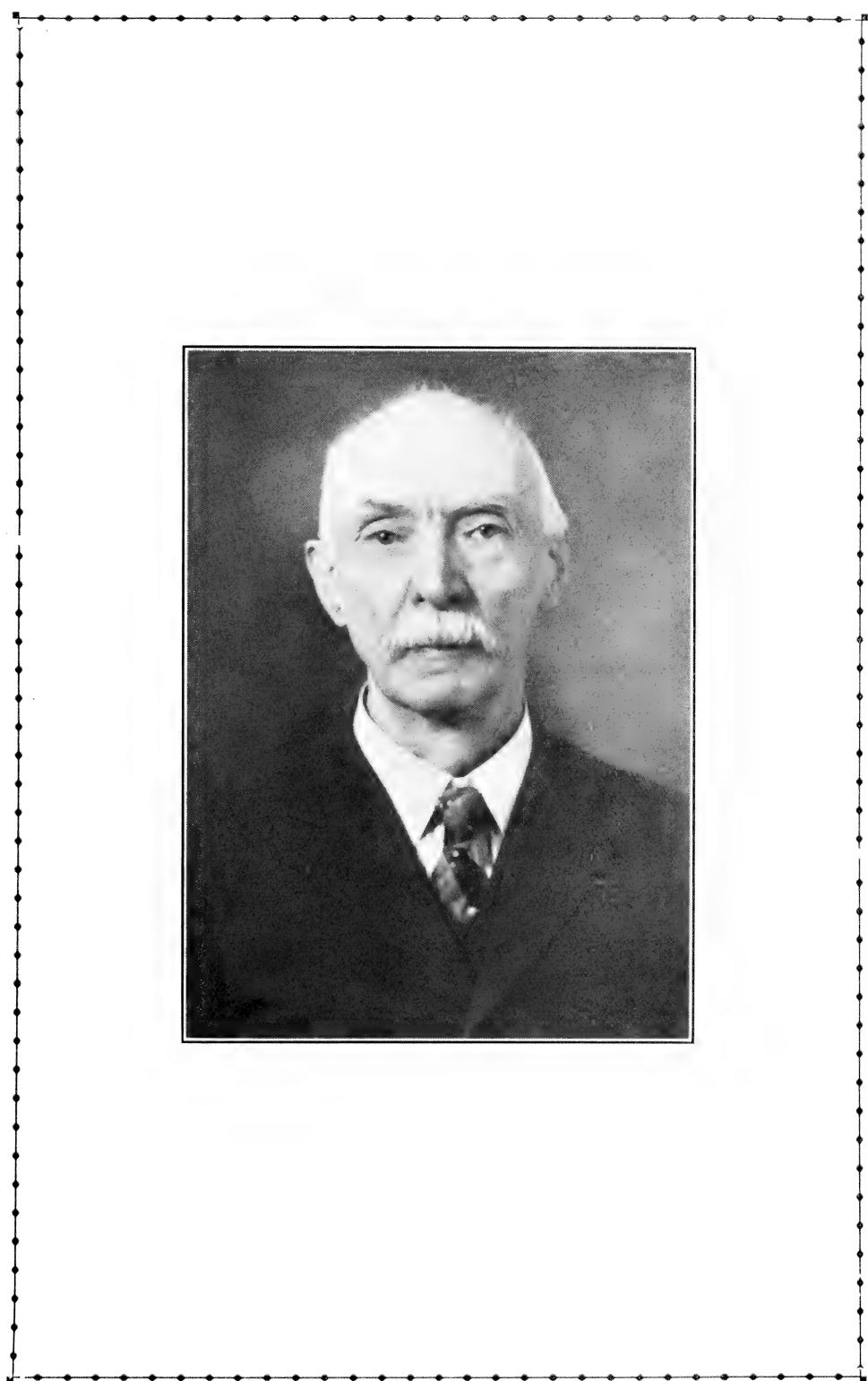
Back Row—Wm. Twain, Harry Turnbull, Wm. Jones, Lloyd Patterson, Ken George, D. Ishister, Fred Stonis, Ken Fraser, Jack Stubbs, Bill Turnbull, Walter Claxton.

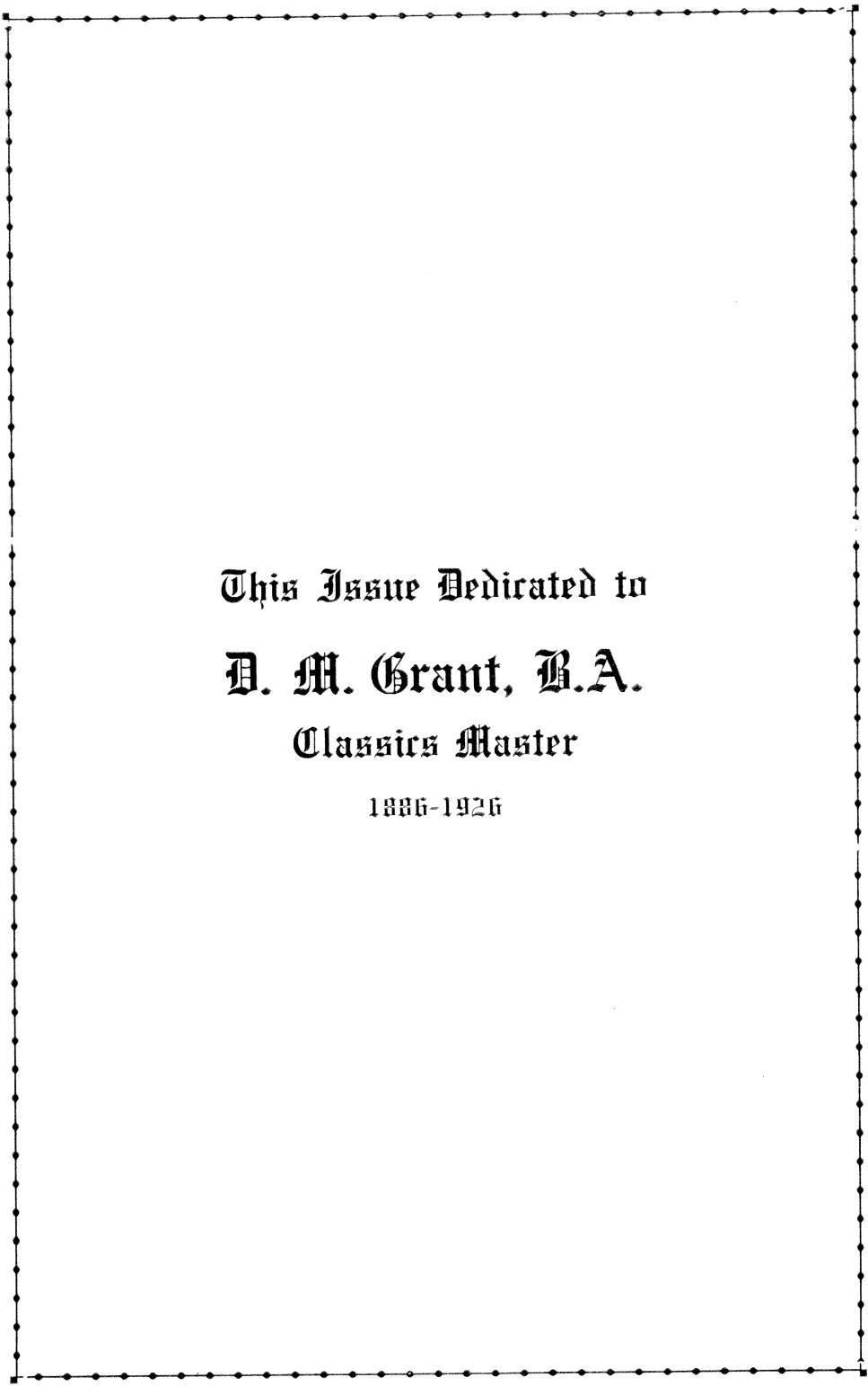
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This Issue Dedicated to
D. M. Grant, B.A.
Classics Master

1886-1926



"A Scrap of Paper"

The phrase "a scrap of paper" may have various associations—from the famous, and infamous, allusion of 1914 to the oft-repeated reminder to keep tidy the corridors of the school! However, just at present I am thinking of that particular scrap of paper known as a graduation diploma.

Of course, a graduation diploma, like a bank-note, a love-note, a promissory note, or a diplomatic note, means much or little depending on its author! We have seen, in recent years, bank notes for millions of marks worth but a few cents; some love-notes are, to say the least, gross exaggerations; many a promissory note has proved a vain thing; and diplomatic notes are notoriously undependable.

So there are graduation diplomas and graduation diplomas. One hears of colleges, so-called, where a Ph.D. is rated at twenty-five dollars and is just that easily or hardly obtained. This is an extreme case, to be sure, and yet the principle holds that a graduation diploma like any other "scrap of paper" depends for its value on what lies behind it.

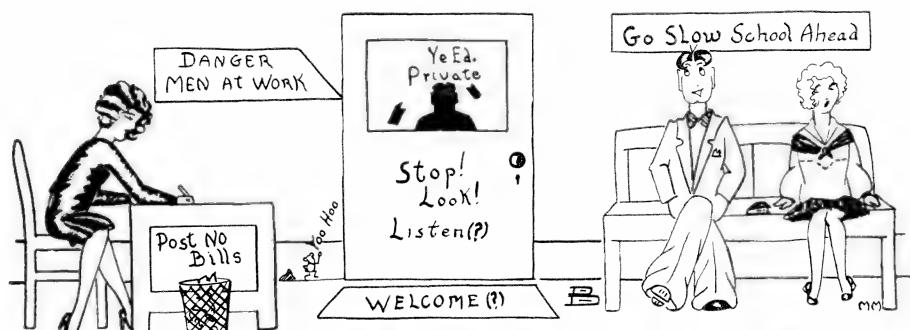
Now what lies behind the graduation diploma of our own school? That is surely a fair question to present to those who read this magazine—whether they are now reading their graduation year book or whether they still have in store that experience of mingled pleasure and regret.

Well, in the first place, if we are to be very materially-minded, it represents an expenditure of time of from three to five or even six years and expenditure in money of from one thousand to three thousand dollars—of which from five hundred to a thousand has been contributed by the taxpayer and the remainder by the parents of the graduate. And we should not be so scornful of material things as to pass lightly over this very important consideration. (Incidentally it would be an excellent thing if every single student in the school took the time to consider his attendance here from the standpoint of a strictly business proposition under the conditions I have just suggested: if this were done many of our school problems would be solved at once.)

But, to proceed, a graduation diploma should mean something more than the putting in of time and the spending of money. From the point of view of those who sign the diploma—whether it be Minister of Education, Chairman of the Board, or other responsible official—it means the reasonably satisfactory completion of a certain specific and authorized course of study—a course of study which has evolved over a great many years and which has occupied the careful attention of many experienced and sincere men. From this standpoint, too, the graduation diploma should command respect—and it does with all who give it serious thought.

But, after all, this "scrap of paper" should mean something more than these. Every document worthy of the name carries with it a certain tradition—a certain repute or disrepute derived from its association. This, after all, is what really makes or mars a graduation diploma. In this fact, too, rests the supreme responsibility of the reader of this foreword (and the writer, too). The hall-mark of the graduation diploma is the character of the school and the character of the school is that intangible thing to which Staff, Student-body and Graduates, together with school building and routine, all contribute. Your responsibility—and it grows every day, from your entry as a fresbie to the evening when you receive your 'scrap of paper' from the assembly platform—your responsibility is to ensure that your personal contribution to the school character and tradition serves to enhance the value of the Diploma of the School.

—F. C. ASBURY.



EDITORIAL

D. M. GRANT

In dedicating this year's issue of the "Collegiate" to D. M. Grant the editorial staff wish to express their appreciation of, and sincere admiration for one who for over forty years was Classics Master in the school. In doing this the staff is merely representing the student body by whom Mr. Grant was beloved on account of his whole-hearted sympathy with every student activity whether athletic, social or academic. This year seemed particularly fitting because the last of the legion of students who have had the privilege of serving under his supervision would be graduating from these halls. To many of the younger pupils in the school and to the countless number coming on in succeeding years the name of D. M. Grant will have lost much of the command and awed respect that it formerly held when he conducted the frightened "freshie" into the intricacies of "amo" or harangued the seasoned fifth-former on "De Bello Gallico". Although Mr. Grant is no longer directly associated with the school as a teacher, his interest in our affairs never dims. May he always rest assured that he is in the hearts of every one of his old pupils, who, although they may be scattered to all parts of the world and in every walk of life still retain the memory of one whom it was their

privilege to call a worthy teacher and friend.

Those of us who leave the school this year do so with a feeling of deepest regret. But this regret is tempered with the thoughts of an association with one who through his untiring devotion to his duty and to what he considered the best interests of the school will always be foremost in our memories of the Sarnia Collegiate.

CADET UNIFORMS

Last year attention was drawn in these same columns to the need of new Cadet uniforms. There is an old saying that "clothes make the man". Of course, we know that it is not entirely true but nevertheless, there is a great deal of wisdom in it. A smart uniform will do more towards making a smart soldier and consequently a smart corps than any other single factor. We have at present three distinct types of uniforms in our Cadet Corps. There are the khaki discards of the government, the near-olive, cotton boy-scout suits and the good old blue tunics. Of this infinite variety the blue and white is the only smart uniform. But each year sees fewer tunics survive and in another few, very few years, they will be a thing of the past. The smartest uniform ever worn by Sarnia Cadets will be a memory and the Ambulance sec-

tion, Signallers and Band will be parading in their overcoats. The boy-scout uniforms come in well regulated sizes for Singer's midgets. Unfortunately, they cannot put more than the first formers who know no better into them. There is a smartness in the hang of this uniform like the good old linen automobile duster. Large boys have been seen to hide behind fences and small boys to weep when clad in this garment. Such is the glory of a uniform! And last but foremost the moth-ball khaki. What care we that London and Windsor Collegiates parade in the smartest of smart uniforms? We have the rare old relies built on one scale of misfits, a living example of "equal rights of man." Everyone's uniform is the same size, the same weight (about two winter overcoats), and the same moth-ball smell. Hot days are a comfort in this uniform—the hotter the day the stronger the moth-ball. Individually and collectively, how do we look? Rotten. How do we feel? Worse. Would we like new uniforms? Yes. Do you think we'll get them? '!! Ladies and gentlemen! soon the annual Cadet Inspection will be held. Come out and have a look for yourselves. Then go home and write your Member of Parliament, the Mayor, the City Council, and the Board of Education that the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School Cadet Corps need new uniforms and not khaki ones either. We thank you.

EDITORIAL

This year, more than ever before, the fact has been forcibly brought home that some radical change is necessary in the choosing of the Magazine Staff. The present method is unsatisfactory in the extreme and a very awkward arrangement at best. It is clear that the form representatives and executive of the Senior Literary Society are not competent to select suitable

members for positions on the Staff. We shall substantiate this statement. Students who **can** and **will** do the work **should** be elected but this is not always the case under present conditions. Too often those students are elected who have built up a reputation in some other direction altogether, with the result that they cannot do the work required of them in the publication of the magazine. In the end, a great many of the smaller articles have had to be rewritten by the Editors so that they will be suitable for publication. It is not often that the articles are too long, on the other hand they are usually too short, full of poor English, slang or colloquialisms, or else are written in a florid style not suited to a school magazine. It is essential that the reporting of activities, the main purpose of our magazine, should be in simple, direct English. In the Literature and Poetry sections the stylists and imaginative minds will find full scope for their abilities. In a few cases, exceptional ones fortunately, we have also found students unwilling to do the work assigned to them. In other words they are only "dead-wood" and there should be no place on the Magazine Staff for them. They certainly should receive no credit in any case. It is never until too late that those in charge of the magazine discover just whom they can depend upon for aid. Thus it is only reasonable to expect that they should be the ones most capable of picking out the useful members of the Staff and making a list of them for the guidance of the succeeding year's Editor, who, we believe, should pick his own staff, subject of course to the approval of the English Department. Not only do we think the above radical change should be made but that the Editor himself should be **appointed** from two or three students recommended by the previous Editors. He should also be from Fifth Form. On the whole, more efficient work could be accomplished if the whole staff were organized as follows:

1. Editor-in-Chief. (General)
2. Assoc. Editors (3) Supervision Student Activities (2 assistants)
- Athletics (2 assistants)
- Humour and Gossip (2 assistants)
3. Literature.
4. Alumni.
5. Exchanges.
6. Art.
7. Photography.
8. Advertising and Business (8 assistants).

As the Advertising and Business are closely allied they should work together and the head of the department should be, without exception, the student who did the best work in the previous year.

All these changes would necessitate amendments to the constitution of the Senior Literary Society which could very easily be brought about.

The magazine is essentially the culmination of the year's activities and it should therefore be representative of the best efforts of the student body. If it is not efficiently organized and administered it cannot achieve the highest standards of excellence that we desire. So it is with hopes that the seed will fall upon fertile ground that we make these suggestions.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year brought about the reorganization of the Boys' Athletic Association Executive but not of the Association itself. Last year the formality of an election of an Executive was not carried through and consequently inter-form sport was left to the hazards of chance. This fall, when a fair amount of interest had been shown in the election of officers, there appeared brighter hopes for a renewed interest in school athletics.

The Athletic Association is for one purpose only—that is the promotion of all forms of sport in the school. Now, interform activities are much more closely allied with our W.O.S.S.A. teams than we seem to realize. They do two things. First, they

give valuable preliminary training for those intending to gain positions on teams and secondly, by participation in sports even in a mild manner a greater interest in, and understanding of inter-scholastic athletics will result. This interest must not be under-estimated because year by year as our expenses for athletics grow, we must draw and hold greater numbers of supporters. Again the B.A.A. should offer to all those who wish only the beneficial effects of properly conducted sports an opportunity to play them. There are many who would like to play in the various group games who do not feel the urge or confidence necessary to making a place on a W.O.S.S.A. team. They are entitled to consideration in the plan of school athletics and can say with truth that they have not received either the opportunity or the coaching necessary for the success of any game. It should be the duty of the Executive to see that schedules are arranged in such sports as basketball, volley-ball, and indoor baseball. A greater encouragement and interest should be shown in all candidates aspiring to track work. Referees and coaches should be provided from the W.O.S.S.A. teams to give the new players an understanding of the game that will allow them to develop. It is an undisputable fact that unsupervised sport is useless.

The question may well be asked that if the failings are known why are they not corrected. There are more reasons than one for this failure. Indifference of the students as a whole is the most difficult one to overcome. The response to A. A. membership cards, when out of at least 400 boys less than 130 purchased cards was the blow that withered the hopes for this year. The most common objective to purchasing a card was "What do I get out of it?" The answer might well be "What do you expect for 25c". You are offered every possibility of entering properly conducted inter-form sports of which the value is worth a great deal more than the

small fee if entered into with the correct spirit. The fee itself is turned over to the Student's Council Treasury for use in the activities of the school. There has never been a scarcity of pupils to enter school sports and the number could easily be doubled; the members of Senior teams personally taking an interest in seeing one or two boys enter sports.

In many universities both in Canada and the United States an increasing emphasis is being placed not on winning teams but in a much more general participation in athletics by every student. It should be thus in our school because the two go hand in hand if properly conducted. An increasing number of students entered in school athletics will mean larger squads and more powerful W.O.S.S.A. teams as well as freedom from financial worries in the greater enthusiasm aroused. It is with the greatest hopes that this article is closed that next year will bring the first of an annual succession of strong, successful B.A.A.'s.

GIRLS' UNIFORMS

We have with us today, ladies and gentlemen, a much-maligned institution—Girls' Uniforms. No longer now has the weaker sex the only opportunity they possessed to express individuality; no longer can one girl be singled out—they all look alike. Maybe this is an advantage and maybe it isn't. However much it places girls on an equal footing as regards dress and tends to improve the general appearance of a class it still seems undesirable in winter. Any group of people look nice in uniforms—even convicts, as long as they are neat and clean. Then too the girls claim they are cold in winter and too warm in summer—a very practical criticism. It is very fortunate the architecture of our school is not adapted to barred windows or we feel sure they would be installed. Uniforms have their place in gym-

nasium classes but we are glad that their use hasn't been made universally compulsory.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The election results of the Senior Literary Society have produced a result that was unforeseen when the constitution was drawn up. The constitution's only demand was that the president should be a member of the Collegiate department in the fifth year. The elections of this year complied with the by-law but went further and filled every office except one with Collegiate students. A protest followed that this was not fair to the other departments, Commercial and Technical, which are a part of this society. On the surface it would seem that the protest is possibly justified and yet there are two very serious objections to changing the by-laws so as to force anyone to vote against their wishes.

The first is that the present system of voting is as fair as all federal elections. The object of all Canadian political discontent, aside from independent government was representation by population. This demand is one of admitted fairness or why should our Dominion be governed by this system. That the case is not exactly parallel is to be admitted, but may it be asked is there so much difference? To make the vote of the majority equal to only that of the smallest party is much like protesting that Prince Edward Island is not as fairly represented in the governing of our country as Ontario. To apply it to Parliament the most prevalent remedy set forth to the solution of our problem would mean that irrespective of population each province should be given an equal number of representatives. This idea was used and abandoned nearly a century ago in our very province. If our society, which states among its aims an attempt to base itself upon parliamentary procedure, is to be such, let us make use of the mistakes of a so-

ciety greater and wiser than our own and not attempt to remodel our society upon the discarded theories of eighteenth century politicians.

There is another reason why amending the constitution would be unwise. It would confess a failure that does not exist. It aborges the numbers with being incapable of choosing those who are to govern the society. It admits that at the age of sixteen or more and after more than three years of intimate acquaintance that the students are incapable of making a sound selection from their own numbers for officers. It admits that those of mature and weighty wisdom should hand-pick the candidates. Surely if a person of sixteen years of age is deemed sound enough to operate a motor vehicle then they are certainly old enough to recognize merit in their fellow-students. It may be denied that the attempt to force society officers upon the members is anything more than a precaution to ensure adequate representation of all departments. That is no explanation. It is only another way of saying that you cannot vote with sense.

It should be easily seen that the reason Collegiate candidates are successful is because they come from the Collegiate department. To become known to the general student body it is necessary to be more than a member of any one department. It is also necessary to mix in with the activities of the school. Any member that will do this will find the earnest and full support of every department. These are the individuals needed for officers—those that have become known to everyone through active work for our school. Just one illustration to prove this argument—last year Clifford Frayne was elected vice-president by an almost unanimous vote. Because he was a member of the "Collegiate department"? No, he came from the Technical and gained the support of the whole school because of his own personal

merits. The Collegiate department did not hesitate to support him because he came from the Technical nor did the Commercial. There is the answer to your difficulty. Find members of your department who are worthy of their office and they will have the whole-hearted support of the entire school.

And now because the use of editorials is to be ignored—a suggestion for next year's elections. Why not use a modified form of the American electoral college? Let each department nominate their candidates, then from the number remaining let there be a number of electors chosen by each department separately. Each department should have a number of electors somewhere in proportion to its enrollment. It would be the duty of these electors to make themselves familiar with the wishes of their supporters. Then at the following meeting the society's officers would be chosen by these electors, invested with this power by their fellows. Any situation could be discussed before the final selection of officers and quite possibly a situation similar to that of this year could be avoided. It is to be hoped that the inconsistency of advancing this suggestion following the first two will be excused. It may be explained in this way that the first has the disadvantage of being only an editorial opinion. The second is a suggestion that if the majority can be talked out of their rights (which is by no means hard to do) it might be worth serious consideration when a division must be made next year.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SCHOOL GROUNDS

There has been a general feeling of satisfaction among the students to realize that at last efforts are being made to improve and make use of the school grounds. The campus at the back of the school has possibilities of being made into a wonderful athletic field. Already it

has been fenced, graded, seeded and a Rugby gridiron and two baseball diamonds laid out. The beginning has also been made of a running track and jumping pits. This is excellent, but there is still room for improving the field, laying out some tennis courts and completing the track.

In front of the school also a great deal of expense has been incurred in putting in shrubs and flower beds to beautify the grounds. A little bit is being done every year and it will not be long until we have a really beautiful school instead of a bare gaunt-looking building.

STUDIES AND SPORT

When this magazine reaches you preparation for the June exams will be well under way. It is our wish to recall to you the words and advice of our principal and also coach "Dolly" Gray. This year we were exceptionally fortunate with our scholastic standings. Scarcely a man was lost to any sport through ineligibility and as a result we had strong teams that made an impressive showing in every inter-school activity. Next year it may be the same story or one entirely different. That is up to you. The W.O.S.S.A. requirements are very low and no principal with pride in his school can help enforcing them. When there is that necessity, a serious loss is suffered. Valuable coaching and time has been wasted upon the candidate besides a very definite loss of team morale through such incidents. This warning is not needed now perhaps nearly as much as at the Xmas exams. Then there is not the same necessity of passing and failures are apt to be treated too lightly. The

results of this are an old story—no basketball team in '26 and a greatly crippled one in '27. What would we do if this spread to football? Therefore we ask that you take to heart the last words spoken by "Dolly" as coach—"The examinations are coming now. Get in there and pass them and not have a single man ineligible next year."

WE NEED A WAR MEMORIAL

In a great many exchanges from other schools which have come to hand this year we read that they have unveiled or are planning a Memorial Tablet or else a Roll of Honour, in order to suitably honour the memory of students and graduates who served overseas. Here is a matter with which our dormant Students' Council might occupy their time. Why should we not have such a tablet? We are certainly proud of those from the Old School who fought for their country and it is only fitting that their loyalty and patriotism should be properly remembered. We understand that Mr. Asbury has gathered together a list of names of such boys with this end in view and approached certain business men of the city, but that nothing further ever came of it. This seems to have been a prosperous year at school unless the Hockey and Basketball teams spend all the funds, so might not some of this surplus money be spent in purchasing a suitable Tablet? Then too, there seems to be a great variety of entertainments being presented in the school this year so why not place the proceeds of one towards this end? Let's get busy. It is only necessary to start the ball rolling.

SCHOLARSHIPS



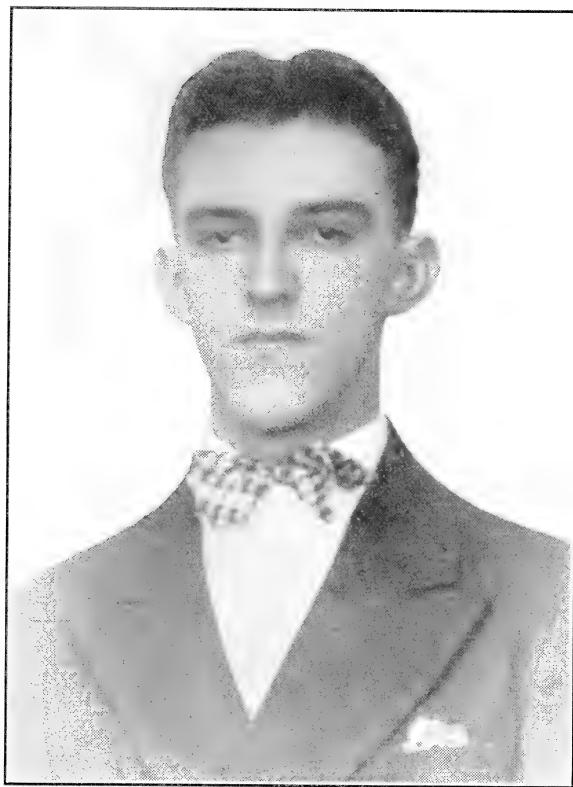
and very fittingly was she chosen Valedictorian for the graduating class of 1928. In the future do we wish her every success.

A very recent scholarship of Fifty Dollars in honour of Mr. D. M. Grant, former head of Classics, was awarded to Lawrence Cragg. It is a scholarship given to the student who has obtained the best record of work throughout Middle School. We regret that Lawrence has gone to Oshawa for we hoped he would bring further honour in Carter Scholarships but to him all success in the future.

May the Sarnia Collegiate offer it's most sincere congratulations to Elva Elford and Lawrence Cragg—those students who distinguished themselves in academic activity.

Scholarships founded by Mr. J. I. Carter are awarded annually to the three pupils, in each county of Ontario taking the highest mark in ten papers of the Departmental Upper School Examinations. The First Carter Scholarship was won by Miss Elva Elford entitling her to the award of One Hundred Dollars. Miss Elford's scholastic career has, throughout been a distinguished one

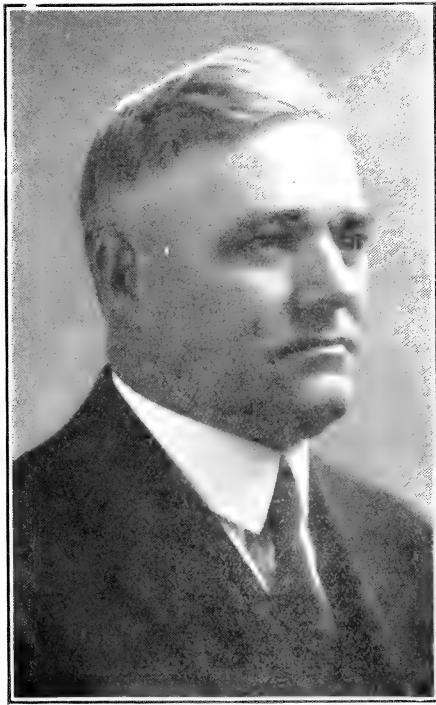




In Memoriam

Atwood M. Kennedy

*"We are the richer, because he lived,
The poorer, because he died."*



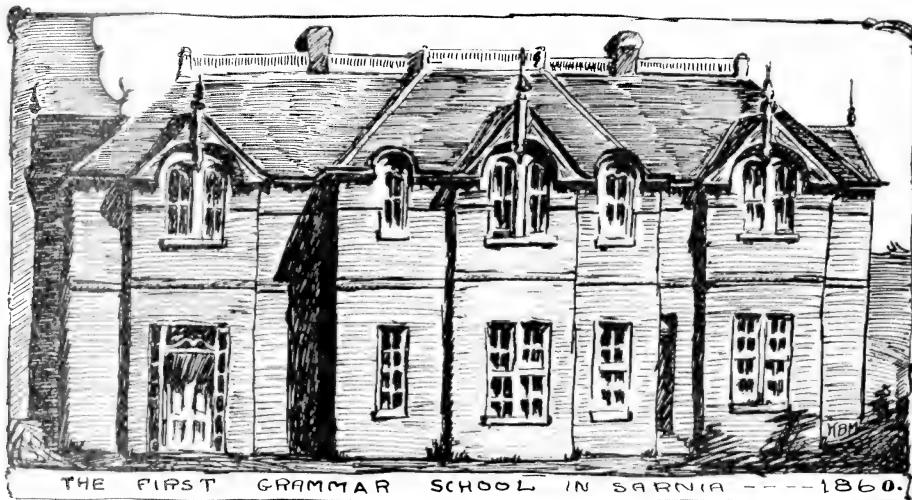
In Memoriam

W. T. Goodison

*"In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in order were:
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs not foil, but shines by his own light."*

—Dryden.

“The Old School”



It is a far cry back to 1886, but I thought it would possibly be of interest to the present generation of students to learn where and how their parents and grand-parents were educated. When I joined the Sarnia High School Staff on January 1st, 1886, a young man twenty-five years of age, full of vim and just two years after my University graduation, the building we taught in stood on the site of the present hospital. As a school it possessed every quality that a school should not have. It contained four classrooms, two capable of holding twenty-five pupils and the other two holding from seventy-five to eighty each. I was going to say comfortably, but there was no provision for comfort. Those rooms were heated with box stoves and along-side each stove was a pile of cordwood. As a consequence one side would be exceedingly hot and the other side exceedingly cold.

The lighting of all rooms was from the front, right, or rear, but never from the left. There were three cloak-rooms, each ten feet square,

two for the girls, and one for the boys, and all inaccessible to the two south rooms. There was an outside wooden stairway for the use of the south upstairs pupils. The lavatories consisted of two “telephone booths” at the back of the yard, fully one hundred yards from the school.

The apparatus for teaching chemistry was contained in a sort of closet upstairs in the north-west corner of the building, while the class was taught downstairs in the south-east corner. The whole apparatus could easily have been carried in a good sized market-basket and was entirely out of date. The only good article was a barometer and it was out of repair. One year later, however, six hundred dollars was voted for the purchase of chemical and physical apparatus, but this again was stored in a different room from the one in which the subject was taught.

The school grounds were utterly uncared for and were too small for games of any kind. A deep ditch ran the whole length of the boys’ playground, into which it was con-

sidered the correct thing to tumble any "Smart Alex", especially if it was good and muddy. There were no activities of any kind in connection with the school, except the annual concert in the town hall.

As environment has a great influence on the young it can readily be understood that the pupils were a rather wild, rough, undisciplined but loveable lot of young barbarians. Stern discipline was necessary, without such no teacher could have survived a term. But when the young "cubs" were reduced to order, most excellent work could be accomplished. The first day that I entered the school I found 186 pupils present, divided as follows, twenty-five in each of the first and fourth forms, seventy-two in the third form, and sixty-four in the second. Proper classification was impossible and this was further aggravated by the fact that in those days entrance examinations were held twice a year. The consequence was that every six months the whole of the first form had to be promoted, whether ready or not, in order to make room for the newcomers. With all those handicaps one would wonder how results were obtained, but, "Brick and Mortar" do not make a school. As an instance I know of an old log school presided over by one master many years ago. He taught everything from the primary to Honour Matriculation. In discussing education some years ago with the General Manager of one of our largest Life Insurance Companies, he told me that he got in that little, old, log schoolhouse such a training in mathematics and bookkeeping that he was able to take the position as actuary and manager of the company, a position he held for over thirty years. I can recall four boys who attended that old Mitton Street school who took the entire matriculation work in law in one year. Another boy who attended there is Chief Justice of one of the provinces at the present time.

Up until the time I came to Sarnia and for several years after, no pupil

had ever gone from the Sarnia High School to the University. Higher education was not highly valued in the town as it was thought that University men usually became teachers or preachers and the enrolments of both were such, that they were not sought after at that time. The highest salary paid to any specialist in the old school was nine hundred dollars per annum. Our teaching hours were from nine a.m. to four p.m. but where pupils were anxious to work or get ahead we had no time limit. In 1889 it was decided that the time had come to erect a modern school, and after a great deal of discussion, and owing very largely to the exertions of the late Michael Fleming, the present building on the London Road was erected and opened in 1891. Hon. George W. Ross, Minister of Education for the Province was present at the opening ceremony, and pronounced it the finest and best equipped Collegiate Institute building in the province. We had the High School raised to the status of a Collegiate Institute at that time. Scores of pupils have gone out from those schools and they are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Many have won wealth and honour and fame and wherever I meet them I always get the glad hand.

The cost of the London Road was about forty-five thousand dollars for school and equipment. A great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed amongst the ratepayers at the extravagance of the Board. If some of these same ratepayers were to come back to-day and look over our present school and learn its cost, I do not know what would happen to them. I oftentimes wonder if the present generation realize and appreciate the wonderful opportunities that have been so generously provided for them. Mr. W. T. Evans, now Judge Evans of Hamilton joined the Sarnia Collegiate Staff at the same time that I did, and continued with us for two years. When he left to study law, I do not know whether the "Loaves and Fishes" was the in-

duement.—I surely missed him.

At the close of the present year, sad to contemplate, I shall be a back number, as practically the last of my old pupils will have left the Collegiate. To the new pupils I shall be a stranger, but I shall always retain a deep interest in the future success of the school. In conclusion let me say to any pupil that has aspirations to reach a higher place,

but may be discouraged through lack of means or other obstacles, press on, with high courage, a way will open. The plumes of life are not on the average won by the rich, also remember the words of Aeneas to his disheartened followers—

“Forsitan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”

D. M. Grant.

Pupils of Our School--Past and Present

DO YOU KNOW ANY OLDER OR YOUNGER THAN THESE?

“Old Boys” of the Grammer School (Still living)

James Stephenson (Toronto) in 90's; Richard Causley (Sarnia) in 86; Capt. Ed Thomas (Sarnia); James Hitchcock (Sarnia); James Copeland (Sarnia); Sutherland Johnson (Sarnia).

Youngest Pupil in Attendance at S. C. I. & T.S.—1928-1929 Term

Margaret Alexander, age 10 years, 8 months at date of Enrolment, September, 1928.

THE SCHOOL HERO

(To whom it may concern)

*It is he who makes the whole school tremble,
And teachers and pupils alike dissemble.
Who walks around with lordly air
While all the students stand and stare;
The Freshy quakes, the Senior sighs
And gaze at him with longing eyes.
He is a god beyond our plane,
We only stare and stare in vain!
He does not think of such as “us”.
And “How he hates this bally fuss.”*

Magnum Bellum

NOTE—Each one of these articles represents the best effort from each of the four first forms on the Great War.

MAGNUM BELLUM 1914-18 A.D.

1914 anno Domini Germani bellum parant. Belgas oppugnant et multa oppida et multos vicos Belgarum vastant. Pauci Belgae contra multos Germanos pugnant. Britannia et Gallia et Italia et coloniae sunt socii Belgarum. Canada pedites equitesque trans oceanum mittit. Milites Germanorum legatis parent et multa praesidia vicosque multos delent. Socii Germanos ad Britannię progredi prohibent. Quattuor annos socii et Germani terra marique pugnant. In altis fossis terra pugnant. Multa proelia faciunt sed tandem socii superant Germanos. Est pax.

William Luscombe—I B (Coll.)

MAGNUM BELLUM 1914-18 A.D.

1914 anno Domini belli initium in Serbia factum est. Canada erat socius Britanniae et milites misit. Milites Canadæ fortiter pugnabant et multi necati sunt. Britanni et socii parvos liberos ab injuria Germanorum defendebant. Germani oppida Belgarum et Gallorum oppugnabant et agros vastabant. Socii et Germani altis latisque fossis pugnabant, non gladiis hastisque. Multa proelia mari facta sunt. Multi nuntii ad Britannię missi sunt. Multi milites necati sunt et vulnerati sunt. Postremo bellum confectum est. Germani se sociis dediderunt et copias removerunt. Bellum non renovaverunt sed amicitiam cum Britanni confirmaverunt.

Anna Marsh—I D. (Coll.)

MAGNUM BELLUM 1914-18 A.D.

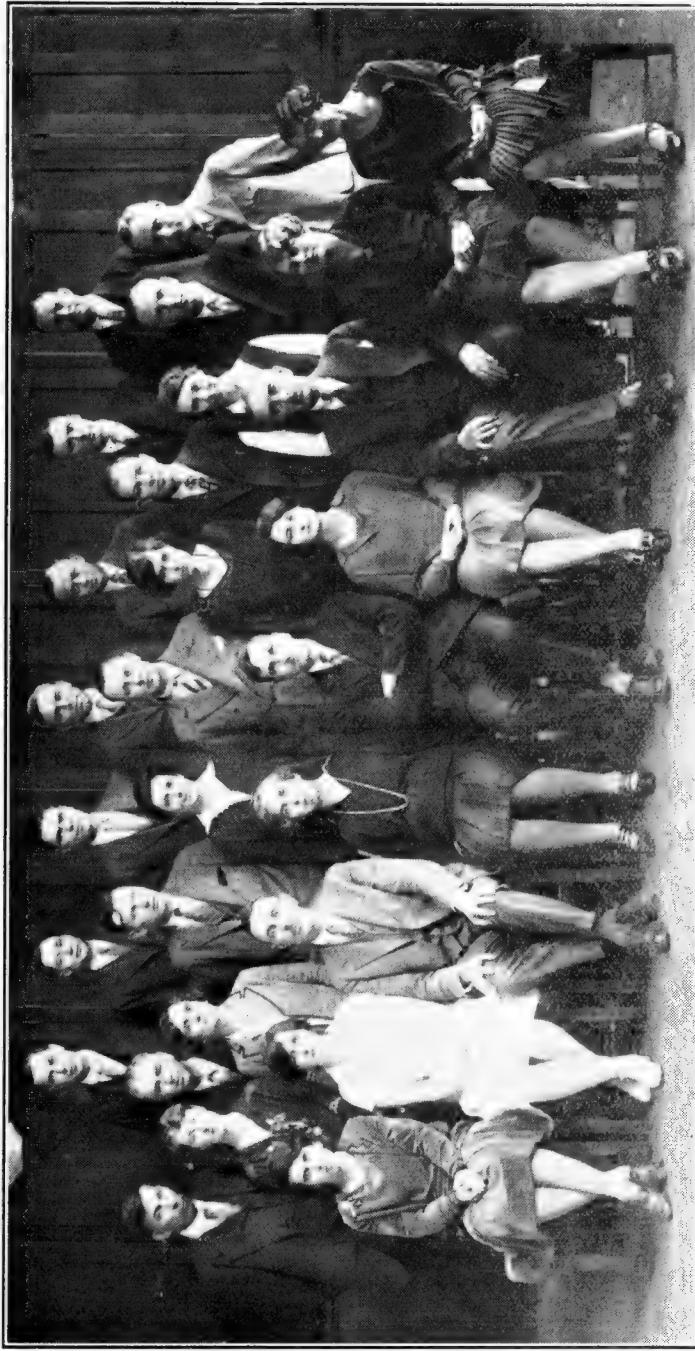
Anno Domini millesimo nongentesimo quarto decimo Germani belli initium fecerunt. Socii erant Galli et Britanni et Belgae. Contra Germanos amicosque pugnabant. Etiam coloniae Britannorum Gallorumque contra Germanos pugnabant. In Gallia et in Belgio bellum gerebant. Tormentis telsque pugnabant Germani agros Belgarum Gallorumque vastabant et multos viros sociorum necebant. Postremo socii Germanos superaverunt. Germania erat magna civitas; nunc est parva.

John Depew—I A. (Coll.)

MAGNUM BELLUM 1914-18 A.D.

Anno Domini millesimo nongentesimo quarto decimo Germania bellum gerit. Socius primus Germanorum erat Austria. Primum Germani oppida vicosque Belgarum, oppugnabant. Amici Belgarum, Britannia et Gallia et Italia, arma contra Germanos capiunt. Coloniae Britanniae milites et frumentum mittunt. Milites Canadæ fortiter pugnant et legatis parent. Et socii et Germani multos viros necant. Britannia et socii fossas Germanorum expugnant. Socii postremo Germanos superant. Britanni pacem cum Germania confirmant.

A. Ellenor—I C. (Coll.)



TEACHING STAFF OF HILLSDIDE COLLEGE

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Staff of the S. C. I. & T. S. 1928-29

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SCHOOL SECRETARY - - - MAUDE I. MacKAY

ASSISTANT SECRETARY - - - VERA M. PIGGOTT



Teacher's Corner

*Oh ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions:
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.*

— Bryon.

MATHEMATICS

The course of study in a Collegiate does not tend to early specialization but is diversified to give to each pupil a ready command of his intellectual resources. It tends to develop the various functions of the brain, memory, imagination, reason, power of observation etc. In this development each subject has its place. Pupils are wont to question the utility of the various subjects. It has always been thus. It is recorded that one of Euclid's (300 B.C.) students asked him "What do I gain by learning such stuff?" Euclid answered by calling a slave and saying: "Give this boy some coppers, as he must make profit from what he learns."

After the different faculties are developed, students often find that they have greater potentialities along some particular line than along any other and will then specialize. But often this has been done too early. Descartes was trained for the army, but one day he noticed on the street a placard calling for the solution of Mathematics, Physics and Philosophy. His success was great, and he became known as "The Father of Modern Philosophy".

To the ancient mathematicians we owe much. Although their facilities for work were very limited and crude, they developed facts that are used by many, to-day, who could not

otherwise obtain these results. To those who use logarithmic tables it must be a wonder how these were obtained. The amount of work required in their compilation was tremendous. We have the value of Pi given roughly as $3 \frac{1}{7}$, more accurately as 3.1416, but what student of to-day would undertake, as it has been done, to calculate it to 707 places of decimals. To-day if we desire to find the amount of \$1.00 at 4 per cent. for 20 years we simply turn to a prepared interest table. In the machine-shops of our factories the walls are lined with Mathematical Charts for the guidance of workers, and many carry such a book as the "American Machinist", which is a compilation of mathematical data for the use of the mechanic.

The present tendency in teaching mathematics is to eliminate the purely theoretical and to make the work as practical as possible with the idea of developing a greater interest in the work. The student is urged to attempt a problem for himself in order that he may develop power. In Mathematics, perhaps more than any other subject, is individual effort necessary. Hence home-work has an important place.

The other side of the question is the utilitarian. What use can be made of it in one's life work? To answer

this one has only to consider the present development in Science, Invention, Manufacturing and Commerce.

In Science many of the new discoveries are possible only by applying known laws. These are purely mathematical and sometimes very involved. Some of the Scientific books are scarcely intelligible to the ordinary person owing to the presence of Mathematical formulae. Then Science weaves itself into our industries. Companies such as the Imperial Oil, are always alert for new methods of distillation. These methods are possible only after very involved calculations in changes in the plant.

In manufacturing, each new model requires new measurements. A mistake of 1-1000 of an inch sometimes ruins the whole output. Here we have a work for the careful calculator who has to treat with many complicated mathematical and scientific laws.

In Commerce we again see the value and predominance of mathematics. Our financial papers are a mass of complicated figures and graphs. Our insurance companies, always eager to satisfy the wants of the public, are constantly devising new schemes of insurance, each of which has to be financially sound. In all lines of business the tendency to-day is concentration. Our small

grocery stores are disappearing, giving place to the larger combines, requiring at their head some person with mathematical ability. The architect who could successfully plan a two-storey building might be totally lost were he to attempt a skyscraper.

The coming years will doubtless be an era of large things. Canada is on the threshold of great development in mines and water-power. The future prosperity of the country depends on the development of the abilities of its citizens. What we need is the trained Scientist to discover the full extent of our natural resources and improve and develop our industries. To do this will require the employment of men endowed with a good knowledge of Mathematics and Science. It should be the ambition of some of our students to fill some of these important posts that will be opened. The best way to prepare for such is by laying a good foundation. The course in Mathematics in the Collegiate and Technical Schools is broad. An American writer has said that the best export of Scotland was its educated and energetic men. In Canada we do not want to export such. In the future there will be development sufficient to absorb all our talented citizens.

David Andrews, M.A.
Head of Maths. Dept.

THE VALUE OF LATIN

"What is the use of Latin?" Probably no question is more frequently asked regarding the course prescribed in the Collegiate department of our Secondary Schools. The time was when the students in our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes had before him one of two aims: Either to obtain a good general education, or to fit himself for one of the professions. But times have changed. We still have a fair number who are preparing to enter

a profession, or at least a university; we hope we still have a good many who desire to obtain as good an education as our Collegiate Institute can give.

But what of the number, much too large, whose sole aim is to get only as much (rather as little) education as will enable them to "get a job" and earn a living; or the so inconsiderable number who are in our classes for no other reason than that they have not yet reached the age

when the Adolescent Act will permit them to leave school altogether?

Frankly I doubt if to this last class Latin is any use at all. Latin has always been recognized as a "cultural" subject; and to pupils with this outlook, "culture" is a meaningless term; for it cannot be translated into dollars and cents, and to them dollars and cents alone represent value. So what follows in this article will have no interest to them. I hope, however, that I may be able to present a few reasons why the study of Latin is valuable to those who are willing to believe that educated people through many centuries have not been mistaken in considering the study of Latin one of the absolute essentials in the process of their education.

Nowadays discipline is an unpopular word. I would remind my readers that whether popular or not, discipline is as necessary to-day in developing strong and capable men and women as it ever was. These are the days when young people worship sport. It might not be amiss to remind them that the man who excels in any particular branch of sport does so because he has submitted himself to a most rigorous discipline, a discipline that requires and develops not only the physical strength, but many mental and moral qualities as well. He must first bring his will under his discipline, and be willing to endure many hardships, and to deprive himself of many pleasures. Recall, for example, the recent Swimming Marathon. For the sake of the coveted prize the athlete thinks all the discipline and the hardship of his training worth while.

Our aim as teachers is to equip our students with well trained minds. The mental discipline is surely as necessary for our pupils as is physical discipline to an athlete. Now it is the practically unanimous opinion of eminent men in nearly every walk of life that as a means of mental discipline the study of Latin has no equal. Latin is in some re-

spects a fairly difficult subject. Then one of the first benefits derived from its study is that it strengthens the will power of the student. He must be willing to give the time and to cultivate the patience necessary to master its difficulties.

Next, Latin provides exercise for, and trains our powers of memory, of observation, of judgment and discrimination. It develops powers of concentration, and of clear thinking: it trains one in habits of accurate and clear expression, and provides an incomparable training in the exact and skilful use of language.

It is a commonplace to say that the truly educated person must know his own language. How can one really know English who has not some knowledge of Latin? We are told that at least sixty per cent of English words are of Latin origin. As advancement is made along all scientific lines, and new inventions and discoveries are made, this number is constantly increasing, for almost invariably the new terms are from a classical source. The peculiarities of English spelling also, and the grammatical structure of English sentences are better understood when one has studied Latin.

We in Canada are constantly hearing about the resources of our vast Dominion, our agricultural and mineral wealth etc. Hon Ernest La pointe, Minister of Justice in the Dominion Cabinet, said in a recent speech: "The strength and wealth of a country does not consist more particularly in the vastness of the territories, the richness of the soil, the abundance of its resources, or the beauty of the climate. All these are valuable assets, but the real wealth of any country is in the quality of its citizenship." If we agree with this opinion, surely we believe that those are the best studies for our boys and girls which will develop citizens of the highest quality. Are not a highly trained intelligence and consequent culture among the things most to be desired?

Sir Robert Falconer, President of

the University of Toronto, said recently: "Canada will not win the respect of the world by her wheat fields, nor by her gold mines, but by the soul of her people. The pioneer has disappeared from Canada, and the fact that she is a new country is no longer an excuse for her being culturally inferior to the old countries." Those who disparage the study of Latin and kindred cultural subjects should carefully consider such statements as those I have quoted, and such warning as was uttered in Winnipeg recently by Dr. R. W. Holland, London, England, head of the Pitman College and Branch Schools of Great Britain, when he warned against a too rigid attention to 'only those subjects calculated to turn the wheels of commerce, and bring in the dollar'. He pointed out that a general cultural education was necessary to build up the well balanced life.

May I conclude with two more quotations from well known men. Eliper Coot says: "Our education system all over the country seems to me to be getting into a bad way, and I think the chief reason is that we have drifted away from the idea

of an intellectual discipline as the essential thing in education. - - - I think it is time for a renaissance in education, and I know of nothing more important than the study of the classics."

And Sir Henry Thornton, President of the C.N.R., says: "Even in railroading, I would rather have a man who had undergone thorough training in what they call the Humanities than one who comes with the diploma of an institute of technology, but destitute of cultural training. I had to wrestle hard with my Latin and Greek studies, but I'd not give up the results of that struggle for any mere technical knowledge that a college can give."

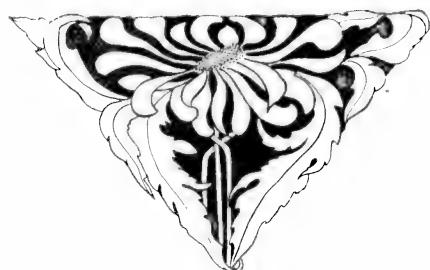
I have tried to show that Latin is a means of mental discipline, a subject that trains the mind so as to fit the student for any kind of work that requires brains—and what worth while work does not?

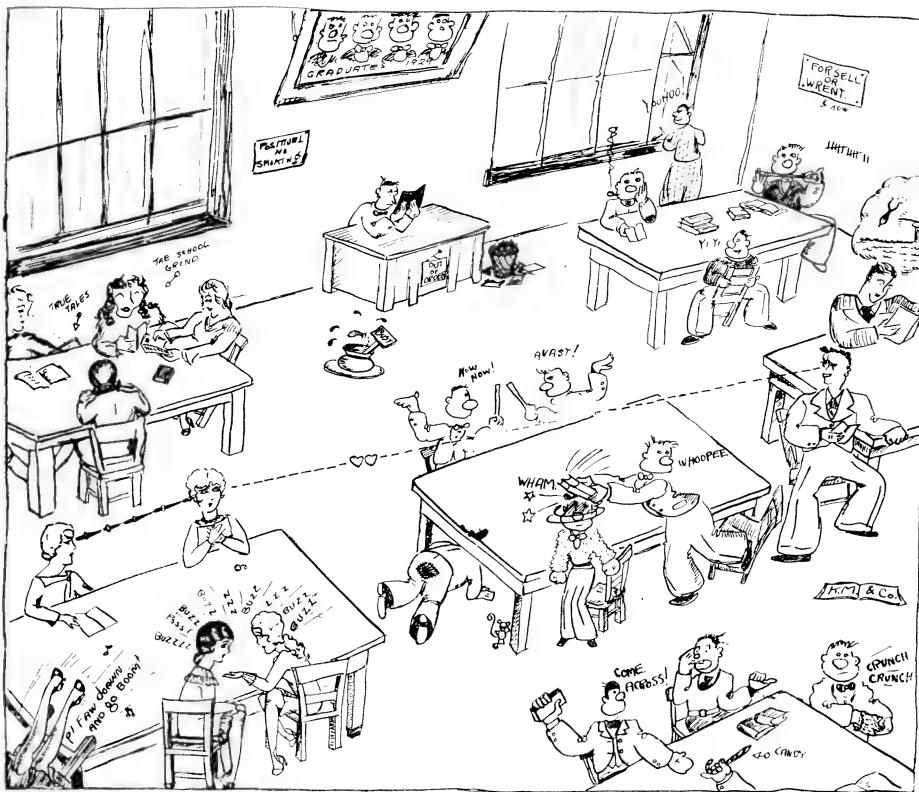
Note—The above quotations and some of the matter in this article are taken from a little paper published by the Central Collegiate Institute of Hamilton, called *Virginibus Puerisque*.

Mrs. Urquhart.

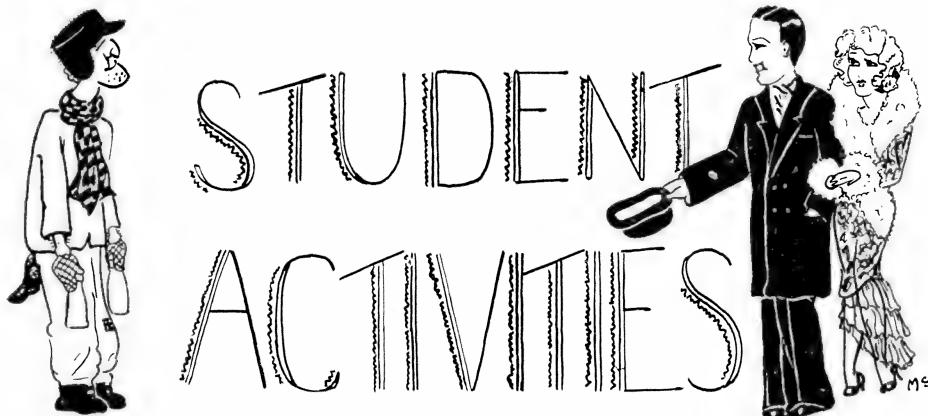
*Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.*

Sir J. Davies





Here we go gathering Nuts in May.



THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The first three meetings of the Senior Literary Society were open discussions on the results of the election of officers. The officers elected this year with the exception of one, were from the Collegiate department. There was some doubt as to whether such a result was fair to the school and in accordance with the society's constitution. It was finally decided to let the pupils elected hold office, but add to the executive two representatives from the commercial department and one from the technical department. It was also decided that each senior form would be responsible for one meeting.

The officers of the society wish at this opportunity to express their thanks to all those who helped make the meetings a success, by their efforts and readiness to take part in the programs.

During the year three W.O.S.S.A. debates were held, one boys' which was supported, in Sarnia, by Rowely McKay and William Jones and two girls' debates. The girl debaters be-

ing Pauline Mills, May Leckie and Helen MacIntyre and Mary Urquhart. The orchestra rendered pleasing numbers at several of the meetings. The outstanding program of the term was a "Schubert Memorial" program sponsored by fifth form.

An executive meeting was held in the latter part of the year and the magazine staff elected. The work of the magazine at once took the time and interest of everyone.

The Executive

Honorary President—Miss Walker.

President—Norman Paterson.

Vice-President—Kenneth George.

Secretary—Pauline Mills.

Treasurer—May Leckie.

Girl Reporter—Patsy Collins.

Boy Reporter—Ralph Misener.

Pianist—Patricia Palmer.

Special Representatives—Isabel McDonald, Marian McKim, Lloyd Patterson.



SENIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Standing—Kenneth George, Patricia Collins, Norman Patterson (Pres.), May Leckie, Lloyd Patterson.
Seated—Pauline Mills, Patricia Palmer, Miss Walker, Isabel McDonald, Marion McKim.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

About the middle of September the Junior Literary Society was reorganized with an executive well representative of the different departments of the school.

Honorary President—Miss M. N. Burriss.

President—Harold Chambers.

Vice-President—Ross Ofield.

Secretary—Marjorie Darrach.

Treasurer—Gordon Smith.

Girl Reporter—Annie Laurie.

Boy Reporter—Charles Rawcliffe.

Pianist—Ellar Brown.

The programs of the Society have been very interesting and varied in character. At every assembly the business matters were handled very correctly and expeditiously by the members of the main executive. At the first meeting of the Society the newly elected officers gave short in-

augural speeches and then the meeting was chiefly business in character.

The programs following were very interesting and amusing requiring individual skill and practice in their production. The first production took the form of a mock school board meeting which held a lively debate on the age-old and use-worn subject, "The abolishment of HOMEWORK". The next meeting consisting of picture slides and lectures by some of the main executive was very interesting and educational. The elimination contest for the Junior W.O.S.S.A. oratorical contests were then held in the next few meetings.

During February several of the Collegiate forms presented a French play "Cendrillon" accompanied by French songs, etc. At this meeting



JUNIOR LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row—B. Kilbreath, Miss Buriss (Hon. Pres.) M. Nuttall, Tom Stubbs, C. Williamson, D. Cooper, K. VanHorne, Mr. Asbury (Principal), J. Phillips.
Middle Row—H. Patterson, C. Rawcliffe, R. Ofield (Vice-Pres.), G. Smith, E. Brown, A. Laurie.
Front Row—R. Geddes, G. Fulcher, L. Hall, S. Austin, W. Dochan.

William Luckcombe and Donald Twaits gave short speeches concerning this very interesting French program. Ross Ofield, the vice-presi-

dent, presided for the first time in the absence of Harold Chambers who has been obliged to leave school.

W.O.S.S.A. ORATORY

A section of the Student Activities that is becoming increasingly popular each year is the W.O.S.S.A. Oratorical Contests. Sarnia Collegiate was well represented in all departments of Oratory this year and succeeded in carrying off the district honours in two divisions as well as winning second place in the Junior Girls' final W.O.S.S.A. Competition.

In the Junior Division the Competition was especially keen and the task of judging the various contests no easy matter. The form eliminations resulted in the following decisions—Junior Girls' representative Dorothy Haney speaking on the

subject "Northern Ontario, a New Land of Promise". Junior Boys' Representative David Kerr, who chose as his subject "Russia, Past and Present." These two orators therefore, represented our school at the Junior District Contest held at Exeter on Feb. 15th. How ably they spoke is evident by the fact that in both of the contests, the Sarnia speakers were victorious, winning the decision from representatives of the Exeter Collegiate. By winning the District Contest, the Sarnia speakers gained the right to represent the district at the final W.O.S.S.A. Competition.



ORATORS

Ross Tuck, Margaret Cobban, Dorothy Haney, David Kerr.

The Senior Representatives this year, chosen after the customary eliminations were—Senior Girls', Margaret Cobban with "Pauline Johnston" as her subject. Senior Boys', Ross Tuck speaking on "The Unification of Canada." The Senior District Contest took place on Feb. 15th at the Strathroy Collegiate, where speakers competed in both the Girls' and Boys divisions, from Strathroy, Exeter, and Parkhill as well as from Sarnia. Although failing to win the Sarnia Speakers were highly praised for their efforts and ably upheld the honour of the school. Miss Margaret Cobban lost to a

more experienced rival Miss Jean O'Brien whose speech was on the subject "Edith Cavell". The decision in the Senior Boys' Contest was given to the representative from the Exeter Collegiate.

The final contest in the Junior Girls' series was held on March 1st in London South Collegiate, with Miss Dorothy Haney representing the Sarnia District. The winner of the contest representing the Walkerville district spoke on "Pauline Johnston". Miss Haney did not win first place in the contest, but the school is proud of the fact that she was awarded the silver medal for the second honour.

W.O.S.S.A. DEBATING

This year has been a very successful one for the debating teams of the school. Although the boys' teams are no longer in the running, the girls have reached the finals. Their chances seem to be very good of bringing the W.O.S.S.A. shield to Sarnia. Last year's system of judging the debates has been changed. Each judge now gives his decision in marks, with a possible total of 200 for each side. Three judges make a possible 600 points to be

gained by each team. By this method of marking, practically all the ties which characterized last year's debating series, have been eliminated.

In the Girls' series the first debate was with Walkerville Collegiate on the subject "Resolved that Limited Monarchy is a Preferable Form of Government to that of a Republic." Helen McIntyre and Mary Urquhart supported the affirmative side of the argument in Walkerville, with



DEBATERS

Standing— Jim Copland, Shirley Symington, Wm. Jones, May Leekie, Ken George, R. McKay, Mary Urquhart, Lloyd Patterson, Pauline Mills.

Seated— Norman Nichol, Gertrude Tully, Mr. Alderson, Miss Walker, John Houston, Helen McIntyre, Jack Kearns, Margaret Hughes.

Pauline Mills and Mae Leekie debating at home. In both cases the arguments of the Sarnia speakers proved superior to those of the opposing teams bringing our school victory in the first round.

Sarnia was next to debate against Alma College of St. Thomas but the debate was defaulted to our school. The score of the first debate was therefore added to our total again, whereas Alma College by reason of their default, gained no points.

These two debates brought the Sarnia girls to the semi-finals in which they were also very successful. London Central Collegiate was the next school that Sarnia met. In Sarnia, Mary Urquhart and Helen McIntyre upheld the negative side of the subject "Resolved that Lloyd George is a better statesman than was Gladstone", and defeated the London team. In London, too, the Sarnia speakers, Margaret Hughes and Shirley Symington won the decision of the judges on the affirmative side.

Having won this debate the Sarnia girls are now in the finals. Of

the four schools in the finals, Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate is the one that will next debate against Sarnia. This debate will be held March 22nd, on the subject, "Resolved that Government Ownership of Public Utilities is in the Best Interests of the State" Pauline Mills and Gertrude Tully will debate at home while the affirmative side will be supported in Kitchener by Margaret Hughes and Shirley Symington. As we go to press the result is unknown but we wish them every possible success.

This year, however, the boys have not been so fortunate, although they did reach the semi-finals of the debating series. Their first debate was against London Central Collegiate on the subject "Resolved that Facism in Italy has Justified Itself." Lloyd Patterson and Kenneth George upholding the affirmative side of the subject in London defeated the London Central team. The home team supporting the negative side, Rowley McKay and William Jones also succeeded in winning the decision of the judges.

The next boys' debate was to be with Assumption College, Sandwich, but owing to the influenza epidemic Assumption College was forced to default the debate. In the semi-finals Sarnia debated with Walkerville Collegiate on the subject "Resolved that the Nationalization of

Coal Mines is in the best interests of the State."

The team in Walkerville was composed of Jack Kearns and John Houston while Kenneth George and Norman Nichol debated at home. In both cases the Sarnia boys lost to the Walkerville teams by slight margins.

RUGBY BANQUET

On Saturday, January 26th, the Annual Rugby Banquet was held at the Blue Water Inn. Representatives of the Board of Education, the City Council, the Ontario Rugby Football Union, the C.R.U., the Wanderers' and Imperial Football Club and the faculty of the Collegiate, honoured the Senior Rugby Team winners of the W.O.S.S.A., O.R.F.U., and Dominion Interscholastic Championships. The banquet this year was especially fortunate in having no other than John De Gruchy, President of the O.R.F.U., for the past eighteen years and Jerry Goodman, one of the most outstanding referees in the O.R.F.U. last season.

At the conclusion of dinner several toasts were proposed and replied to; Ray Donohue acting as the jovial toastmaster. The first speaker was John DeGruchy, who outlined his gridiron ideals. He paid many glowing tributes to the football teams of the Sarnia Collegiate, saying that they have always been rated as the most gentlemanly bunch of players in the O.R.F.U. and were a wonderful example of clean playing without recourse to questionable methods. At the end of his speech he presented the team with O.R.F.U. Shields. The venerable president was accorded a rousing ovation during and at the conclusion of his talk.

At this point Ken Bell was elected Captain of the team of 1929.

Ken Fraser, retiring captain of the team made a short speech, following which a presentation was made by Norman Paterson, on behalf of the team, of a dressing case to Coach "Dolly" Gray, and a cigarette case and lighter to Assistant Coach "Son" Jennings. "Dolly" Gray delivered a stirring speech in reply and spoke feelingly of his associations with the boys. He also announced that because of his duties as federal member from West Lambton he would be unable next year to give the time necessary to coach the team but hoped that he could occupy an honorary position. The last toast of the evening was proposed by Wm. Kenny to the teams of the past. Jerry Goodman in his reply to the toast said that during his five years of officiating he had yet to see a member of the Sarnia Collegiate deliberately pull anything questionable in a game.

Last but by no means least on the programme was the presentation of fountain pen and pencil sets by J. B. Williams on behalf of the Board of Education and City Council. Ross W. Gray, Coach, Beatty Jennings, Assistant Coach, and R. Thorpe, Trainer, were also remembered.

During the dinner an instrumental trio played and F. W. G. Hanmore sang two delightful songs. One of the most successful banquets ever given broke up after singing the National Anthem.

AT HOME

On the evening of December the twenty-eighth the Annual At Home was held in the girls' gymnasium. This event, which is the high light of the school social activities, attracted a great number of graduates and students. The dance was capably directed and the evening quickly passed away in dancing and the renewing of old friendships. The decoration of the "gym" drew special attention from all. The S. C. I. blue and white was used to transforming the bare hall into a charming and friendly assembly. Two prize dances were held. A novelty balloon dance and a prize waltz adding to the evening's entertainment. Col. Woodrow directed

the Grand March which was followed by the distribution of favors and novelties. But all things must end and all too soon the dancers stood to attention for the National Anthem that signified the end of the 1928 At Home.

The patrons and patronesses were, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Col. and Mrs. Woodrow, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gray.

At Home Committee:
Gen. Chairman—Norman Patterson.
Refreshments—Pauline Mills.
Decorations—Elaine Woodrow.
Invitations—Ralph Misener.
Program—W. Twaits.

COMMENCEMENT

On the evening of December 21st, 1928, the Annual Commencement Exercises were held in the school auditorium before a fairly representative assembly of citizens and students.

Preceded by a program of orchestral music by the school orchestra under the direction of Mr. W. E. Brush, the exercises were conducted by Mr. Asbury. The program was well arranged, including several addresses by members of the Board of Education and teaching staff, citizens interested in the school and several representative students. Diplomas, medals and awards in the various departments of the institute were presented to the winners.

L. H. Richards, chairman of the Board of Education congratulated and praised the staff and pupils on the success attained during the year. He made particular reference to the fame which the Rugby team gained in winning the Ontario and Canadian Interscholastic Championship. He lauded the other activities of the members of the student body and

the work of the principal and staff. The present Collegiate was referred to by Mr. Richards as a memorial to the late W. T. Goodison who had served faithfully on the School Board for many years and whose efforts to provide a suitable school for secondary education were brought to realization in the completion of the present building. Mr. Richards also mentioned the interest taken by Ross W. Gray in the School and in the Rugby Team. Mr. Gray had served for several terms on the Board of Education and that the reports at that time indicated the probability of Mr. Gray's candidacy in the forthcoming federal bye-election for West Lambton.

Mr. Asbury, in the Principal's statement, gave a few brief details of the year's work. He said that only four changes had been made in the teaching staff and that the pupils who started in at the first of the school term had taken advantage of the opportunities offered. He extended his personal congratulations to the students participating in the Commencement Exercises.

Miss Alva Elford delivered the valedictory address in which she detailed a few of the advantages to be gained at the S. C. I.

"The Supplementary Activities of School Life" was the subject of an address by Glen H. Finch who told of the many athletic, literary and

musical organizations that had brought great credit to the school.

George Brown, Chairman of the Advisory-Vocational Committee, H. B. Thompson, Col. C. S. Woodrow, L. H. Richards, R. W. Gray and D. McGibbon assisted with the distribution of the prizes.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING DEMONSTRATION

The Girls' Physical Training Demonstration was presented again last year on April 27th in the boys' gymnasium. For the past few years this has regularly been given in order that the parents and business people of Sarnia may have a greater conception as to the merits of physical training. Practically every form of the school was represented by groups of girls in this presentation.

The program began with a grand march in which every girl took part. The appearance of their blue and white uniforms added a very smart appearance to the drill. The program following this was varied in character and included the different departments of the girls' gymnastics.

The major portion of the calisthenics took the form of freehand, dumbbell, wand and reed drills. These were all delivered in an expedient and characteristic manner. Scattered throughout the program were numerous dances which added

colour and variety to the demonstration. The Flemish Folk Dance given by Collegiate 3A and 4B girls was a very creditable performance. The gayety depicted by the vivid colours of their costumes and simplicity of their dance synchronized with the Dutch music. The Iroika Russian Dance of the T2 girls and the Spanish Zorongo given by a group of sixteen girls were both typical of the countries to which they owe their origin.

The outstanding feature on the program was the tumbling and pyramids of the 2C Collegiate girls. Dressed as clowns these girls gave a very interesting and delightful performance of mat work. The program was brought to a close by a sailor dance in which six girls clad as Tars gave a typical sailor dance to the music of "Ship Ahoy". Thus the exhibition, one of the finest given by the girls of the school, was ended in a most pleasing manner and the entire group sang "God Save The King."

THREE LIVE GHOSTS

On the evenings of January 25th and 26th, the students of the school presented the three act comedy "Three Live Ghosts". The play was one full of hair-raising mystery and shocks and humorous situations. These were brought about by a trio of men legally dead but still very much alive.

The setting of the comedy was in old London shortly after the Great War. Two of the principals have very good reasons to remain dead. One because his mother is collecting his insurance money and the other because he is wanted in America for some misdemeanor. The third, having lost his memory and reason

through shell-shock is as good as dead. However, it is his unwitting activities which bring about most of the troubles that beset the three live ghosts. He has the very bad habit of being attracted by pretty jewelry and occupied baby-carriages. The result of his activities is that the Scotland Yard becomes interested and interferes. Then there are of course some anxious lovers. All these help to supply dialogue and provoke much mirth.

The various parts were enacted with exceptional ability. Mr. Keene, playing the leading role and personally supervising the whole performance deserves much credit. The play was a decided success in more than one sense. The good audiences on both nights helped to surmount the financial difficulty of a rather high royalty and brought a gain for

the Students' Treasury. But something more far-reaching was that the play brought together members representing the three departments of the school in an enthusiastic union.

The cast was composed as follows:

Mrs. Gubbins—Pauline Mills.
Peggy Woofers—Cleda Lanning.
Bolton, of the American Detective Agency—Nelson Allen.
Jimmy Gubbins—Mr. J. Keene.
William Foster alias Jones—Karl Chalmers.
"Spoonie"—Alex McNeill.
Rose Gordon—Anna Edginton.
Briggs of the Scotland Yard—Ralph Misener.
Benson—Lloyd Patterson.
Lady Leicester—Elaine Woodrow.
Policeman—Gilbert Prudom.

GLEE CLUB

The interest that has been shown in the recent formation of a Glee Club has been most encouraging.

Dr. Pickersgill, who has had a wide experience in the conducting of choral singing kindly consented to direct the efforts of the Glee Club.

At first the girls were in the majority but lately a greater number of boys have taken an interest. We are very grateful to Dr. Pickersgill for helping to revive this phase of our school life which has been con-

spicuous by its absence during the last three years.

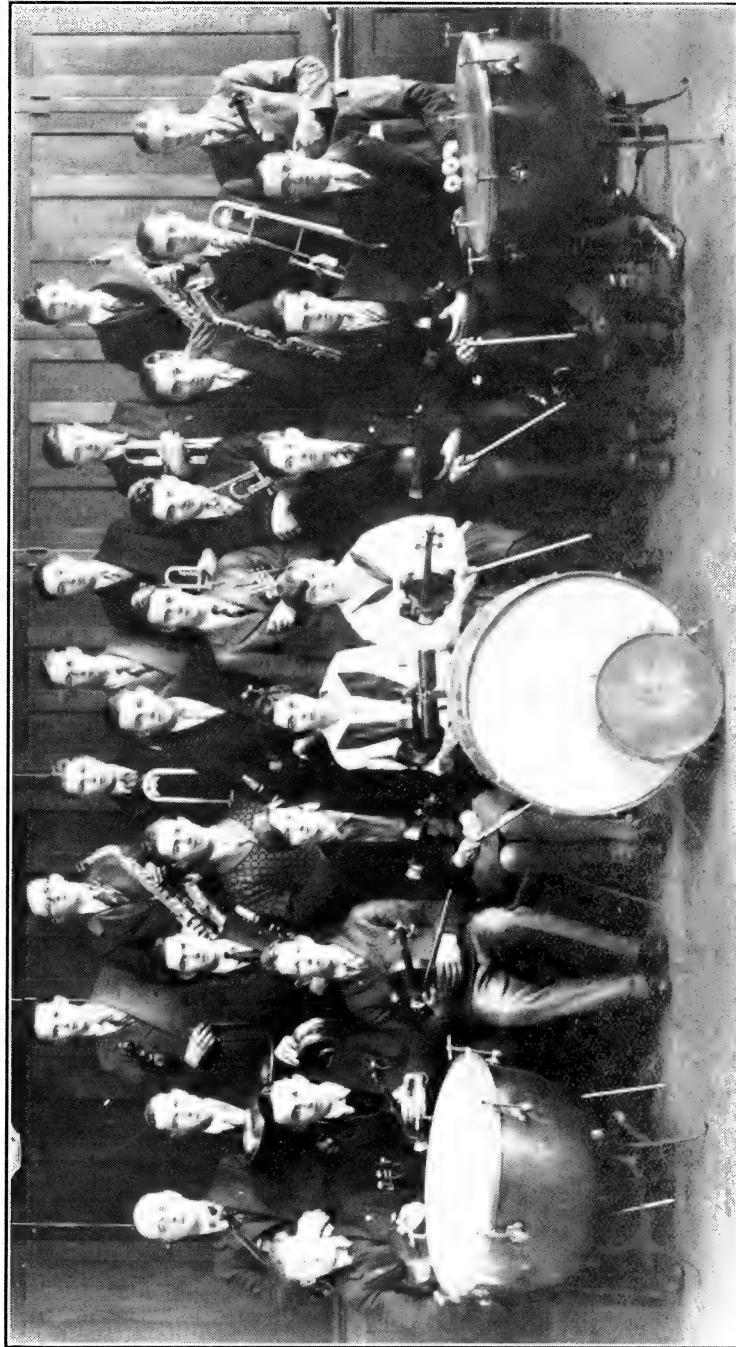
Mr. Asbury deserves the credit for the revival of interest in Glee singing. And it has been entirely through his efforts that the present organization has been formed.

It has not been the intention of the Glee Club to attempt anything in the form of operettas, but it has been formed solely to create interest in the hope of forming a foundation for years to come.

JAPANESE GIRL

Owing to the absence of male voices last year a Girls' Choral Society was formed. In the time at their disposal which was very short the girls, under Mr. Brush, prepared a short operetta. Despite the handicap of hurried preparation the operetta was received very favorably upon the two nights of its presenta-

tion. The orchestral score was done by the school orchestra and added a great deal to the rendition. It would be unfair to single out individual members in a cast that performed so creditably. The production owes much to the effort of Miss Scarrow, Mr. and Mrs. Keene, Miss Christine Nichol, Mr. Dobbins and Mr. Greenleaf. The cast:



ORCHESTRA

Back Row—John Houston, J. Sheley, Bill Shannon, Ellar Brown, Ralph Taylor, H. Ridgall, Bill Clark.

Middle Row—W. E. Brush (Leader), Mr. Dohlins, Garnet Husser, Wm. Jones, Ken George, Chas. Brush, Vincent Norwood, Bruce Prout, Fred

Forbes, Gordon Link.

Front Row—E. Milner, John Kane, L. McKenzie, Hazel Brown, Margaret Bond, Mary Urquhart, Allan Hamilton, Leroy Smith, Ross Tuck.

O Hanu San (a Japanese lady of position)—Jean Murphy.

O Kitu San (cousin)—Lenore Sullivan.

O Kayo San (cousin) — Grace Bates.

Chaya (Tea Server)—Mary MacIntyre.

Nora (Canadian Student)—Daisy Richards.

Dora (Canadian Student)—Jean Millman.

Miss Minerva Knowall (Governess)—Pauline Mills.

The Mikado—Don McGibbon.

His attendants—Dwight Simmons, Bill Williams.

Dancers—Patsy Collins, Audrey Hammett, Frances Kane, Marjorie Paterson, Dorothy Richards, Augora Rollins, Joan Whitling, Elaine Woodrow.

Chorus of Japanese Girls—Evelyn Brown, Marion Clark, Donald Crone, Louise Dawson, Mary Gordon, Aileen Gravelle, Margaret Hughes, Mary Leckie, Helen MacIntyre, Isobel MacDonald, Madeline Reeves, Winnifred Thompson, Marion Woodcock, Doris Woodwork.

CONCERT REVIEW

Once again the Revue held on November 30th was presented before a large and enthusiastic audience. The school orchestra directed by Mr. W. E. Brush opened the program with the overture "Black Diamond". The second offering was a Dutch Dance by the Misses Patsy Collins, Audrey Hammett, Margaret Hughes, Mary MacIntyre, Thelma McKay, Pauline Mills, Augora Rollins and Elaine Woodrow. When the curtain went up again Charley Brush and his Jazz Boys were ready to give ten minutes of peppy music. For the next number Miss Margaret McKenna gracefully performed a Doll Dance. Following her encore the school orchestra played "The Golden Magnet."

Four darkies of assorted shapes and sizes appeared next in a sketch "Superstition Blues". Their boy soprano sang "Sunshine" to the accompaniment of the other members of the troupe. Those taking part in this sketch were Miss Jean Murphy, George Albinson, Edward Griffin and Andrew Hayne. As these disappeared the stage slowly be-

came red and in this glow Spanish boys and girls strolled on with ukeleles singing "O Sole Mio". Four dancers, Patsy Collins, Audrey Hammett, Mary MacIntyre and Pauline Mills, performed the Argentine Tango to the strum of the ukeleles. The players were Veronica Heffron, Anna Lott, Patricia Palmer, Marjorie Paterson, Augora Rollins, Elaine Woodrow.

Back came the jazz boys and once again set the feet tapping with syncopated melodies. As the curtain arose on the last presentation the stage was in semi-darkness with an old chateau garden setting. Against this back ground a Dresden shepherd and shepherdess presented the fantasy "Rendez-Vous". As they did the stately minuet the boy soprano's voice could be heard in the distance singing the song "Rendez-Vous". This was under the direction of Miss Victoria Scarrow and those taking part were Pauline Mills, Lenore Sullivan and Jean Murphy. The other dances were under the supervision of Miss Marjorie Scott. The evening closed with "God Save the King."

ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra has behind it a fine record of service. It is to be doubted if there is another student activity that has responded so long and so willingly to all demands upon it. Morning assemblies, Literary meetings, any Club, be it school or community have always asked and gained the aid of the Orchestra. It is a fine record and one that will always be upheld.

Possibly long familiarity has tended to make less apparent the advances made by the Orchestra but to those who hear the organization only at intervals their steady progress is very clearly seen. Mr. Brush has built up a very fine concert unit that uses only standard editions of music. This is a very real achievement for a high-school orchestra and one in which they take pride. It has enabled them to offer programs of a real entertainment and educational value.

One reason for the success of maintaining such a high standard is the All-School Junior Orchestra. This organization composed of students from all the various public schools as well as the Collegiate gives its members a valuable preliminary training. It not only gives encouragement to those unable to enter the Senior Orchestra but also gives experience that allows the standard to be maintained. This Junior Orchestra was organized and directed by Mr. W. E. Brush recently made their first appearance at the opening of the Johnston Memorial School.

The program of any orchestra is the best index of its ability. We are proud to print in proof of our statements the program given in the spring of 1928. This year's program although yet unavailable is of even greater merit. The most outstanding performance on the 1928

program was the work of our late fellow-Student, Atwood Kennedy. His rendition of the G. Minor Concerto was acclaimed by all local critics as showing marvellous possibilities that were fated to be unfettered.

Program:

March—"Ambassador"	Bagley.
Hungarian Fantasia	Tobani
Piano Solo—"Concerto in G Minor Opus 25"	Mendelssohn
	Atwood Kennedy

Note—This concerto is in three movements, "Molto Allegro con Fuoco", "Andante" and "Presto". The orchestra will be assisted in the accompaniment by Mr. W. E. C. Workman.

Selection—"Victor Herbert Favorites"	Sanford
--------------------------------------	---------

Saxaphone Solo—"Saxaphobia"	Wiedoeft
	Bill Clark

Popular—"The Song is Ended"	Berlin
"Persian Rug"	Kahn-Moret

Personnel

First Violins—Gordon Link, Kenneth George, Leroy Smith, Sydney Bates, John Houston, Margaret Bond, Mary Urquhart.

Second Violins—John Kane, Everett Milner, Hazel Brown.

First Clarionet—Bruce Proutt.

Second Clarionet—William Jones, Harold Chambers.

First Trumpet—Chas. Brush.

Second Trumpet—Vincent Norwood.

Alto Saxophone—Bill Clark.

Horns—Ralph Taylor, Jean Merrison.

Trombone—Fred Forbes.

Bass—Mr. Dobbins.

Drums—Ross Tuck.

Piano—Atwood Kennedy.

Assisted by Mr. Robert Tracy,
Cellist.



BAND

Back Row—E. Milner, J. Kane, Fred Forbes, Bill Shannon, T. Mathers, R. Taylor, Bill Clark, J. Shepley.

Centre Row—Mr. Brush (Leader), J. McLellan, Mr. Russ, K. Buxton, K. George, Chas. Brush, V. Norwood, G. Link.

Front Row—Ross Tuck, Bruce Prout, Wm. Jones, Leroy Smith, Harry Turnbull, Art Manser, Garnet Husser, H. Ridealgh, Ellar Brown.

BAND

This year marks the fourth year of existence of our School Band under the leadership of Mr. W. E. Brush. The organization of any band is very difficult and there are many difficulties peculiar to Collegiate bands. The fact that each year has found an increasing number of members and an increasing quality of program speaks of the support received during the experimental stage. Mr. Asbury, school principal, the Board of Education and Mr. Brush have securely founded an organization of which they may well be proud. The best guarantee of its success is the great interest and desire of participation by even larger numbers of students.

The Band has added a great touch of color as well as real value to the Cadet Corps. The customary route march is neither so long nor arduous with a swinging march as a pace maker. Besides it adds steadiness and precision on the march, the first requisite of a marching unit. On

the campus during the Inspection, an inspection waltz is played followed by the battalion march past. Last year the Band again earned the praise of General Armstrong, and the respect of many citizens.

A good marching band is usually a good band and so the S.C.I.&T.S. Band proved at their annual concert. Under a completely different set of circumstances they proved their ability as a concert organization. The program undertaken was a very ambitious one forming as it did the last half of the combined Orchestra and Band Concert. Under the direction of Mr. Brush the Band again won the praise of its audience. The program which follows is one in which real pride of achievement can be taken.

Program

March—"American Favorite"

Paul de Ville

Overture—"Gypsy Festival" Hayes

Selection—"Offenbachiana"

arr. by Meyrelles

Trombone Solo—Polka "True Love"
Fred Forbes
Selection—"Operatic Gems"

Sullivan
A Garden Lyric—"Trailing Arbutus"
Garbett
Selection—"Irish Melodies"
March—"Officer of the Day" Hall
GOD SAVE THE KING

Personnel

Solo Cornets — Chas. Brush, Vincent Norwood, Gordon Link.
First Cornet—Kenneth George.
Second Cornets—Everett Milner, Herbert Ridealgh.
E Flat Clarinet—Bruce Proutt.
Solo B Flat Clarinets—William

Jones, Leroy Smith.
First B Flat Clarinet—Harold Chambers.
Second B Flat Clarinets—Garnett Husser, Art Manser.
Soprano Saxophone—Bloss Glenn.
Alto Saxophone—Harry Love.
Tenor Saxophone—Bill Clark.
Horns—Jean Merrison, Ralph Taylor, John Kane.
Trombone—Fred Forbes.
Baritone—Mr. W. F. Russ.
B. B. Flat Bass—Mr. R. Dobbins.
E. Flat Bass—Mr. Jas. Forbes, Jack McLellan.
Drums—Atwood Kennedy, Ross Tuck.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

The annual freshie reception was held in the gymnasiums of the school on Friday, Sept. 22nd, when the public school graduates were formally received into the Collegiate. During the day their symbol of inferiority was a green paper ruffle, and stockings of different colours. At night they were dressed as small babies in bonnets, rompers and so on. The evening's entertainment opened with a grand march of the freshies during which Miss Brandon and Margaret Grimes were awarded the prizes in the baby contest. At this point in the proceedings Mae Leckie explained the obligations of a freshie and read the pledge. The freshies having indicated their willingness to comply with the regulations laid down adjourned to the boys' gymnasium

which contained a number of the usual circus side-shows. Helen MacIntyre and Marian Clark were barkers introducing the various acts. In the freak booth was a dwarf, small strong man, world's fattest lady and the tallest thinnest lady. Another tent staged a wild west show with considerable shooting and noise. In the next booth a Spanish woman told several freshies' fortunes. The last show was devoted to dancing—Mary MacIntyre and Margaret McKenna doing solos and a group of eight, The Sailor Dance.

The reception ended with a very delectable lunch consisting of sandwiches cake and arctic mushrooms. Marian VanHorne was convenor of the refreshment committee, Pauline Mills of the decorations and Patricia Palmer of the entertainment.

LIFE SAVING

This year the number of students taking the course of the Royal Life Saving Society and qualifying for awards has shown a very substantial and gratifying increase over last year. This is largely due to the

generosity of a Friend of the School who has offered to pay fifty per cent of the costs of the examination to every student passing the Proficiency Certificate, Bronze Medallion, Honorary Instructors or Award of

Merit. On the strength of this 80 have passed the Elementary Certificate, 55 the Proficiency, 7 the Bronze, 1 Instructor and 3 Awards of Merit. Mr. Keeber should feel well repaid by the achievements of his proteges.

The girls classes under Miss Scott's supervision do not start until after

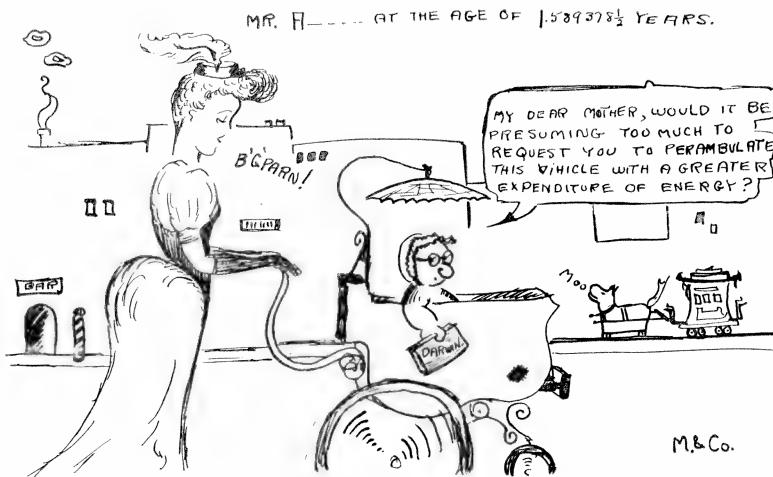
Basketball season is over. Owing to the difficulty encountered in hair drying the girls have not made as much use of the pool in winter months as have the boys. However, with the return of the warm weather the girls promise to surpass the boys in the number of awards attained.

WIND

Wind tossing the sailing-vessels far out at sea; wind foaming the green crests of the waves; wind hurling the sand in an Arabian storm and bending the palms in the oases; wind echoing through a mountain cave and sweeping up the canyon; wind howling through the deserted street and blowing the snow against forlorn dwellings.—wind.

Wind bowing the stately pines in the old forests; wind rippling a silver stream; wind carrying messages of love from the birds; wind wafting the scent of roses in June; wind at twilight fanning her cheek in the balmy air.

—Marie Thompson, 3A



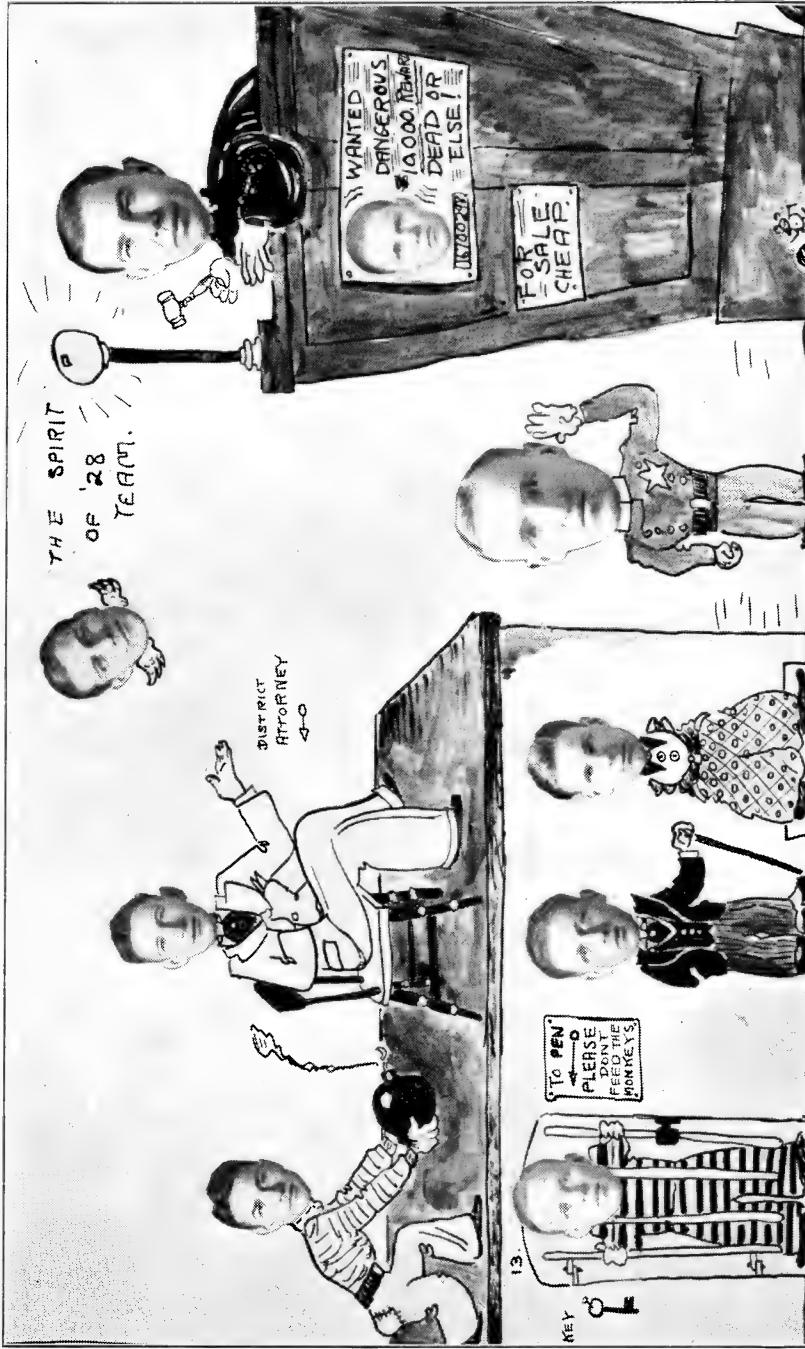
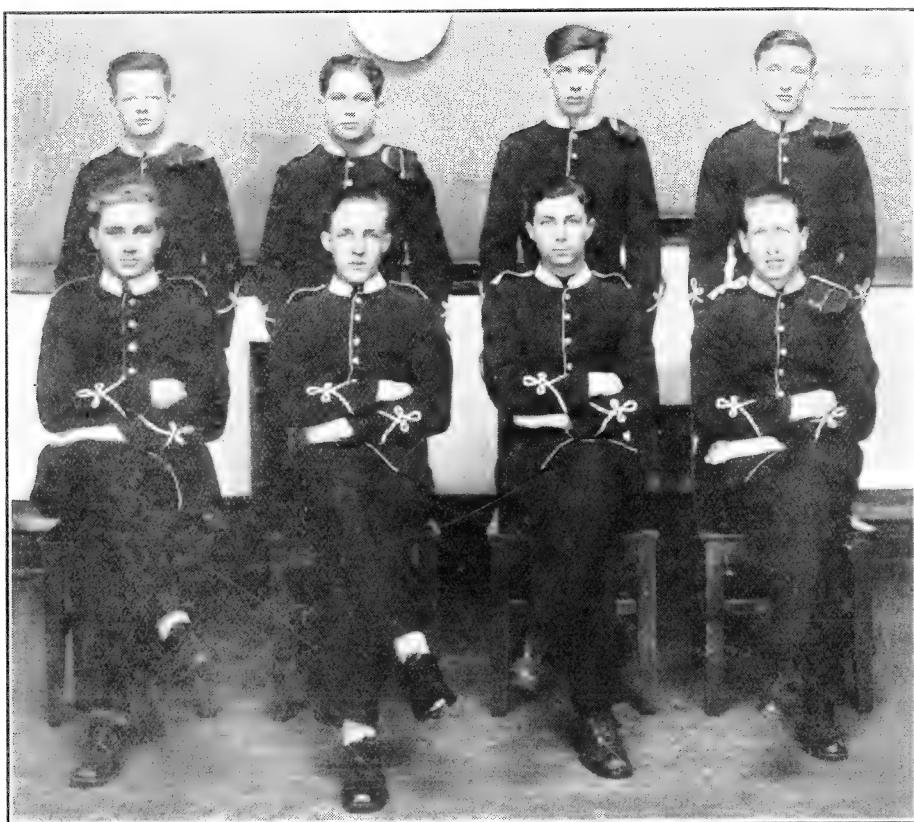
RUGBY TEAM ON TRIAL

Photo of Court Room (direct from Paris, Ill.). See front page of "The Gossip".



SQUAD 'SHUM'

Our Cadet Corps last year was one of the largest in the history of the school and although we did not regain our lost position at the head of Military District No. 1, the Corps made a very creditable showing. Owing to the lack of uniforms of the proper size, a large number of our "kids" were compelled to wear their "civies" and consequently were excused from any drill or exercises—much to their joy and the older boys' disgust. After two weeks of hard training, and with the benefit of the annual church parade which last year was held at St. George's Anglican Church, the eventful day of inspection arrived. General Armstrong and Lieutenant Colonel Gillespie inspected the troops taking the salute in front of the library on the route march through the city preceding the inspection. On returning to the school after the route march, the battalion was drawn up in review order and each platoon inspected separately. Following this the battalion marched past the saluting base in column of fours and in column of platoons. The Company Commanders were then given charge and each company performed its movements under the critical eye of the inspecting officer. This was followed by a physical training display under the supervision of Capt. Keeber. The platoon commanders were then given the opportunity of competing for the Col. Woodrow Cup offered for the best drilled platoon. Last year No. 1 platoon, under Lieut. K. Wise was awarded the cup and the privilege of having their picture in the magazine. General Armstrong and Colonel Gillespie commended the corps on their fine showing and especially praised the band under the supervision of Mr. Brush. The annual scramble for ice cream followed the dismissal and in the evening the officers and members of the Board of Education were the guests of Capt. Keeber and Major Fielding at a banquet served in the school. The repast was prepared and served by a group of girls under the supervision of Miss Robinson. Much to our regret we learned that our good friend Col. Gillespie would not be with us any more as he was being transferred to another district. Following the banquet the annual Tea Dance was held in the Boys' gym. The battalion was commanded by the following officers:



FIRST AID TEAM

Standing—Stanley Hewitt, Wm. Teskey, Wm. Gates, H. Backman.

Seated—Gilbert Prudom, Clayton Kilbreath, Nelson Allen, Karl Chalmers.

Officer Commanding—Dwight Simmons.

Adjutant—Glen Finch.

Company Commanders—"A" Co., Norman Paterson; "B" Co., Charles Richards.

Platoon Commanders—Karl Wise, Byron Spears, Ralph Misener, Kenneth Bell, Shirley Logan, William Williams, Donald Rose, Donald McGibbon, Henry South.

Sergeants—J. Lewis, R. McLaughlin, G. Clark, S. Ferguson, R. McKay, W. Turnbull, D. Isbister.

Band—C. Brush.

Ambulance—A. Gravelle.

Signallers—J. Richards.

Cyclists—I. McKay.

Battalion Sergeant-Major—P. Blundy.

Company Sergeant-Majors—G. Moore, J. Couse.



RIFLE TEAM

Back Row—P. James, Bruce Prout, Art Lawson, Fred Samis, Vincent Norwood, R. Blay, Douglas Rhodes, Mr. Fielding (Instructor).
 Centre Row—Ross Tuck, Harry Holmes, Fred Hall, Allan Hamilton, Jack Hare, Walter Claxton.
 Front Row—Orrison Fleet, Tom Needham, William Croxford, Don McGillivray.

SIGNALLERS

The Signallers, though few in number, have been training steadily during the past year. However, new interest is being manifested this spring with a course of instruction being inaugurated in connection with the Lambton Regiment. On account of this, a large number of new members have joined. Members are instructed in the use of the Morse flag, the Lucas lamp, the

heliograph, the buzzer, and the semaphore code.

The Signallers, under V. Norwood, took part at the inspection of the Lambton Regiment a few months ago, and also, under J. Richards, formed part of the battalion at the Cadet Inspection last year. We hope that they will continue to prosper and become one of the best signalling sections in the province.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Due, perhaps, to the obscure position of the shooting gallery in the school, rifle-shooting goes on unnoticed by a large proportion of the pupils. Yet there are few activities in which so many boys take an ac-

tive part and which promotes such a keen interest, among those boys as rifle-shooting.

This year our school was again represented at the Cove Ranges, London, in the King George Chal-



CADET OFFICERS

Standing-- Maj. E. L. Fielding, Capt. Chas. Keeber, Glen Finch, Norman Patterson, Col. Gillespie, F. C. Asbury (Principal), Brig.-General Armstrong, Col. C. S. Woodrow, Dwight Immmons, Charlse Richards, Ralph Misener, Kenneth Bell, Bill Williams, Shirley Logan.

Kneeling A. Gravelle, Donald Rose, James Richards, Carl Wise, Kenneth Saunders, Donald McGibbon, Byron Spears, Lyle McKay, Chas. Brush.

lenge Cup Competition. They took second place, Tillsonburg winning first place by a few points.

Although no medals were won, Paul James was in the finals at one hundred yards. Individual cash prizes were won by Paul James, Fred Samis and Douglas Rhodes for attaining sixth, eighth and ninth places, respectively, in the aggregate. The personnel of the .303 team is Paul James, Fred Samis, Douglas Rhodes, Kenneth Myers, Vincent Norwood, Roy Blay, Gordon Murray, Bruce Proutt, with Andrew Hayne as Captain and Thomas Needham as Vice-Captain.

Our School was also represented in the Laura Secord Competition this winter, but due to some repairing of the school shooting gallery the team lacked practice and dropped from second to fourth place. Two of the three rounds of the winter D.C.R.A. Competition have already been fired. The results are very favorable.

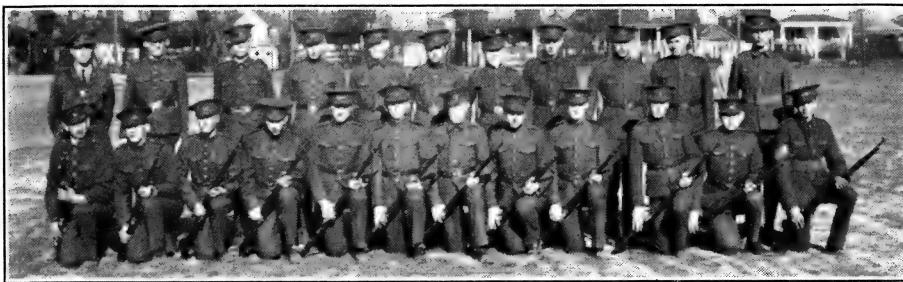
D.C.R.A. medals were awarded to the following for their scores in the 1928 competitions: Seniors, first-class, Arthur Alexander; second class, Vincent Norwood, Arthur Lawson, Fred Samis, Roy Blay and Robert McLaughlin.

Juniors—Thomas Needham, Bruce Proutt, Harold Chambers and Douglas Rhodes.

Arthur Alexander averaged 98 per cent. This is the highest average yet obtained in these competitions in the school.

The Strathcona medal, awarded annually to the best all-round shot in the school was won by Vincent Norwood.

The success of the rifle teams is entirely due to the patient efforts of Major Fielding of the Lambton Regiment, to promote its interests in the school. We hope that under his careful guidance the teams will be able to bring to our school the highest honours in any future matches in which they participate.



BEST PLATOON

Standing—Carl Kise (Lieut.), James McDonald, M. Edgington, Neil VanHorne, Jack Smith, Stewart Mackenzie, Glen Lambert, Robert Ramsey, Claude Cooke, Travis Churchill, George Harris.

Kneeling—C. Kennedy, Russel Ironsides, Bill Carson, E. White, W. Weaver, C. Banting, Jim Garrett, D. Rhodes, Jim Simmons, Donald Washburn, Ted Broadbent, Jack Lewis.

FIRST AID

Our First Aid teams were very successful this year again in the annual examination held in Military District No. 1. Of the two teams entered one was awarded first place and the other fourth place. This is no small achievement as a great number of schools are included in this district. The two teams were examined by Lieut. Colonel Lawson from Military Headquarters at London. Each boy on the first team is presented with a St. John's Ambulance silver medal and his senior certificate, while each member on

the second team receives his Senior certificate. The first aid team is one section of our cadet corps that is rapidly growing in popularity, as shown by the great numbers of boys attending the lectures every Thursday evening. This course was again held under the supervision of instructor Mr. L. Crockett of the C.N.R. first aid section.

The first team is composed of: K. Chalmers (Capt.), G. Prudom, Kilbreath, Allen.

The second team is composed of: Gates, Teskey, Backman, Hewitt.

THE CADET DANCE

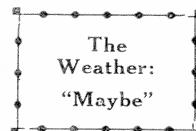
On the evening of the Cadet inspection, General Armstrong and the assisting officers were guests of the Corps at a dance held in the boys' gymnasium. The Grand March, under the direction of Colonel Woodrow, was led by General Armstrong and Mrs. Woodrow.

Although the gym was not decorated, the Officers' uniforms and the dresses of the girls made a very colorful scene. The lively music of the Frisco Serenaders was thoroughly enjoyed by all the dancers, so that it was with regret that the dancers heard the orchestra play "God Save the King."

RUGBY TEAM IN "THE BASTILLE"



Latest development on case. See front page of "The Gossip".



THE GOSSIP

Published Centenially in Chinese, Siamese, Hottentot and Pigeon English

Volume

SARNIA, Feb. 33, 1492

F.R.C. (French Rev. Calendar)

No. O

BIG KILLING IN S.C.I.

The Silent Preserver

As we look down from our cellar window we often stop to philosophize a few moments, and have a kick at the cat. * * And when visitors come in we find that our hard candy dish is just empty. Which is very sad, and we laugh behind our hand. * * Industry is sometimes a virtue. It always gives us a great deal of pleasure to see Miss Scott so busy. —Even if what she is doing isn't so apparent. * * As the evolution professor said of the monkey "It is apparent to me". * * Which is the second worst pun we heard this week. * * It's nice they keep class registers around the school—it gives Miss Burriss something to do. * * Now, Miss Branden, of course the study-room is better when it's quiet. * * One of the facetitious third formers when asked Alexander McKenzie's greatest accomplishment replied that he was a Scotsman.—Well, I dinna kin. * * And, oh my dead, did you notice the picture of our Junior Literary Executive. The Form Representatives add SO MUCH atmosphere—"Ma, where is the dictionary?" * * It'll be a bad day for the publishing if Fifth Form ever begins printing French translations—I don't think! * * Lost—One $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mind—finder please return to this department. * * Thank you.

Rugby Team said to have Murdered Sweet Adeline

(By United Press direct from Sarnia)

On the night of the last game of the season four boy of the team were seen sneaking from the boiler room carrying suspicious looking suitcases. Undoubtedly they carried the body of the unfortunate lady cut up in fine pieces (hamburger). Shortly after this a piece of sheet music with the caption "Sweet Adeline" and half the notes erased was found in the dressing-room. ukelele immediately the police took the team into custody.

They tried to bribe the ornate police force but all the money put together amounted to only \$1.53 and thus was useless.

The photo of the courtroom (direct from Paris by television) shows the malicious person who told tales on the team (see letters to editor) about to be blown up by a vengeful friend who had a grudge against him ever since he was dropped on his head when a mere child.

Of course we all know the judge and policeman—they were completely exonerated from suspicion in the murder case. Below on the floor of the court are standing, from left to right, Larry the Snark McGurk the Dirk, and McSniff the Quiff. All these men are evil rascals, victims

of the chewing gum habit which probably gives them courage for their vicious crimes.

When on the witness stand the most timid man on the team was asked where he was on the night of 33rd of February, he replied, "I think—

"Don't say what you think, say what you know", replied the district attorney.

"Well, I can't talk without thinking, I ain't no lawyer", he replied. Undoubtedly this remark won the case for the team.

The other photo shows the rest of the team being detained at the county hotel, where every advantage is offered to visitors staying overnight. The ring-leader is being hanged first and we all mourn him terribly. He died with the words "soft turkey" on his lips. The rest of the gang were later executed by the electric chair and one was heard to remark—"Gee this business gives me a pain in the seat."

The ones who were escaping over the wall were unfortunately shot in the pergola while eating lunch and swimming in the river outside the wall. From the hopeless look on the face of each and everyone we can tell that they knew how morbid their fate was to be.

THE GOSSIP, Sarnia

The Gossip

Published on the spur of the moment by them that realize the freedom of the press—and how! !

Price 5¢ or what have you.

NOTE: Due to a disagreement with the local sheriff our office is for sale or rent till a week from some Thursday.

EDITORIAL SANCTIM (Sanctorium) LIVY



Ex Libris
Nox Vomica

Ye Editor Gossipe—

If I ever have a son I want him to be one of these here football players. Yes sir, much as I have observed their pastimes I have never seen one of them do his opponent dirt. Oh dear no, they are such gentlemanly boys—my it would do your heart good to see the little fellows upon the trains. My how they rush to offer their seats to an elder. They are always so considerate of their fellow passengers. They would amuse them by the hour with songs. Such quaint old songs because not one of the innocents would sing the trash they write now-a-days. No sir, they sang the dear old songs like "Constantinople" and "Oh, What a Funny Melody". Good old songs with sense that they learned at Sunday up and down the isles like School. They would gambol little lambs. But gamble they never did. They played innocent games and whoever lost never had the right change. So nobody could falsely accuse them of gambling because the debts were never paid. And now and then the coach or manager would take one of the little fellows to the back of the car. There they could see the funny, funny track or

have a drink of water from funny tin cans not at all like the bath tubs at home. The coach was such a kind man. He would tell all the boys such funny stories so they wouldn't get home sick—a, about monkeys and animals. The little fellows would laugh and laugh and all the passengers would smile to hear their innocent, childish treble. And such table manners. Just like little Lord Fauntleroy that we saw in the moving pictures. They were so kind that they would rather eat with their fingers than dirty the spoons on the nice people that fed them. They used to put their pockets for fun. Then they would forget them and how surprised they would be to find them when they reached home. Once one of them got so absent minded that he tried to take a hotel picture. But he wouldn't have done it if he had thought about it. Oh dear no, he would have taken the bed or something useful. But my, the little dears were so honest. When they went into candy stores to spend the pennies they had saved the nice man would love their bright and smiling faces so that they came out with big boxes of candies and all their bright little pennies. They just couldn't spend them. And so polite to each other—the manly little fellows would never dream of accusing their dear play-mates of theft. They would run to the manager with such a winning smile on their little faces and lisp "Pleathe thir sum one hath borrowed my booth". Then the big kind manager would run and find them so quickly you'd of thought he was a magician. Oh dear me, to think of the encouraging cries to their playmates as they toiled at their little pastimes and what manly little fellows they were. Yes sir, I want my boy to be one of these Sarnia footballers or a Chicago hi-jacker.—EBON E. DOME

PROPOSED NEW OPERA HOUSE

The site of the proposed new opera house to seat 4000 head or rather we'll say people is at the corner of East Street and the St. Clair River. Mr. X. Plunk, the proposed builder, is 47 years old and was born in Wau-bino when quite young. He has raised \$64 of the amount required to build the theatre and has gone east in the hopes of interesting some guys in that section. Our private opinion is that if Mr. Plunk ever does succeed in his enterprise it will be so late that the tooting of Gabriel's trumpet will drown out the notes of the first overture played by his orchestra.

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY

The Mother-in-Law Eradicator

Guaranteed to produce galloping consumption in any female over forty years in thirty-six minutes. Can be administered in tea, coffee or whistle by anyone—to taste or smell.

Try this on the man who borrows gym shoes.

Given away free with one grand piano—guaranteed for 6 (six) months.



WIDOWS

Send your height, weight, reach in inches around biceps and \$4.39 and receive by return mail a picture of your deceased husband FREE.

—MISS JISKY,
Spiritual Medium.

THE GOSSIP, Sarnia

WHY ROME FELL**GREAT ARCHAEOLOG
DISCOVERY**

It seems that there were two Romans—one Mark Antony by name and Julius Caesar, of Caesar, Caesar and Caesar. Well, they met one day in the Parthenon garage and Caesar thought he would kid (see "Roman Slang" by Liby) Antony, so he said "Howdy Mark, has your wife been entertaining this season?" And Antony replied "No, not very." You wouldn't believe it but Brutus and Samson happened to

Eat Dr. Jackson's roamin' meal, good for man beast or fords.

be passing at the moment and Brutus was enraged at hearing such an old joke that he stabbed Caesar as he said "How many eggs did you eat for breakfast?" And smiling thro' clenched teeth Caesar replied, "Et tu Brute" Sampson had a very quick temper also, and in his rage he began pushing down buildings—and that my dears is how Rome fell.

The Almafilian.

**S.C.I. STUDENTS
WHY WILL YOU
SUFFER**

Fredtown, Ont., South Pole.
Gents:

I suffered from boils and disinclination to work for sixty-four years and as I am a district judge I tried several doctors in my neighborhood; but without success. One day I was confined to my bed 36 (thirty-six) hours with pains for a week back. I tried ninety-eight bottles of your Get-Up-Get-Prophylactic, and got up the next morning feeling perfectly well. Since then I have worked over 40 men with

**Stop at the
CUMMING HOUSE**

Rooms with doors in them. Hot and cold Gas in every room. Not responsible for guests left over thirty (30) days.

No water on premises.

Malleable Steaks.

Baths 25c Extra.

good results.

May heaven bless you and your gall—

Not very truly his,

Andrew J. Queer,
District Judge Cell No. 1409

**EYE, EAR, NOSE
and THROAT****A Page of Reviews****BOOK REVIEW**

Rambling shades of Columbus we have just finished reading the latest thriller received by us. It is a massive effort of intellect entitled Detroit Telephone Directory. Its author, Mr. Bell Telephone of Michigan must be complimented on a great grasp of a mighty subject. Perhaps it is because we missed a couple of pages around the centre of the book that the plot escaped us. We were in such a hurry to pass on to the next volume sent by another kind friend entitled Dictionary by Webster. With such a bizarre name I am sure it will be a thriller. But to come back to Mr. Telephone's work—it is a volume one can start reading anywhere. Any page will fascinate the reader. It would seem that it is a sort of chronology of Mr. Bell's family. A glorious panorama of stock-exchanges, horse-races and time tables can be gained by reading the number sections carefully separated from the reading on each page. A very novel thing that. Complications

ensue in the last few pages. Characters with old American names containing such vowels as double z's, l's, p's, q's, m, n, or what have you, are frequent. Each name is a book in itself. By all means read this book chosen by the Hook-in-the-mouth Club for August. In limp cardboard binding obtainable at any telephone booth for the taking.

Next week—Dictionary—a mystery story by Webster.

STAGE REVIEWS

Last night the boys at the sewer diggers Union House presented "Lavender and old Lace" written by Gustof McWifflesniffe. It was admirably done with the exception of the part where the lightning was supposed to strike the brewery.

I was sorry to see that brewery go. The fellow sitting next to me smelt like one, however, and that was a small consolation.

* * *

After the speakeasy was locked up I went around to the "theatre Exquisite" and saw a Russian play. The overture played on the phonograph was remarkably poor. I saw the manager and advised as to the right etiquette in the choice of needles. As the play was written in Russian I went out in the alley and smoked—merely entering the theatre during the intermission. The actor's delivery was remarkable—You could hear them shouting as far as the ferry dock, "Here's where you get your hot dogs all hot—10cts."

THE GOSSIP, Sarnia

The .004



Contributions are now being received for the purpose of buying cake for the starving male on-lookers at the Freshies' Reception.

It is reported that Mr. Alderson is installing blinds on the doors of his room.

Word has been received by the Chief of Police that the Montreal police are anxious to renew their acquaintance with three S.C.I. students who visited Montreal last summer.

Frog Halliday is to receive the reward of merit for falling in the pool with his clothes on.

Ralph Misener is blowing his nose now.

Friends of the principal of the Ottawa College will be pleased to know that he has regained his knowledge of the English language again. Readers of this paper will distinctly remember that he lost it last fall upon hearing of the prowess of our Rugby team.

Dr. Pickersgill has been instilling the Glee Singers with a very high moral. His first selection is "No John, no John no."

Mr. Gray, noted authority on nose-blowing, "Its Causes and Effects" will lecture the Vth form tonight on the subject "Even if your head is hollow you don't need to advertise it."

The hockey team returned from Watford yesterday. They were escorted to the station by the girls of that metropolis. Mr. Durnford accompanied the team and the girls.

Vincent Norwood is considering moving his locker to the first floor.

Mr. Andrew's is again in full charge of the drinking fountain at his door.

Marg. Sparling has returned from her weekly Sunday night attendance at St. Andrew's Church.

It is reported from St. Thomas that a "fair" number of rooters accompanied our rugby team there.

Ken Bell has consented to repeat his song entitled "There's nothing left for me". He will be accompanied on the oboe by Herb Halliday, who says these two performances have no S.A. (We don't mean sex appeal).

Grace Baird is taking quite an interest in the tenor section of the Glee Club lately.

We wish to announce the approval of the short gyn-skirts. There does not seem however to be much "sox" appeal to those long black stockings.

Mr. (—), well known member of the teaching staff will give his views on the Soda-Lights dance in the next edition.

HAPPY HALF HOUR OF HEAVEN AND HOMI

(Conducted by Dr. Semini Colan, R.S.V.Pete)

Gentle Readers: We have today a most delightful letter from one of our readers. The dear little woman has brought all her troubles to be answered confidentially. Today I will answer the first half and tomorrow at 3.50 a.m. I will answer the rest over station

Eat Raisins they contain iron—Community Groc. Ad.

DUR. Thanks, madam, for the enclosed stamped envelope. I am a rabid stamp collector.

Drink Spiffle's Olive Oil—it keeps iron from rusting

lector.

Q.—I used your bunion cure to remove two bunions. It was a perfect success. Is there any way I can get back the two toes that went with them?

A.—Dear Madam, toes are a limb that are never mentioned in public.

Q.—Could you tell me a method of cleaning linoleums?

A.—Man and boy, for forty years I have used the same method. Roll it up carefully, tie with a stout cord and place on curb with the ashes.

Q.—How could one discover a leaking gas main?

A.—The only way approved by the Burymore Casket Co. is investigation with a lighted match. A sure fire way.

Q.—(—)

A.—Madam, madam that is a case for personal advice.

Q.—My husband will go out Saturday nights, how can I keep him home.

A.—Cook everything he likes for supper, let him have the paper and easy chair then shoot him.



SHERIFF'S SALE

Several tables—mathematical and otherwise.

Assorted Vulgar Fractions—Vulgar only in name. At least two figures in each fraction—artistic division sign between each. All colors—black, blue and green Black and white hybrid not for sale—name recalls tender memories.

1000 cases—suitable for holding square or cube roots—will not damage the corners.

Numerous beautiful and antique theorems—All well cooked and mostly holding water.

Do you want to travel—Buy a pair of well-matched parallel lines, will proceed infinitely if produced—Gasoline Consumption—nil.

For any of the above apply to G. Omerty, Polygon St. House 'C.F.' (Convict Farm) No. 1 Camalachie, Europe. Sold singly or would exchange the lot for a pair of white mice.

THE GOSSIP, Sarnia

ADVICE TO GALS

"ET COMMENT"

Dear Beatrice
Barefax,



I have a fatal
fascination for fe-
males an a retiring
disposition. D'-
spose I have too
much S. A. but
what shall I do to
repell them.

—Paul.

Dearest Paul,

Lay off the Blisterine for
a while, if that fails grow a
beard and advertise the fact
that you bank every cent of
your money.

Dear Beat,

I know I'm good looking
cause my mother told me so.
I am madly in love with a
guy who cleans sewers—what
can I do to win him.

—Lonesome.

P.S.—I'm cock-eyed but I
have swell ankles.

Lonesome—Kiss your boy
friend with your eyes closed
and were purple and orange
striped stockings the rest of
the time, if any.

Dear Beatrice,

I'm a well looking boy and
my father has ten million
dollars. However, I have a
terrible time finding girl
friends and I am awfully
lonesome.—Bert Blurt.
Listen Bertie Darling,

My phone number is cad-
illas 6007.

Dear Beatrice,

If hydrogen chloride and
powdered marble were used
to make a cake rise, wouldn't
it be "marble cake."

Hungry Jo.

Better amble around and
question Mr. Dent. I'll stand
outside with the iodine and
bandages.

Dear Beatrice,

My carbon copy of a big
moment is terribly slow, how
can I speed him up—I've
tried setting back the clock.

Anxious.

Anxious,

Take him up to St. An-
drew's where they charge
you \$1.50 for one night's

dancing. If he doesn't get
all hot and bothered about
that nothing else will stir
him, therefore take him
down to the dock, back him
up to the edge, and give him
a gentle push.

WIRELESS NOTES

(By our Radio Wrecks-pert,
Mr. O. ECK(ersley)

I have received many letters asking me to devote an article to a three-valve set, capable of cutting out 5GB and the piano down the street at the same time. I cannot do better than to give you a description of the "Sanitary Three" which is a modification of the well-known "BalloonTyred Four".

New valves for broken
(down) hearts. (Ford action)

being in fact, the latter set
with the kick start and side
curtain eliminaton. Now for
directions.

First take the four valve
set and saw into four parts;
add pepper and salt and heat
in a slow oven till the smell
is something awful. Then
take a piece of wire stretching
from the Cty Hall to the
National Club. A halt being
made here to allow the
traffic to pass, and the engine
to cool. Wind the wire around a 12 inch gas main.

If you are tall and skinny
eat Crisco, it's shortening.

If your manicure set does
not include one of these a
cheap model can be obtained
any night (after the police-
man has passed) by digging
in a busy thoroughfare. The
coil obtained in this manner

is joined in parallel with the
first valve and the transgres-
sor. Instead of the usual
catswhiskers and crystal de-
flector, a small portion of
cheese (restaurant size) and a
poker (mother-in-law size)
will be found extremely deli-
cate. As it is usual to have
one or two condensrs in this
type of set, the reader should
add a few of these charm-

ing little fellows whereverver
he thinks they look best.

We are now ready to tune
ini. Don a pair of gum boots
and a waterproof mac (or if
possible a diving suit) and
connect the earth wire to the
water pipe by nailing it with
stout steel nails. Open the
throttle, move the first dial
over to reverse, and on com-
ing up for the second time,
several stations will be heard,
prominent among which will
be the police and fire sta-
tions.

(Next week's article will be
on long wave alteration and
deception.)

Use Kuticua for scratched
Tickets.

INFORMATION
BUREAU

If you want infor-
mation on any sub-
ject under the sun-
sorry, clouds—write
to us,
Answers:

Abner (Paterson) — No.
The Prime Minister of Japan
is not called the Kimono.
This is the kind of shirt worn
by Japanese while their
nighties are being decarbon-
ized.

Helectric (Herbert) — The
polarity of a Hamburger
Cheese can be determined by
placing each end separately
near some gasoline. The end
which causes a spark, follow-
ed by a funeral, is the posi-
tive pole.

Pansy (Stubbs) — No, a
snark is not a tuna fish with
a mole on its nose—for defini-
tion send a self-addressed
envelope and repeat your
question.

Question—"On what day
did Xmas 1865 come?

Answer—Jan. 25th.

Don't go elsewhere to be
poisoned. Come to the "Col-
legiate" Cafeteria and be
safe.

THE GOSSIP, Sarnia

**POLICE COURT**

Vincent Norwood was haled into Police Court to-day charged with loitering. The charge was laid by Miss we mean Miss M. N. Burris, who claims Norwood has been hanging around her high-class exclusive boarding house (singing a speccialty) a great deal lately and annoying her female boarders (one especially that is.)

* * *

Three prominent S. C. I. athletes have been summoned to appear before the court on complaint of Marjorie Patterson. Miss Patterson is suing for damages, claiming to have suffered loss of dignity. Her diary will figure prominently in the case.

* * *

Following several complaints from leading citizens, John Paul James has been placed under observation. A place is being reserved in the Tiny Tots' Kindergarten for him.

* * *

A local rugby player was sentenced to 30 days for getting a rise out of Frog Holliday on false pretenses.

UNCLE JOHN'S CORNER

(For our 1st Formers)



To-night, children, I am going to tell you about the cow. The Cow is a qualrped, with an alto voice and a guileless mien. She collaborates with the pump in the production of milk, provides the filler for hash, and is finally skinned by those whom she has benefitted the most. Her tail is mounted

aft, and has a universal joint. It is used to disturb marauding flies, and the tassel on the end has a unique educational value. Persons milking cows develop vocabularies of impressive force.

The cow has two stomachs. One acts as a warehouse and when this is filled she retires to ruminate in some secluded spot where her ill-manne: will occasion no comment. The raw material conveyed again to the interior of the face is pulverized and delivered to the auxiliary stomach where it is converted into Cow. (Ask Herb Halliday if you doubt Uncle John —Ed's. Note.)

The young is called calf and is used in the preparation of chicken salad.

In conclusion, a slice of cow is worth 8 cents on the cow, 14 cents in the packing house and \$2.40 in a restaurant that specializes in atmosphere. That is all to-night, children. To-morrow we will review the horse.

L.C.C.I. Review.

PERSONAL

Miss Henrietta Spink of STEEL-RIVITED STEAM or WATER POWER AUTO Four Corners is visiting her MATIC OILING THOROUGHLY TESTED LITEL sister Mr. P. Y. Dirk. GIANT ENGINES AT SQUIRES & CO. ALSO SACHE T POWDERS, MASSEY REAPERS and OYSTERS.

Miss Peggy Burbank, a HAM'S LIVERY STABLE charming peroxide of Nome, —HORSE FOR RENT BY Alaska is on a visit to her DAY or CENTURY, OPEN cousin Miss Louisa Sharpe, DAY OR TWILIGHT.

Go to the Methodist Church Supper to-night at the fireman's ball. The Ladies of BLACKEN'S ARNICA the church promise to give SALVE FOR BRUISES, CUTS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, you a fine time, oysters, turkey, cake and ice cream will AND CORNS OR MONEY be served.
REFUNDED.

\$100,000 Reward

For any case of insomnia, sleeplessness, or inability to slumber that we cannot cure. Price 5 cts. Address Room 3153, S.C.I. Send for club rates with Cocaine Department.

SOLIDER THAN EVER

We will soon begin the first year of our existence and point with pride to the record we have made as well as the financial basis on which we stand.

As slow as the lowest. Subscribe now before the rush.

Special feature for 1493.

**We
Demand
Decorum**



JACQUELINE

Seulement une fois je l'ai vue il y a longtemps. C'était sa figure qui m'attira et étant rentrée à mon logis j'écrivis une esquisse de sa vie de laquelle je vous donnerai un jour ordinaire.

Jacqueline était une fille qui commençait à s'étonner de la vie. Elle avait seulement quatorze ans mais déjà elle travaillait dans la grande ville gagnant de l'argent pour sa famille.

Tous les jours la petite enfant se réveillait avec les premiers vents de l'aurore. Les brouillards bleus du matin passaient lentement au-dessus les montagnes si loin de son petit monde de la ville. Il y avait la beauté d'un nouveau matin; l'espérance d'un autre jour. Ces heures appartenaient à Jacqueline toute seule. Il y avait la petite fleur blanche laquelle elle soignait avec amour. Jacqueline la trouva dans une charrette qui passait le lundi. La petite touchait à la fleur en disant:

"Petite chose blanche n'es-tu pas heureuse d'être vive ce beau matin?" La fleur ne répondait pas mais elle comprenait, j'en suis certaine.

Jacqueline mangeait en hâte son petit déjeuner et toujours elle laissait une croûte de pain pour les oiseaux qui l'attendaient sous sa fenêtre dans l'impasse. Les voisins se plaignaient que leurs gazouillements les réveillaient de trop bonne heure mais à Jacqueline ces petits amis disaient que l'aurore aux doigts roses proclamait l'approche d'un autre jour.

C'était une longue route à travers la ville à l'usine active mais Jacqueline ne s'en inquiétait pas. Il y avait beaucoup de choses qu'elle aimait à voir tous les matins. Les ponts avec bien des gens qui se dépêchaient à leur ouvrage à qui ce matin était seulement un autre jour mais à Jacqueline c'était une aventure neuve.

Il y avait une église à laquelle Jacqueline aimait aller quand elle avait fini l'ouvrage de sa longue journée. Elle était très petite et les pierres grisâtres semblaient être des nonnettes aux capuchons verts où poussait le lierre. Il y avait un calme profond dans ses murs et les petits bancs en bois semblaient parler des rêves qui étaient cachés

dans tous les petits coins de l'église —des rêves qui criaient toujours au monde de ne pas les oublier. Quelques vieux hommes les entendaient quand ils revenaient cherchant ces rêves perdus de la jeunesse.

Jacqueline aimait s'asseoir près

de sa fenêtre pour voir les premières étoiles de la soirée semer le ciel, et toutes les petites lumières de la ville qui tremblaient à travers l'obscurité; puis elle allumait son quinquet pour passer les heures précieuses avec ses livres.

—Patsy Collins.

LA VARIETE

L'homme est drôle, n'est-ce pas? Hier il était fâché, aujourd'hui il éclate de rire, et demain qui veut dire ce qu'il fera? Les jours de la vie sont tous différents c'est en cela que nous nous amusons. Que ferions-nous si nous étions toujours heureux, si nous ne savions pas de peine? Il ne vaudrait pas exister. C'est la même chose à l'école. Un jour nous n'avons pas fait nos devoirs et il nous faut rester après quatre heures. La variété est l'épice de la vie. Elle est partout. La Nature nous donne l'été et l'hiver, le soleil et l'ombre, un contraste pour tout.

Et voilà le contraste parmi les personnes! Avez-vous jamais vu deux personnes qui se ressemblent? Non! Même les jumeaux sont différents en quelque sorte. Je me demande pourquoi c'est ainsi. C'est encore la variété.

Nos devoirs sont finis pour un peu. Maintenant nous avons la fête de pâques et nous pouvons nous amuser en plein air. Il ne nous faudra pas penser aux examens. Mais au bout des vacances nous sommes prêts à revenir à l'école. Nous cherchons encore nos camarades de la classe, encore les ruses de la vie à l'école.

On voit encore que nous cherchons

la variété. Ah oui, c'est la variété qui fait l'homme si drôle. Il ne sait jamais ce qu'il veut. S'il fait froid il désire le chaud, s'il fait chaud il désire le froid et ainsi de suite. Il n'est jamais content. Mais c'est ceci qui fait rouler le monde. Si nous étions contents nous ne nous efforcerions à rien faire. L'homme s'efforcera toujours.

Je me demande comment nous aimerons notre nouvelle vie après que nous sommes partis de l'école. Quel grand change trouverons-nous! Comme il sera différent de la vie à l'école! Est-ce que nous oublierons les jours que nous aimons maintenant? Est-ce que le grand change nous fera oublier les heureux jours à S.C.I.? Mais non! Nous nous rappellerons toujours les joies et les chagrins que nous avions dans la classe; toujours les heures à étudier et à jouer. Oui et pendant que nous ferons de nouveaux amis nous nous rappellerons toujours les vieux amis de la classe. Le change viendra mais le passé restera toujours dans nos mémoires.

Travaillons toujours, avec les yeux à l'horizon du futur, toujours nous adaptant à la variété de la vie, aux changes auxquels nous ne nous attendons jamais et la vie sera une route de plaisir, un voyage d'exploration au futur inconnu.

—W. E. Jones, V.

SEULEMENT UN REVE

C'était au printemps quand les pommiers étaient en fleur. Jean était assis sur l'herbe sous un de ces beaux arbres. Il dormait et au bout de quelque temps il rêvait.

Marie de qui il rêvait demeurait dans une petite chaumière parmi les arbres. C'était une belle jeune fille aux cheveux d'or; ses yeux bleus étaient comme les astres des cieux et sa voix était comme les oiseaux des bois.

Et qu'est-ce que notre héros rêvait? Il songeait qu'il allait épouser Marie. Tout à coup il se réveilla.

—Sûrement je rêvais, dit-il, mais j'irai à ma chère Marie et je lui raconterai ma vision.

Jean ne perdit pas de temps. Bientôt il se trouva à la porte de Marie. Son coeur battait violement dans son sein. Il frappa. Marie parut à la porte.

—Entre, Monsieur Jean, dit Marie.

—Ah! Mademoiselle j'— j'— J'espère que vous êtes en bonne santé? dit-il.

—Oh! oui Monsieur, et vous?

—Moi aussi, dit Jean.

Alors il s'assit sur la canapé près de Marie.

—Marie, dit Jean, je— je—

—Eh bien, dit Marie, avec hauteur, et que direz-vous?

—J'— j'avais un rêve.

—Ha! Ha! je rêve souvent, cela n'est pas extraordinaire.

—Mais je rêvais que—que vous alliez vous marier avec moi dit Jean.

—Oui, Monsieur, c'est très extraordinaire mais c'est seulement un rêve, dit Marie. Moi je me marierai avec vous quand j'aurai le même rêve.

Et la fin de cette histoire, mes chers lecteurs, est que ce rêve ne vint jamais à Marie.

—Nora Logan, 3A.

LE PETIT FLOCON DE NEIGE

“Il n'y a pas beaucoup de nous aujourd'hui, pensait le petit flocon de neige qui venait à la terre d'un ciel gris. Mais cela n'importe; je suis très heureux; qu'il est beau de vivre! je me demande ce que je ferai quand j'arriverai à la terre. Peut-être que je me trouverai à la branche d'un arbre ou j'étais éteint comme un diamant dans la clarté du soleil.” Et cette idée était si splendide qu'il fallut que le petit flocon s'arrêtât en fermant les yeux pour se le figurer. “Mais peut-être, reprit-il, deviendrai-je seulement une partie de la neige. J'espère que je serai toujours blanc et pur.

Puis son imagination l'emporta encore. Peut-être je gèlerai sur une vitre comme une étoile et les enfants de la maison s'écrieront ‘Ah qu'il est joli!’ Si je deviendrai seulement une partie de la neige avec mes frères et mes soeurs, peut-être fera-t-on des pelotes de moi. J'espère qu'ils n'étaient pas serrées. Le petit

flocon de neige ne savait pas bien du monde, mais il a entendu dire que les pelotes serrées font beaucoup de mal. Il serait fâché s'il faisait mal à quelqu'un. Alors une idée épouvante lui vint. Ah j'espérais que je ne tomberai pas sur le trottoir pour dégeler sans rien faire.”

Tandis que le petit pensait à tout cela il s'approchait de la terre. Il pouvait voir dans le lointain les toits d'une grande ville. Il s'approcha plus près. Alors une rafale de vent l'emporta de sa route dans un tourbillon de sorte qu'il ne savait pas où il était.. A ce moment une mère apparut dans la rue apportant un enfant. Le petit flocon fut soufflé vers lui. Il tremblait une minute et se plaça lentement sur sa figure rose.

“Quelle joie! cria le petit flocon qui dégela vite, ceci est plus splendide que toutes les choses auxquelles j'ai pensé et que je voulais car j'ai embrassé la joue d'un enfant.

—Rachael Buchan, V.

Illustrations de "Madame Thérèse"





EDITOR'S NOTE—Unfortunately, it was impossible for the printer to insert the necessary accents in printing any of these stories.

PHOEBE

Einmal wohnten im Walde zwei Leute, ein Mann und seine Frau. Sie hatten nur eine kleine Hütte und einen kleinen Garten. Während des Tages arbeitete der Mann im Walde. Er wurde alt und auch seine Frau. Noch waren sie zufrieden, obgleich sie sehr arm waren. Die Vogel im Walde waren ihre einzigen Freunde. Sie hatten nur ein Kind, einen Sohn, der viele Jahre vorher in die Stadt gegangen war, und da sich verheiratet hatte.

Eines Tages, als der Alte in dem Walde arbeitete, sah er eine hagere Gestalt, mit einem kleinen Mädchen an der Hand, gegen ihn kommen, und wusste er, dasz es der liebe Sohn war, der so langsam ging. Dann lief der Vater zur Hütte, um der Frau zu sagen, dasz der Sohn zurückgekehrt sei. Diesen Tag war groszes Glück im Hause, aber eine Woche später wurde ihre Freude zu Kummer, denn der Sohn war zurückgekehrt nur zu sterben.

In den Jahren nach seinem Tode war das kleine Mädchen, die Tochter ihres Sohnes, der Trost der Eltern. Sie liebte alles, besonders ihre Grosseltern aber auch die Schmetterlinge, die Vogel, die Bäume, und die Blumen. Sie lief gern mit dem Groszvater in den Wald, und dann, während er Holz schnitt, spielte sie

herum. Sie hiesz "Phoebe". Oft lief Phoebe nach Hause, ehe der Groszvater fertig war.

Eines Tages arbeitete der Groszvater im Walde fern von dem Hause. Phoebe war mit ihm. Sie war sehr froh denn sie war niemals so fern in den Wald gegangen und besonders, weil sie nimmer fruher den Bach gesehen hatte. Während ihr Groszvater das Holz schnitt, sasz sie bei dem Bache. Sie war ganz zufrieden, nur das Wasser flieszen zu sehen. Tag fur Tag bat sie ihre Grosseltern sie sum Bache zu nehmen. Die Grosseltern liebten das Madchen so viel, dasz oft die drei in den Wald gingen, weil Phoebe wieder den Bach sehen wollte.

Sie wohnten viele Jahre zusammen. Dann war Phoebe eines Tages nicht zu finden. Die Eltern suchten überall. Sie gingen in den Wald und riefen. Sie fanden aber das Madchen nicht. Endlich, als die Nacht sich naherte, kehrten sie heim. Den nächsten Tag gingen sie immer weiter in den Wald, zu dem Bache. Aber sie war nicht da. Dann rief die Grossmutter "Phoebe", fast frohlich, weil sie dachte, etwas Weiszes zu schen. Es war nur eine Blume. Dann rief sie wieder. Aber es war keine Antwort. Noch einmal rief sie sehr

traurig. Plotzlich sah sie ein kleines Mannlein.

"Hast du meine Phoebe gesehen?" fragte sie eifrig.

Das Mannlein schuttelte den Kopf und sagte:

"Ich habe sie noch nicht gesehen, aber ich bin gekommen, um dir etwas von ihr zu erzählen. Sie ist hier im Walde aber du wirst sie

niemals sehen. Viele Jahrhunderte sollst du sie suchen aber niemals sollst du sie finden. Du wirst sie immer rufen und Menschen werden dich immer "Phoebe" nennen.

Darauf wurde sie ein Vogel und auch der Groszvater. Man hort sie noch im Walde, die immer rufen, aber niemals haben sie Phoebe gefunden.

—Marion Brown, V.

SEPTEMBERMORGEN

Eduard Morike

Im Nebel ruhet noch die Welt,
Noch Traumen Wald und Wiesen:
Bald siehst du, wenn der Schleier
fallt,
Den blauen Himmel unverstellt,
Herbstkraftig die gedampfte Welt
In warmem Golde flieszen.

SEPTEMBER MORNING

The world still sleeps in its purple

mist,
The woods and meadows, in amethyst
All bathed, still dream.
Soon you will see when the veil drifts by
The dewy earth and blue of the sky
With the rays of the sun all agleam.

Trans. by Marjorie Paterson,
3A Coll.

WEIGENLIED

Clemens Brentano

Singet leise, leise, leise,
Singt ein flusternd Wiegenlied,
Von dem Monde lernt die Weise,
Der so still am Himmel zieht.

Singt ein Lied so susz gelinde
Wie die Quellen auf den Kieseln,
Wie die Bienen um die Linde
Summen, murmeln, flustern, rieseln.

CRADLE SONG

Croon, softly croon
A lingering cradle song,
Capture your tune from the moon
As she glides the heavens along.

Sing, sweetly low
As the waves on the sands
As the bees through the lindens go
In buzzing murmuring bands.

Trans. by Marjorie Paterson,
3A Coll.

DER MAUSETURM

Es war Abend am Rhein. Der Reisende und sein kleines Tochterchen fuhren von Köln nach Mainz. Als das Boot eine kleine Insel im Flusß bei Bingen herbeiging, bemerkte das Kind den hohen Turm eines Schlosses von alten Zeiten. "Da", sagte der Reisende, "ist der Mausturm wo Bischof Hatto für seine Bosheit bestraft wurde". "Gibt es eine sage, mein Vater?" sagte das Kind, während sie nach dem Turme anblickte.

"Jawohl, eine wahre sage" antwortete er "Erzähle es mir bitte, Vater" bat sie und der Reisende begann.

"Es war einmal eine grosze Teurung im Lande. Der Sommer und

mengekommen waren, machte er die Tür fest zu und zündete die Scheune an. Als er das Schreien der Leute hörte, sagte er nur, "Ich bin sicher, dasz das Land mir danken sollte, denn ich habe es von vielen Mausen, die das Korn essen, freigemacht."

Diese Nacht schließt der Bischof wie ein unschuldiger Mann, aber Bischof Hatto schließt niemals wieder. Am nächsten Morgen war er erschreckt zu sehen, sein Bild war vom Rahmien von den Mausen genagt worden. Dann kam ein Diener, um ihm zu sagen, dasz die Mäuse all sein Korn in den speichern verschlungen hatten. Ein anderer blässt vor Furcht kam gelaufen, "Der liebe Gott verzeige Sie," schrie er, tausende Mäuse kommen. Also, der Bischof wurde sehr erschreckt und lief von einem Zimmer zum anderen, bis es ihm einfiel, dasz er in seinem Turme am Rhein sicher sein werde. Aber nicht in seinem Turme, obwohl derselbe hoch und steil war, konnte er sie entkommen. Die Mäuse folgten ihm zum Turme, sie schwammen den Flusß und kletterten die Mauern hinauf. Der Bischof floh zum obersten Zimmer aber Mäuse kamen immer. Direkt zum Bischof Hatto kamen sie und sie fraszen ihn auf. In seinem, eigenen Turme am Rhein konnte er nicht das Urteil des Herren entkommen.

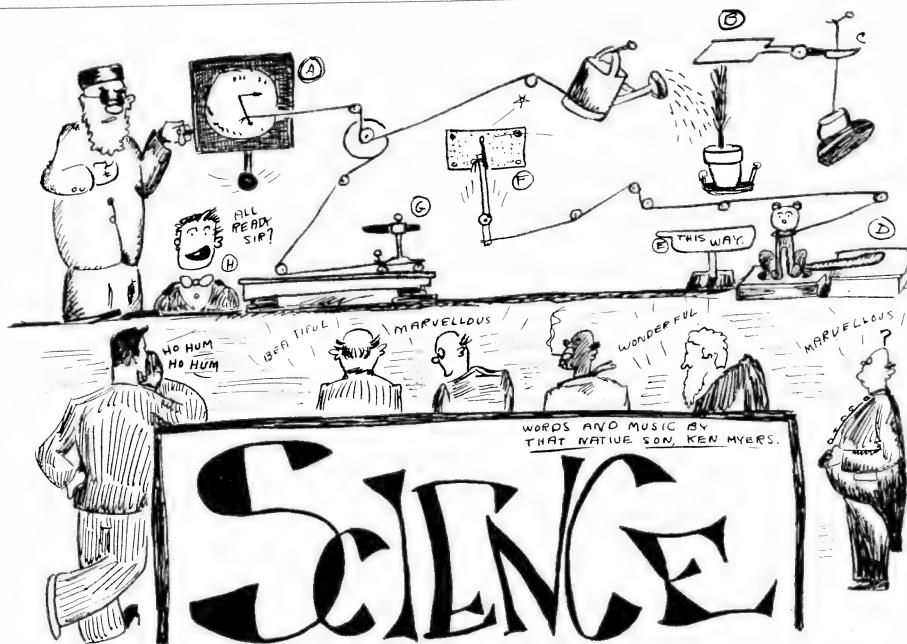
Herbst waren so regnerisch, dasz im Winter das Korn nicht gewachsen war. Nun, dieser Bischof, Bischof Hatto, hatte viel Korn, weil er eine gute Ernte das vorige Jahr gehabt hatte. Die armen Leute kamen von fern und nah aber der böse Bischof wollte nicht auf ihre Sagen vom Leide horchen.

Eines Tages sagte man, dasz endlich der Bischof den Armen helfen wolle. Das machte Freude überall und die Leute dachten, dasz er ja nicht so schlimm sei, aber sie wussten nicht den Plan von dem schlauen lustigen Hatto. Als alle Leute in seiner Scheune zusam-

"Und so" sagte der Reisende, "das ist die Sage vom Mauseturm." Sie konnten ihn noch sehen. Das Kind bildete sich ihn ein, als er von Mausen wimmelte und sie schauderte. "Es ist nicht eine hubsche Sage", sagte sie leise.

—Rachel Buchan, V.





The sciences are said, and they are truly said, to have a mutual connection, that anyone of them may be the better understood for an insight into the rest.

—Bishop Horsely.

Prof. Nosenbloom has just exhibited to the Royal Academy his patent Cigar Lighter (all rights reserved) and here we have a photo of his marvelous machine just before it revolutionized the industry. Standing below the platform are a few visiting scientists, including "Eight ball" Jones, the famous negro mathematician, and also Carl Campus, the bored Collegian, on the left. When the Prof. winds the clock (a) the clock begins to run and thus empties the watering can on the flower, which grows up, moving the paddle (b) and forcing the paring knife (c) to cut the string and let the flat iron fall. When the unsuspecting feline feels the impact of the weight on her tail at (d) she reads the sign and starts for home. This movement yanks over the lever and lights the match on the sandpaper at (f). Thus the cigar at (g) is lit and being on a moveable holder slides into the ultimate consumer's mouth, who has been at (h) waiting.

Prof. Nosenbloom, who has concentrated his mighty brain for years on this project, says that his lighter has no drawbacks, for by the undisputable authority of the binomial theorem it can be used either in wartime or peace and also by a few alterations can be used either to milk a cow or to exterminate the bothersome gad-fly in Armenia it may be said that the only drawback is feeding and bandaging the cat.

THE MOTOR FUEL PROBLEM

Even now the imaginary approach of a gasoline famine disturbs our slumbers and visions of motorless highways cast their shadows across our dreams and haunt our waking

hours. To many minds, the peace of mankind hinges upon a plentiful supply of petroleum, equitably distributed throughout the world. It has become a national necessity,

both in peace and war. Lord Curzon once stated that the Allies rode to victory in the Great War on a flood of oil. From time to time, dismal prophets have said that our present crude oil supplies are not adequate to meet the ever-increasing automobile demand. It was only three years ago that they stated the world's supply would be exhausted inside of six years. But since that time, Seminole, Santa Fe, and more recently West Texas have poured their abundant supplies upon the market. The result has been a complete demoralization of crude oil prices and the piling up of immense quantities of crude in storage.

The motor car and the oil industry of the world are vitally dependent on one another. To operate the present thirty million motor cars requires over 16 billion U.S. gallons of gasoline per year. By 1938 there will be approximately 75 million motor cars in the world and the question arises "what is the saturation point for automobiles". To run these cars will require over 41 billion gallons of gasoline, or in terms of crude oil this represents 3,260,000,000 barrels of crude—at present rate of 30% gasoline yield from crude oil.

But if the world was forced to depend absolutely on straight-run gasoline—that is, gasoline produced in the normal distillation of crude—the amount of crude required would be enormous. During the last fifteen years there has been perfected in the oil industry numerous "cracking" processes. These are able to convert fuel oils and other oils of high specific gravity into products of low specific gravity under the influence of high temperatures and pressures. By the use of "cracking" it has been possible to make high yields of anti-knock gasoline from fuel oils—which were formerly used for heating and (contained no gasoline as such). The use of "cracking" not only affects the price of gasoline but also has a decided influence on the coal industry as well. For, without its use the immense quantities of

fuel oil that would be produced in the normal distillation of crude oil to supply the gasoline demand, would be a much more serious competitor of coal as an industrial fuel than it is at present. In the last fifteen years the development of the cracking processes has conserved over 1,750,000,000 barrels of crude oil. Charles E. Hughes asserts that "the cracking processes have done more for conservation than any legislative scheme could do under our constitution."

Not only are we able to convert heavy petroleum oils into gasoline by means of "cracking" but experiments have shown that with equal facility it is possible to crack natural tars and asphalts, coal tars, shale oils, wood tars, vegetable and fish oils. The importance of these products as future sources of motor fuel cannot be underestimated. Dr. Egloff states that ultimately it will be possible to convert 75 per cent. of crude petroleum into gasoline by "cracking". However, this process does not in any way increase the supply of petroleum but merely increases the quantity of gasoline at the expense of the other components of crude oil, e.g., kerosene, fuel and lubricating oils.

In other countries not so blessed with immense supplies of crude oil as the United States, it has been the life work of scientists to devise some method for the synthetic production of petroleum. This is particularly true of Germany where much interest has been shown lately in the process of Dr. Bergius for making petroleum out of coal. Even before the war, Bergius saw the danger to his own country and other countries lurking in the dependence of one nation upon another for a supply of petroleum. For thirteen years he laboured in the effort to make oil out of coal and at last he succeeded. In normal bituminous coal the ratio of carbon to hydrogen is approximately 16 to 1, while in petroleum the ratio is 8 to 1. Thus in the conversion of coal to oil it is necessary to

double the hydrogen. After many failures, Bergius succeeded in doing this by pumping hydrogen under enormous pressure into a paste of powdered coal and tar, which was heated in a steel vessel to about 450 degrees C.

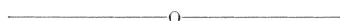
The resulting product very closely resembles crude petroleum and several plants are now operating in Germany utilizing this process. However, its use in this country would be prohibitive at present on account of the abundance and low price of crude oil. Other promising sources of obtaining petroleum substitutes from coal lie in the carbonization of coal, including the gas manufacturing and coking industries, and the more recent development of low temperature carbonization with its increased yield of tars.

On the other hand, recent work by Franz Fischer, also of Germany, has demonstrated the possibility of the complete gasification of coal with subsequent conversion of this gas into alcohols or hydrocarbons. Many people look to the extraction of oil from shales and tar sands when our petroleum resources are depleted. Although the United States and other countries possess immense quantities of shale, experts are inclined to give it second place in comparison with coal as a probable future source of petroleum.

Again there is the possibility of using alcohol as a partial source of motor fuel. The United States Navy has demonstrated that it is a superior aviation fuel when mixed with gasoline and for this purpose the alcohol must be free from water. The use of alcohol as a fuel would mean the diversion of vast acreages for the production of starchy crops suitable for fermentation. It is possible that somewhere within the tropics such areas might be found. This source of supply is less promising than others however.

Summarizing, we may say that the scientific developments and processes for the conversion of petroleum and the synthesis of this commodity have far exceeded our wildest dreams. Petroleum the world must and will have in abundance. Certain it is that the possibilities of coal as a basic source of petroleum are only beginning to be realized and never before have we been able to face the future with so great confidence. In conclusion, the writer quotes the words of Dr. J. F. Norris, given at the seventy-sixth meeting of the American Chemical Society—"I hold that it is not foolhardy to refuse to worry about the consumption of natural resources or to look to the future with confidence that science will always keep ahead of the needs of the world."

—Norman J. Paterson



WILD LIFE IN WINTER

A ramble through the snow-covered woods in mid-winter would well reward the lover of nature. Discomforts are soon forgotten in the delight of discovering winter abodes and new friends of the animal kingdom that spend the winter with us. For the seeker after wild life in winter the woods to the north of us would prove of greater interest than our own. However, even our own woods offer a good field for observing wild life and

would prove a delightful surprise to one who visits them for the first time.

On first entering the woods, one is aware only of stillness—deep intense silence brooding over all living things. Instinctively conversation is hushed and you tread with lighter step, fearful of disturbing some animal in his long winter sleep. But, once asleep, the animals, like the bear, raccoon, and woodchuck, that hibernate for the winter, are

unconcerned whether or not intruders step lightly. They sleep on in utter oblivion until spring finds them again ready to start a new year. These foresighted animals eat a great deal of food in the autumn and store up enough in the form of fat to last them through the winter. When they emerge in the spring, they are very thin and ravenously hungry but otherwise none the worse for the long fast.

The stillness of the woods is frequently broken by the merry chatter of the gray or black squirrel, peering at any intruders and scolding them in his own tongue. There is a peculiar attraction in the antics and chatter of this little animal that would surely be missed from our woods. The only preparation that some squirrels make for the winter is the hoarding of nuts, pine cones and other foods which they carefully hide in a hollow tree or stump long before cold weather begins. Other squirrels, as well as the chipmunk pass the winter asleep on a bed of matted leaves, only waking for brief intervals of sunshine and play.

Your attention might be attracted skyward by the flutter of wings or the cheerful cry of the chickadee, and memories of summer aroused by the sight of one of the birds that spend the winter with us. None of our winter residents possesses the cheery disposition of the chickadee that little "black capped" bird that displays a friendly spirit by visiting trees and orchards near our homes. Unless some kind person feeds the chickadee on crumbs or scraps, its food consists of the eggs and larvae of insects that are destructive to trees. The snow bunting is another small bird common in this district during the winter. It feeds on the seeds of weeds which project above the snow so like the chickadee it is very beneficial. Another snow bird, also a seed-eater comes down to us from the Labrador and Hudson Bay regions. We know this bird as the tree sparrow, although it is usually found in low shrubbery or on the

ground. A new visitor to this part of Canada and one which seems to migrate spasmodically is the starling. This bird is a native of England, and like the sparrow is increasing in ominous numbers. Although beneficial in most respects, nevertheless its increase in numbers is not favorably looked upon by those who have studied the bird. The starling is a bird somewhat larger than the sparrow, bluish-black in colour and called a starling because of the fact that its back is irregularly dotted with iridescent starry specks.

If a visitor to the woods in the winter should happen to peer into a half-buried hollow log or stump, he might be rather surprised to see a brown and yellow butterfly, bewildered by the unaccustomed light. A very few butterflies spend the winter in the adult form, surprising many people by their occasional appearance in January or February. The Monarch Butterfly displays amazing powers of flight in its annual migration to a warmer climate. It has been seen, within recent years, during the long flight across Lake Erie. These butterflies, however, are very exceptional, since most butterflies pass the winter in the pupa stage.

The liveliest animal in the woods during the winter time is the common cottontail rabbit. It may still be seen hopping quite gayly, across fields and among trees long after most other animals have taken shelter for the winter. Winter has no terrors for the rabbit; it trusts to Providence that food will be forthcoming when required. In the winter the rabbit lives on bark, tender shoots of bushes and any green foods it may find under the snow. When shelter is needed it takes refuge in a thicket or hedge of brambles.

Other varied and interesting residents of the woods may be studied to our benefit. Yet in nearly all forms, there is found the same wisdom and foresight in preparing food

and shelter for the cold season. The life history of most animals reveals the existence of almost unbelievable instincts and powers where we would least expect to find them. The instinct of migratory birds that find their way year after year, over the same course to the same place; the wisdom of hibernating animals

in storing enough food to last them during the winter; and the cunning of the rabbit that always seems to be aware, even when asleep, of the approach of its greatest enemy, the fox; all are part of one of the most fascinating studies there is—the true romance of animal life.

Margaret Hughes, V.

She was only the science master's daughter but she sure had some hot retorts.

AVIATION IN CANADA

It is no small wonder that Canada is termed the "Home of Aviation." Owing to the natural land conditions of the country, Canada has more need for the development of aviation than any other civilized country. A great portion of Canada is heavily wooded and presents a barrier to transportation that is very difficult to overcome. But Aviation has given us a means of hurdling this obstacle with ease, and with a great saving of time over any other form of transportation. The aeroplane has proven in other countries that it is fast becoming a staple means of transporting people and merchandise, and very wide field is provided for it in a country covered with forests, lakes and mountains.

One of the greatest problems in Canada is the protection of the forests from the fire menace. Owing to the size of the country this is a stupendous task, and the aeroplane has proven that it is most sensible and practical for this purpose. It can cover a distance faster than any other machine so far developed in this age of science, and is not hindered in the least by the natural barriers which are so prominent a feature of Canadian landscape—namely forests, lakes and mountains. Because of the forests and scarcity of suitable places to land with the

common aeroplane, the seaplane has come into prominence in the forest fire patrols, as it can land on any fair-sized body of water.

Another menace to the forest areas of Canada is the destruction caused by the many and varied species of insects that destroy the leaves and buds of the trees. It has been proven by experiment that spraying the trees in the affected areas by aeroplane can decisively stop the headway of these insects and thus preserve the forests. When millions of cords of pulp-wood may be saved annually by the spraying of the forests, this form of preservation is looked upon with great importance. When a small outbreak of this menace was discovered in the country about Foote's Lake in the Muskoka district, the trees were sprayed by aeroplane immediately, and it was proven that small outbreaks can be effectively controlled before they have gone too far.

Science in the last few years has brought forth many new inventions that have helped make Aviation in Canada a practical and profitable thing. A new metal known as duralumin is being used and with great success in the manufacture of seaplanes for use in Canada. This metal is much stronger than wood,

weight for weight, and is being used in the construction of the struts and pontoons of these planes. When used in the manufacture of the struts, it adds strength, durability, and safety, and cuts down the weight of the plane. When used in construction of the pontoons, it will neither soak up water and add unnecessary weight nor is it affected by water, as are pontoons of wood. Wooden pontoons soon rot and become water-logged, and must be replaced. This is not necessary with metal floats.

Owing to the varied altitude in Canada the range of temperature is very great and special types of motors must be used. After very exhaustive experiments with many types, the radial air-cooled engine has been found to be the most efficient. This type is built in models that are just as powerful as any on the market to-day and have many advantages over the other types. It eliminates the danger of a forced landing due to a broken water pipe, or shortage of water and so does away with one of the drawbacks of flying over a country where a forced landing is sometimes fatal. The possibility of ruining the motor through the freezing of the water in the cooling system, is also eliminated by the radial air-cooled type. And lastly, the very objectionable gyroscopic conditions that have to be contended with when using a motor of the rotary type are also done away with.

Inventors have for a long time dreamed of air-travel for everybody: of planes rising vertically from, and descending upon flat-top roofs. By the latest invention, the autogiro, a great development towards the day when the flying machine will rise vertically from the ground and descend in a like manner, has been made. The inventor, a young Spaniard, Juan de la Cierva claims that by his invention a great step has been taken towards this ideal condition. He has effectively proven by his flight across the English Channel, and by a

demonstration given at Le Bourget flying field near Paris that the autogiro is not just a freak plane soon to be forgotten. It can rise from a much smaller space than any other plane, and can drop nearly vertically from very great heights without the use of the motor. This fact in itself is very important as it eliminates the one great danger of flying, the loss of flying speed. This plane can be landed from any height when the engine is not running, as the windmill-like vanes on the top of the plane act as a parachute and enables the plane to land at the remarkable speed of twenty miles per hour.

Aviation in Canada is not limited to the protection of the forests from fire and insects. Aeroplanes are coming into very prominent use with exploration parties and with the surveyor. With it explorers have encircled the globe and flown numerous times to the North Pole. It enables the surveyor to make aerial maps of a country that in many parts is too mountainous or heavily wooded to make surveying possible in any other way. Aeroplanes are also being used a great deal in the fishing industry and as a means of transportation between the centres of industry and far-off Mines. Air-mail routes are fast becoming established in Canada and it will not be long before the air-mail service will compare favourably with that in other countries.

—W. A. Williams, V.

THE VITAMINS

A Scientific Song (in part)

Vitamin "A"
Keeps the rickets away
And succours the meagre and nervy,
"B" is what you lack
If the stomach is slack,
And "C" is the foe of the scurvy.
So when a man dines,
Let him murmur these lines,
Or sure he will live to deplore it—
First ask yourself "What
Disease have I got
And what is the vitamin for it?"—

—Trinity U. R.

THE POWER OF NITRIC ACID

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

*The power of Nitric Acid is not strained,
If dropped gently from the table-top
Upon the cloth beneath; it is twice cursed;
It burneth what is worn and him who wears it:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it will burn
The toughest fabric quicker than a match;
His head doth show the force of friction's power,
The scratch, and sudden bursting into flame,
Wherein doth sit and dread and fear of fire;
But nitric is above this frictioned sway;
It is but dropped on the flesh of man
Who cries aloud when taken by surprise,
And is most like to use his lungs' full power
When nitric seasons student. Therefore, boy,
If comfort be thy plea, consider this
That, in the course of comfort, none of us
Should drop this acid: we speak from experience
And that experience teaches us to render
A timely warning.*

—Acta Ludi.





Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.

—Hume.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

By Marion Clark

(This story is the winner of the gold medal in the "Collegiate" Short Story Competition.
Judged by Miss Walker, Mr. Alderson and Mr. Keene).

AFTER all she had red hair. Tom brushed his hair for the third time, then went over to the window and stared into space. The odour of coffee and frying bacon did not penetrate this abstraction, and Mrs. White having called him twice finally sent Mary up to find out what on earth was keeping him and to remind him that the train left in half an hour. This interruption made him realize that he was coming to no decision as to the cause and remedy of last night's quarrel with June. In any case there was not time to do anything about it this morning and he descended to the dining room in rather a bad humour. Nevertheless he worried through a hearty breakfast, but the fact that his sweater had run a little annoyed him somewhat. And when

his father started his usual harangue against rugby as it is played to-day, Tom found to his annoyance that he had the substance of it memorized from previous trips.

"Now in my day we played all the rugby we wanted to right here in town. We didn't galavant all around the country spending money right and left. And as for all the paraphernalia for the game, all we used were a pair of old trousers cut off to the knee and an old sweater; none of these pads and boots." In his haste to escape Tom failed to notice that the ten dollar bill his father gave him was a five.

They arrived in Dartmouth at one which necessitated some haste in getting their lunch as the game was to commence at two-thirty. After a hurried survey of the restaurants

they selected one, and descended upon it like a pack of wolves. Tom's mind was only half on his food, and when he opened the menu and saw in very large letters "Say it with Flowers", he felt the suggestion too good to be ignored. He ordered his dinner and went in search of a florist. So far the idea was quite simple; he would send the flowers to June, thus taking the blame for the quarrel of the night before, although he hadn't himself decided that it was his fault. Once inside the florist shop he became confused. He finally decided that roses were the only thing to send but was perplexed whether he ought to send yellow ones, which would signify that he felt forsaken or red roses to express his affection. After much hesitancy he chose the red ones, and hastily pocketing the change the florist handed him raced back to the restaurant where his lunch was awaiting him. He found that the rest of the team had gone on, and he had just time to eat his lunch and get to the field which was at the fair grounds just outside the town. Tom ate his dinner in rather a daze. The waiter brought him his check, he put his hand in his pocket to draw forth the five dollar bill and to his horror drew out only the receipt for the roses, five cents, and four pennies. The waiter, a wretched little man, called the manager, a large dark man with a face as red as a turkey-gobbler. Somebody, it seemed, had recently "played him for a sucker", in fact several of them. It had just happened once too often. They weren't going to get away with it in his restaurant, and he wasn't going to take any phoney watches or rings either. Tom's protests availed him nothing.

The proprietor was not interested in rugby and never expected to be. There was no way of communication with the rugby field. Tom didn't know a single person in town to whom he might telephone. There were no late comers at the restaurant. Tom was therefore handed a pail and a scrubbing brush and put to work, while a small urchin inspired by Tom's five cents raced on foot with an "S.O.S." to the team.

Tom had scarcely started at his task, when a car stopped in front of the restaurant and a girl with titian hair and a green hat, accompanied by one of the other four girls in the car got out and entered the restaurant. There was no reason why she should have chosen that particular restaurant to ask her way to the rugby field, if you don't believe in fate. Having nearly taken a nose dive over the industrious scrubman, she paused to glare at him indignantly. Indignation became astonishment; astonishment flared into anger; anger ebbed into amusement. When the laughter had subsided enough June demanded

"For the love of 'Allah' Tom, what's the answer?"

The situation which they found amusing before Tom's explanation became a riot. They managed between spasms to pay for his lunch and hustle him out to the car. Tom's reiteration "It was all for your sake, June" was almost more than they could stand.

They arrived at the field in time for Tom to get into his uniform before the first half was quite up. So when the team came off the field the tale of the more than welcome quarter-back whipped a more or less glum and losing team into a victorious one.

In repeating his tale for the seventy-seventh time, more or less, Tom ended with, "If I thought that man ever had hay-fever, I'd wire him a bunch of ragweed and goldenrod."



ON THE WINGS OF A DREAM

By Marie Thompson

JOAN banged the cabin door and ran hurriedly down the path. Her usually pale face was flushed to a crimson and her dark eyes flashed. Again had come that grumbling between her mother and father. It seemed to the girl that that was all they lived for—to grumble. Why, she wondered did her father always find something to argue and scold about? And her mother—why was she so timid and afraid of him?

"If I were she I'd not sit back and take it, I'd soon tell him I was half boss!"

Joan's eyes dimmed and her bosom heaved. She was angry. As long as she could remember there had been incessant bickering. Her father's monotonous voice seemed like a nightmare to her. Then there was Donnie. Couldn't that child cease his chatter? From morning till night it was always the same—unless he were sick, and then he was quiet enough. But why did anyone have to be so pestered with foolish questions? It unstrung one's nerves so!

It was summer and the valley lay in all its glory. Nestled on the mountain slope was the cabin. From the chimney the smoke ascended lazily skyward. The hum of the bees as they flew from flower to flower, so busily, so gaily, was surely a contrast. From the cabin one could see the mountains towering high into the blue; and down a slope into the valley rushed a stream of gold, sparkling in the noon-day sun. Dark trees stood out in bold relief along the shore and stretched back to the lake. To Joan the darkness of the trees and the silver water had always seemed like some stately golden haired beauty dressed in a robe of dark velvet. She had seen such in pictures and her heart beneath her simple gingham dress

had always throbbed. Yet would come the time when she— Flowers of every hue grew on the slope and beneath the trees. It was all a picture of loveliness, of serenity and peace,—and yet—inside the house—

The path from the cabin wound down the mountain side to the stream. It belonged to Joan. It was her feet which had worn it here, her feet which had so often in her moments of pain or anger raced down the hillside across the log which lay over the stream, and through the woods to the edge of the lake. Here she found her only solitude, comfort and hope. Here was a haven beneath a tall willow where she might bring her thoughts, her dreams and her trials,—a place where she could tell her secrets to the ripples as they lapped the shore, and brought messages to her in their music.

She threw herself down beneath the willows. Truly they were friends in distress,—the weeping willows and the weeping girl. She was so tired of it all, so tired, tired. In her childhood she had been happy when childish things and games had pleased her. Her mountain home had seemed a Paradise to her. All its simplicity had seemed a splendour, and the beauty of the stream the flowers and the forest, and the mountains capped with their eternal snows, had always filled her with a deep joy. She would gaze far up over the mountain tops into the clouds, then down to the stream and the forest, and her heart would beat a little faster. But she was no child now. The same things could not please her. Immortal things troubled her. Her dreams—oh, if only they could come true! She still loved the valley and the mountains, but it was at night that she loved them—at night when the

sky was filled with thousands of stars and the moon was so silvery, and all was quiet,—hushed—when she could hear the water murmuring sleepily below, and smell the fragrance of the flowers, when she could imagine that someone was standing close to her. Then her whole being would throb.

For a long time the girl lay there. The sun had crept around to the west. Once she raised herself and gazed afar off across the water. But she was tired and her heart was tired and ached so. If only she could get away from it all—if only—Then she had lain down again.

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The night was so balmy. Never had there been so many stars or so silvery a moon, and never had the flowers smelled so fragrant. She was standing there beneath the willow with her arms outstretched and the wind was blowing through her hair. The lake bore on its waves a shimmering path and it had come, along this path—a boat—and had taken her away. As it left the shore she had glanced back—once—that was all. They had dressed her in a soft dark robe. Perhaps it was because her hair was gold; and she had danced and laughed and been so gay, so happy, and everyone had loved her and she had loved them. The music—oh how she had loved it, and it had thrilled her and she had forgotten. Then they had left the boat and been driven through streets where hundreds of lights flashed and everything was hurry and bustle. How happy she was! A stately house had been reached and they had entered. Magnificence and splendour reigned supreme. Beauty and elegance were everywhere, and gentlemen had greeted

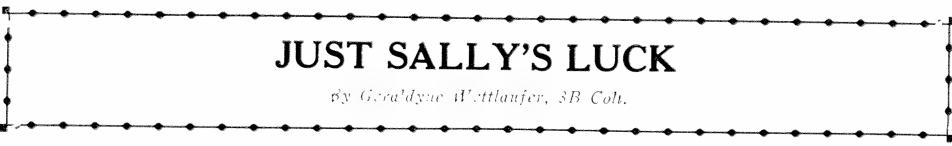
the newcomers and they had smiled and been so friendly and they had had such a splendid evening. Days came and went. Every night she had danced and every day she had had her Paradise.

But there came a day when the smile of the people did not appear quite so friendly. The noise and bustle and gaiety seemed to frighten her; the music was no more so sweet. Everything had grown mad and there were quarrels and she so longed for peace. She was tired of it all—this whirl; and her eyes ached; her head was dizzy and the air was so dense with smoke; the perfume of flowers sickened her. She longed for a place where she might be alone, where the wind would whisper to her and cool her hot forehead, where she might smell the fragrance of the wild blossoms. She could remember nothing but this mad whirl. If only she could get away from it. It was choking her! Quietness! Peace!

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The sun had sunk far down into the horizon. It cast on the sky a crimson glow, on the lake golden ripples and on the sleeping girl, shadows of the willow branches.

Joan awoke and pressed her hands to her eyes. Then she smiled. She arose and went to the edge of the water. Far off she gazed up the path of gold. Only the ripples she saw on the waters. She stretched her arms out toward the setting sun. The breezes played in her hair. For a long time she stood thus. Then dusk came and she dropped her arms and ran back through the forest, across the stream and up the path to the cabin. At last she understood! She had had visions of that other life. After all, wasn't this the happier one? And this understanding had been carried to her heart on the wings of a dream.



JUST SALLY'S LUCK

By Geraldine Wettlaufer, 3B Coll.

"**R**EALLY, Sally, this is the cheeriest spot in town. From your gay chintzes to Peter and Fritzy hanging in their brass cages, it is perfect," and Dorothy Day was genuine in her enthusiasm, as the gay little group of girls were ushered into the sunroom.

"Can't we furnish our Club Room like this? We must even have a fernery and canaries, although Sally will have to be official doctor, because she knows so much about them." Apparently Grace Munroe's suggestion met with approval for chatter broke loose, until Mildred, with a business-like rap brought them to order.

She soon reminded them of the purpose of the meeting. They were the Junior Building Committee of the Sunday School for the new gymnasium, and the responsibility of canvassing the town rested on their young shoulders. Strathmore Road really was Sally McLean's visiting area but she declared in dead earnest, that it was utterly impossible for her to canvass that street if she had to call on Ezra Walker, saying that she would rather be shot at sunrise than to ask that "Bluebeard" for a donation. If all tales were true, he was said to steal little children and to eat them raw. They however consoled themselves with their determination not to be quitters, and that maybe he was not as black as he was painted. Suddenly "Let us ask for volunteers" was heard. But no one spoke.

Not a minute had elapsed before bright-eyed Helen came to the rescue as usual. She proposed drawing lots. Two girls were to go together on the dreadful mission. They took ten pieces of paper—eight were left blank and the other two had "Bluebeard" and "Aide" written on them respectively. When all was in readi-

ness the hat was passed around, and each girl with a trembling hand drew a paper. With tears in her pretty eyes Sally spelled out—"B-l-u-e-b-e-a-r-d", and Grace with like consternation read "Aide".

"I can't," trembled on Sally's lips, but she bravely choked it back, and with a pitifully pathetic smile called to Grace to hurry before they should have time to become more afraid. They bolstered up their collapsing courage by clutching each other's hand and by keeping right on. A glance from Sally told Grace that if he even scowled she would burst into tears.

By this time the most forbidding house in the town was reached. It was a place apart, even as its owner. Ezra Walker had seemed to hate the world and bore a personal grudge against one and all. Ten years before, he had moved to town from no one knew where, and no one had felt familiar enough to enquire, for everyone said he was a mystery man. Both girls could have turned and bolted like two rabbits and frightened Sally broke their long silence with—

"Oh! Grace, I can't understand why people allow themselves to grow so horrible. There should be a law compelling people to be at least half liveable, or just stop living altogether. I know he'll meet us with a shot gun, or yank us into the house and cut our tongues out, or something equally as horrid," and her fingers trembled as she pressed down the electric bell.

With terrifying suddenness the door was jerked open and a disheveled-looking man fairly shrieked—

"Do you know anything about canaries?"

Before the girls knew it they were in the kitchen where a little bird seemed to be fluttering out its little

life at the bottom of its cage. With nimble fingers Sally soon had it out and into her warm hand where it gave a few spasmotic jerks. She then asked for hot water, and on being told there was plenty in the kettle, Sally, without hesitating, went to work. She held the poor little fellow over the moist warm air and before very long his feeble fluttering became stronger until he was at last able to stand erect on his spindly black legs. Sally explained to her grateful but strange host that Goldy had had a bad attack of indigestion but reassured him that she was all right now.

Mr. Walker then told her that he could never thank her enough for what she had done, for Goldy was all he had in the world since his little girl had died ten years ago. When Nan had left them he and Goldy had come to this town, far away from recollections, and for the past ten years he had hated everything and everyone but Goldy. For one dispairing moment the girls thought that he would burst into tears. Checking himself he asked why they had come when everyone loathed

him so much. The girls in earnest words tried to assure him that he was mistaken, for how could they loathe him when he would not let anyone become acquainted with him. They then expressed a desire to know him much better.

Over the tea cups and delicious slices of toasted scones the girls in friendly tones told him all about the new gymnasium and club room, and even about the beautiful wicker furniture which they had set their hearts on to buy.

"Do you know, you are the first person in this town to ever ask me for a thing?" he told them, as he bade them good-bye, "and here is something I wish to give you towards your great plans." He slipped a piece of paper into Sally's hand and then quickly closed the door as though afraid of thanks, and this is what they read

DOMINION BANK

Feb. 25, 1929

Pay to SALLY McLEAN or order
ONE THOUSAND— — — Dollars
Ezra Walker



We never really knew Clara very well. She did not give us a chance even if we had wanted to. Her ash-pale hair and colourless face seemed forever hidden in some grubby book. Perhaps that was what prevented us from realizing how blue her eyes were. We who hated books wondered a little why she did not attend the dances and proms. But Clara did not seem to care for men; as far as we know she was not dated once during the four years she was in our House. We were a confidential, friendly lot. We laughed together at our parents' advising

letters, our profs, about our ambitions, our dean and our dates, but Clara went her own sweet way, treading a path just wide enough for her. Her past was as little known to us as why she was coming to college, or what her future would be. When, as youth does, we made all those plans for after college, Clara just never seemed to enter in, because we never could picture her as being able to do anything.

Clara seemed to try to be friendly though, as far as her nature permitted, willing at any rate to write an essay on Voltaire or Darwin, that

we never had time for, as far as that went. But nothing very important came her way, for she seemed rather inadequate. She was just one of those girls who were going along.

We thought she felt rather out of it at times when we were talking about plans for some party we were going to throw at the Bluebird, but stopped as she entered. But she always put on a defiant air and gave a toss of her head making us feel sympathetic yet superior. She was harmless though, so we didn't mind.

Clara was a year our senior at college and would graduate that spring. The diplomas were given out and when Clara got hers and left us with her few neatly packed clothes, with scarcely more than a careless good-bye and wave of her hand, we felt that it didn't really matter. Maybe a few of us felt sorry, "The world would treat her hard, poor kid", but really what could you expect? She would never know our successes and triumphs, oh well!

Soon we almost forgot Clara except that occasionally a remark could be heard, "Gee, I wish Clara were here to do this essay for Geary." But she had passed on into oblivion, or so we thought, and we continued with our dates, parties, studies and plans for the future, looming so near, circled with a golden halo of success. We were modest, but of course it was understood that laurel wreaths awaited us. The year whirled on; the exams came and passed; we all had hopes of honours and most did pass very creditably but with no outstanding brilliance. Just before we graduated a letter came, plain, white, but which roused us like a thunderbolt. No, it wasn't possible, why even that had been beyond our wildest dreams. Perhaps the letter was upside down, certainly she, Clara, could not be there. But she was in Hollywood and the letter was not upside down. But after a few seconds it seemed less wonderful, less like a fairy-tale, for really she had achieved nothing. She had just gone

to Hollywood to visit an aunt and decided to try out in Vitaphone pictures.

Reading between the lines she was just another extra girl among the thousands of teeming hopefuls, whose stars rise only to fall—all too soon. She would not have a chance, of course not; it was too foolish to bother ourselves with—and yet, we were just the teeniest bit jealous, just a little disappointed, and rather flattened by this letter. For certainly in the natural cause of events, Clara should be tapping a type-writer in some small office, or married to some perfectly ordinary man and living up in an apartment. She should not be in Hollywood, that Mecca of our dreams, even if she were an extra. Somehow, Clara and Hollywood and dreams just didn't mix, just couldn't materialize.

But why worry, Clara meant nothing to us. We had good solid futures all mapped out. Just what they were we can't somehow remember.

No more news was heard of Clara for months, and the few times we saw each of our friends there was too much to talk about without Clara. But somehow still in our minds there was a little wondering about that ash-pale girl whose qualities we were just beginning to realize. Her quiet unobtrusive manner, her sweet smile, her ready help, her yearning for our company and secrets which we never understood, taking reticence and shyness for that manner that speaks plainly, "Mind your own business." We did try to drive away that shadow, those memories of our carelessness, our neglect of this orphan, for later we learned her parents were dead.

But, good heavens, why should it worry us? Didn't we have enough to do thinking about our jobs? So on we plodded and Clara entered our minds no more. She was forgotten—forgotten did I say? Yes, but only for a short time.

We were looking at our evening papers and—there on the theatrical

page—no, it couldn't be possible. Yes—without a doubt there was Clara smiling at us, the old Clara still, with that trusting smile that the world would smile back at her. Feverishly we read the print. Claire la Jeanne was coming in a wonderful talking picture at the Uptown. Yes, she was the leading lady, a star now. We did remember now what a lovely soft voice Clara had, with just a trace of huskiness to give it volume. Clara had made good; she had crashed through. Her chance had come and she had grasped the opportunity. Yet somehow thinking it over we had rather expected

it after all. That determined line of her jaw told plainer than words how she had succeeded. Yet it didn't seem right that she should have all this honour, and yet we wouldn't find a reason to deny it of her.

All our work seemed so sordid now, without dreams, and all the glamour stripped off. And there was Clara—Clara with wealth, success, friends,—we were likely forgotten long ago. She didn't seem useless or inadequate any more; she was glorious now. Yet we kept seeing her, that half defiant, half pleading air, and that toss of her head as she came into a room.

MARGARET'S DELUSION

By Helen Driscoll, 4B.

"**L**IFE is a big problem, Sally, isn't it?—such a big problem."

So mused a young girl, in her early teens, on a sunny afternoon in June. She had come slowly up the broad green slope and had flung herself down on the ground beside an older girl, who was reading a book. Margaret Bond was young indeed, barely fourteen, but a look at her earnest little face would startle one. There seemed something fathomless in her deep blue eyes, which constantly stared straight ahead as though seeing great things far beyond her surroundings.

"What makes you say that, Margaret?" her sister asked.

"Everything, Sal. Do you know I'm afraid of life, because it seems so big and mysterious? I don't want to live long."

"Oh! Margaret, what a terrible speech. God will surely punish you for that! Really I can't understand you."

"I know you can't, Sally, no one understands me because I'm so different. I really love you Sal, but

oh, I seem such a stranger to you. I can't do the things you do and the things girls of my own age do don't interest me."

"Never mind, dear, you really are a remarkable child, and as you grow older you'll change your views."

"But I don't want to get older! I don't want to live; can't you see, Sally, I am frightened of life. What is there in it?—nothing but strife—strife always. Oh! how I hate it all."

Sally rose and walked away in disgust. Every little while her eccentric young sister would suddenly declare her fear of life in general—without any apparent reason. Sally did not know her sister nor did she try to become familiar with her. The whole family in fact treated Margaret almost as a stranger because there seemed to be about her no childish or girlish traits to love. She was decidedly "queer".

After her sister's abrupt dismissal Margaret stood up, looked around her with that vacant stare and made for the kitchen. There she wanted to find comfort. Fat, genial old Jane, the cook, loved Margaret with

all her heart and to her the latter told all her troubles and unburdened her "silly" and strange ideas. Jane was a good listener and saw in the little girl a character of passionate tenderness and an over-developed mind. Margaret had been the "odd" child of the Bond family since a baby because all her sisters were so much older than she. She had been left to herself a great deal and from a young tot had expressed amazing ideas and taken delight in listening to the deep conversations of her father, a university professor.

Margaret reached the kitchen and looked for Jane, but she was nowhere to be found. She searched everywhere and then she suddenly remembered "Jane's gone shopping". With a bound she was out of the house and ran down the street with a peculiar half-running and half-walking stride. Mother would be angry, she knew, at her running down town in an old dress and especially since she was after Jane—but then mother seemed always angry. Down shady boulevards and through the park; Margaret didn't stop until she came to the business centre of the town—then only did she slow down and began to look inquiringly about for Jane. Margaret had been thus walking, much to the amusement of many shoppers, for about ten minutes when she

saw Jane, hurrying along through the crowd, on the other side of the street. She started across the road in a blind rush, when in about the middle she heard a wild confusion of blowing horns. She stopped and looked around dumbly. Then she felt a dull blow and fell headlong on the pavement, under a car with grinding brakes.

Some days later Margaret awoke, for the first time since her accident, to see herself surrounded by tearful parents and sisters, also a nurse and doctor. She moved to sit up but fell back with a fearful pain surging through her body. She looked at the doctor, then at the bed and at once her eyes took on that far-seeing stare, a short time ago so familiar to them. Then she smiled, a slow, happy smile.

"Oh, doctor—she smiles! She will live?" cried her exhausted mother.

The doctor shook his head but spoke not a word. Margaret continued smiling and staring straight ahead, seeing none of the anguished faces around her. Then she stirred, slowly, painfully, and whispered

"Sally, God didn't punish me, he blessed me."

And she smiled happily again, for she knew that no longer was the "big problem of life" to bother her.

Yes! Margaret was decidedly "queer".

CANADA AMONG THE NATIONS

By Grace Baird, 3^A Com.

(This Essay is the winner of the "Collegiate" Essay Competition).

To understand aright the position of Canada among the nations it is necessary to consider not only her present relationship, but also her past position, and from a study of these to vision her future standing in the world. When Canada's history began she was handicapped in her

struggle for progress by the fewness of her people, but these few fought on bravely, and not in vain, against the difficulties which presented themselves. The population gradually increased, and the vast extent of Canada not yet developed provided the new settlers with great op-

portunities for progress.

From coast to coast lay a large expanse of untouched country which made Canada the largest territorial unit in the world. On the east were forests and good agricultural land. Farther west lay the world's best known highway, the Great Lakes System. Beyond this could be seen an unbounded stretch of prairie land which would, in time, contribute to the country's wealth in grain; and far to the west remained the unseen mining fields of the Rockies. To the north of the Great Lakes lay, untouched, the world's richest minerals, which remain even to-day, scarcely developed. We now have before us a geographical background on which our forefathers advanced.

Gradually Canada grew. Her many riches were being discovered and agriculture became the leading industry. Although some mines had been developed, her forests were more rapidly making progress. Owing to the abundance of raw material, the cheap power facilities, and the existing labour conditions, manufacturing began to develop.

But Canada not only grew industrially, but also politically. At first she had varied institutions, but after confederation she adopted one method of government. Since confederation she had been greatly strengthened for defence, unity and nationalism, and the last was the making of Canada. Also, she took an independent part in the world's affairs and after the war she signed the Treaty of Versailles, only on her own account. Resulting from this signature, she entered the League of Nations and met with the world's standard. The Great War had made a vast difference in Canada. Her soldiers had fought side by side with other countries for the same cause, and had thus adopted broader views and become one with the world. As a result from this great change she was on the threshold of what promised to be a wonderful period of development, surpassing all the a-

chievements of her past.

But Canada has now passed that period and is entering upon another, still greater. At present agriculture leads the industrial source, and Canada yields annually to the world the greatest contribution of wheat and flour. She has every obtainable mineral except tin, and the extent of her forest growth has placed her as the leading producer of newsprint. Her railways too, have strengthened her physically by linking coast to coast and transporting a momentous amount of freight each year. But the government has undergone the test of the time. Although Canada still belongs to the British Empire, of which the mother country has free government, justice and liberty, yet she has an independent federal government. She has developed her sense of nationality, makes her own treaties, and has a represented citizenship in the Commonwealth. Canada is really a constitutional monarchy.

The education of our country is rapidly becoming the best in the world. More of the younger generation are interested in teaching, teachers are more thoroughly trained for their positions, and scholars receive the education never before equalled. But it goes beyond the limits of education at home. Debating and public speaking are entered into very enthusiastically for inter-national competition, and we have just recently a young Canadian taking third place in the World Series.

Canadian literature is also making favourable progress and the better reading of the time is written by Canadians. It is not the quantity that Canada produces but the quality. It has been quoted by many that Canada is worth more to the Empire than any sugar island in the world, but there remains her future. Canada's future is within the Empire. Of late, Britain has been trading extensively with the rest of the European countries but in time she will be forced to turn to a

younger country for trade and more goods. Canada will eventually be her goal where she will be received through open doors, and as she still offers plenty of advantages we can well look forward to this development. Her mines remain hidden from the eyes of the world, but there lies the world's riches in minerals for many years to come. In that time

the future will be what we have made it, and, as young a country as Canada is, her peoples can face the difficulties to come just as bravely and honestly as did her pioneer fathers face their's.

Canada is justly proud of her immense wealth of forest, fertile fields and mine, and endowed with her immeasurable wealth she will become the earth's chosen place.

THE POOL MAIDEN

By P. Collins, Form V.

IT was evening and shadows hung, half veiling the deepness of water. Far down were other shadows that flung whisps of twilight up to touch with ones above—and the closeness of night drew in. The slow motionless treading of the mill thickened the air and moving things crowded away. There was silence everywhere. The night winds were hushed and stars feared to shine lest they shatter with light and fall noiselessly into the depths of waters. The dreams that lovers have, drift—clinging back—and find her there. So softly they come, moving in the faery breath of music—half unheard.

"Little Star, I have waited long through the day for you. Tell me Little Star, have you seen him?" And the child looked eagerly up, finding in the darkness one star. She had always been there with the shadows. Light had never found her—perhaps she was only a shadow—no one ever knew.

"No, Child. It is dark on the earth below and the lights of cities dazzle me. And in the brilliance of the sun I can never see."

"But Little Star you have known Life and felt winds blow against you. I have only had the dreams of people and things of night that move always away so softly—softly—if he ever came Little Star should I

know him?"

"Yes, Child. Everyone knows Life."

"Little Star, is he splendid and shining?"

"Some have found him so, Child, and some—"

"Little Star, I have grown weary of sitting always beside the pool and having the dreams of people come; and my dreams that are only bits of frothy foam on the pool's dark face." One shadow slipped away slowly and another followed and another—"Come Child—come little Child, come."—Even the star was gone.

"If I should see him—if I should see him things of night could never call me away—never—never."

Only the small shadows of grasses were there and they too had moved away.—"Come little Child, the dawn is near and light."

"Oh! If I were only of life I should stay and dance with laughter and joy. I should be free to live—I—" But dawn had come. A flash of colour caught dull waters, paused and splintered into dazzling crystal bits. Trees stirred in the morning winds and birds wakened with the song of a day. It was Life—moving, radiant—alive in glory of colour and the harmony of sound.

Near the sparkling water sat the

child, held by the dawn, with wonder on her face. Threads of sunshine played through her hair and winds whirled leaves to dance before her. White petals unfolded deep down in the grasses and a blue butterfly curved over the water—far down was another butterfly much bluer. Faery music breathed softly everywhere and all on earth was hushed in ecstasy. Life happened by and found her there, drinking deep in the wonder of a day.

"Little Child, will you come with me? You who are only the shadow of a dream—and I shall give you life. Oh, Child there is much beauty this day—and you are beautiful." The child only knew that he had come and all her self was given to him—one so sure of himself, the man; the other?—a dream that was about to live.

* * *

"Child, we have travelled far. Many things have you seen—are you tired, Little One?"

"I am not tired—but Life, do children always laugh and dance with joy when you pass them by; and old men smile sitting there in the sunshine? I saw a maiden standing half in a shadow with a child in her arms—but her face was shining. Was it because of you that she was happy?"

"No, Child. Children, old men and maidens live for their dreams—and you, little Dream, only you, have made them so. I am To-day, something that is, but you are the dreams and the hope of To-morrow. They smile because of you, little Child."

"Life, may I tell you something?"

"Yes, Child. I shall always listen."

"As we hurried with people in cities I felt that someone, very near, was closing over my footsteps and

when I looked back into their faces I knew that they had forgotten me."

"Oh Child, keep far ahead of your footsteps. Never stop. You have felt Reality and often her touch is bitter."

* * *

Long years slip past but they are forgotten and days are only hours.

"Life, my feet are heavy and I am weary. I long for rest—rest—beside my pool of shadows—so deep—"

"But little Child, I must go on. I can never stop. The footsteps behind are quickening and I feel the burning breath of Reality close—close—oh Child, come—come."

"Life—I will—come—I will come but heavy feet are crushing me—Oh—Oh—and the shadows; I see them—"

The blue sky is scudded with black clouds. There is fury in the winds and the distant rumble from hills. Through all ages Life must plod on with heavier steps and another companion.

* * *

It is twilight and long wierd shadows dance on the water and slip through the trees. Winds are not hushed to-night but with quiverings and many sounds. One star glimmers faintly on the smooth blackness of the pool and a child is there

"Little Star, I thought I could be real and live always but the depth of water haunted me and shadows at evening called—and you, Little Star, I only have you."

"Child, Life has always a place for you, but Reality comes with quicker steps and Life can never stop."

"Oh, Little Star, I have left a smile on a child's lips, sparkling eyes in a maiden and there are tears on the cheeks of an old man—I who am only a dream have done what Life and Reality could never do—I am happy Little Star. I am the dreams and the hope of to-morrow."



SHIPS

By Margaret Cobban, 3B Coll.

SHIPS are treasure troves. The very name breathes of romance and adventure. Tales of gallant and daring sailors, tragedies of war and bloodshed come before our minds at the sound of the word.

Many a beautiful vessel sailing out of the sunset's glow in days of yore, riding proudly on the crest of the waves, was in reality a deadly menace. On its decks tall, gaunt men could be seen with folded arms, searching the sea for their helpless prey. Pirates! How the term thrilled and horrified peaceful, prosperous merchants! With scant regard for law and order these bravos roamed the vast ocean, free, yet deserving death. To them their ship was a useful tool and if they loved her it was merely for the strength which enabled them to plunder and destroy. They could never appreciate the wealth of love a true master and captain bestows upon his vessel.

Then marching up from the ghosts of the past, come the explorers. Brave, dauntless men, they were, at the time of the reign of good Queen Bess. These men sailed into the uncharted seas to discover new lands. Trusty vessels were required to withstand the storms and tempests. We can imagine the unstinted love these toilers of the sea must have had for their ships. To brave the awful perils of huge, vast stretches of gray water with merely a frail wooden boat must have required a very real trust in their craft. With untiring faith in their Mother country, they toiled until as a result there came the word of the discovery of the wonderful new land to the west. Indeed, ever since the bare supposition had arisen that there were lands yet undiscovered, the thrilling cry of Westward Ho! had been resounding. With royal response the brave explorers suffered and

toiled with their vessels to overcome the vast ocean.

When we see in our imagination the crudely built wooden ship of the days of yore we think of war. War, thrilling yet terrible in its intensity of hate. Ships played no small part in the awful battles fought. At first they were built on lines of beauty and grace in order to give the large fleets a magnificent appearance. The old, Roman vessels were built long and narrow, with beautiful bows. Under their beauty disguised by ornamented woodwork the galley slaves lived in constant round of toil. Later, however, ships were more sturdily built and in the case of the Battle of the Spanish Armada, it was the plain British vessels which won, rather than the more beautiful ships of the Spaniards. So frail were they for the purpose of war that, as Queen Elizabeth said, "God blew with his wind, and they were scattered." But in more recent years the deadly destroyer and submarine are used, and to their power beauty contributes nothing.

Beautiful sailing boats and picturesque old vessels will always carry an appeal to the lovers of romance. Men will die rather than leave their ships, and the voice of a hardened sea-captain quivers as he tells of his last trip with his vessel. This appeal of the ships and the sea is well expressed in the poet's words:

"I must go down to the seas again,
to the lonely sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a
star to steer her by."

Everywhere we may see ships sailing to and fro on our Canadian lakes and streams. We must admit their usefulness and their aid in commerce. They may have lost their beauty and graceful lines, their beautiful figureheads and beautiful

prows, but the life of adventure on board a ship still appeals to youth. The very sound of the word makes us think of rushing water, gleaming drops and white foam. We can see a beautiful sail-boat outlined against the sunset with the sunlight and

glinting gold on the white sails. We think of cargoes from foreign lands, silks, shawls and spices. All the tragedy, all the romance of centuries and all the great advance of the world's commerce has centred round the ship and the sea.

DAWN

By Marjaret Smith, 3B Coll.



EVERYTHING is silent — the birds have hushed their early chattering; the wind has died in the tall silver poplars and dark pines, the waters of the lake have quieted their thunder to the musical rhythm of the ripples. The stars fade one by one in the western sky; the moon is becoming paler, gradually. Dew covers the shrubs and grasses. A silver mist is spread across the horizon. Silently — the whole world waits for dawn.

In the east, small, fluffy clouds are gathered to greet the monarch of the day. Huge white masses like sentinels float near by. A flush of delicate colour breaks across the sky. The small clouds turn silver—pink—gold—then become like flames of fire. The sky is a riot of colour—delicate pink—deep orange—bril-

liant scarlet. The huge clouds gradually become crimson. Then ah! then comes the monarch—red as fire. The clouds retreat in awe before his splendid majesty.

The lake becomes his glowing mirror,—reflecting the wondrous colours until it looks like a gleaming opal. The dew sparkles like a thousand diamonds; the silver mist fades into the sapphire of the western horizon. Then the lark breaks forth into a song of welcome; the birds, great and small, beautiful and drab, all join in to greet the rising sun with the Salutation to the Dawn. The trees lift their leafy branches to the wonderful sight and the flowers raise their faces to this magnificent splendour. Always the same—always beautiful and inspiring—the dawn.

THE STAGES OF MAN

By Jessie Jones, 3A Com.



SHAKESPEARE has appropriately written that one man in his time passes through seven ages. We all know, at first there is the infant, innocent and pure, knowing nothing of the outside forces of the great wide world. Then as the child grows he begins to notice things,

tries to talk and walk, and though quite young many of the happenings of his childhood are so impressed on his mind that they may often be recalled when he has reached maturity. At this stage the child cares only for getting the things he wants, exactly at the time he asks for them

because he cannot understand why he should be disappointed. His young life, therefore consists of eating, playing and sleeping—when finally he is prevailed upon to go to bed.

Then we have "the school boy" with shining morning face". This, I believe to be the most important stage, in life, for this is the time when the boy's life is being shaped, and ideals are set before him at which to aim. Here the boy encounters many small temptations, which if he is to possess a golden character, he must overcome in his boyhood, or else when the greater ones assail him he will prove a cringing coward and cheat. At school, the boy with the many opportunities for sport, learns the meaning of cleanliness in actions and deeds. Although these are very important traits in one's character we must not overlook the boy's aim in life. From his studies he is able to see to which line of work he can best adopt himself. Then with an honest purpose, invincible determination, he is fully equipped to strike out bravely along Life's pathway to his goal.

The next is the adolescent stage.—As the eager youth begins to stride along the rugged path laid before him, he finds himself face to face with many obstacles in the form of unfortunate derelicts, unable to journey along, because of the pitfalls and stony places. These are the people who heeded not the teachings of their youth, who wasted their living, and never bothered about planning their lives or having as a motto: "Look up and aim high". These degraded creatures, full of bitter thoughts, blaming everybody and everything for their downfall, seek to tempt and discourage the youth. Here, however, supreme trust in One greater and the worth while lessons of youth come before him, and with a sigh of pity he passes on. As he goes along to the fourth milestone human nature plays her part and he feels a sense

of loneliness, a yearning for his old school acquaintances. Once again his teachings of youth serve him in good stead and the surrounding evils have no influence on his life.

At this stage our traveller feeling rather discouraged begins to wonder what life has in store for him. It is now that he realizes the truth of the ordinances, that man shall not live alone, and so he becomes the ardent lover. His affinity with words of encouragement and sympathy gives him felicity in an eager outlook on life. This new association proves to be one of pure delight, changing his harassed life into brightness and illuminating the inner sanctuary of his soul. The new element in his life bringing the good to the surface and quenching the baser passions. Thus Life weaves its web.

Now we find him striding happily along the path, stepping from stone to stone, with words of comfort, paying no attention to the follies of others, gazing straight ahead towards the greater glistening goal. He realizes the hey-day of life at its fulness. Nature shows to him the spring, the buds on the trees, the flowers, the newly freed streams or the opening up of life. Summer is to him symbolical of the fulness of life when the flowers and trees reap the benefit of the rain and sunshine. Yes, this too may be called the successful stage for our traveller, for now he reaps the benefit of his toil as Nature in due time enjoys hers.

At the sixth stage we find him middle-aged, and not so fleet of foot, finding peace in relaxation. When alone and quiet, thoughts of God's goodness and his own prosperity, recall within him a thankful spirit. As he looks around on his harvest, he realizes the need of benevolence to those less fortunate than himself. Thus the strong bear the infirmities of the weak.

"After the day comes the setting sun," and the peaceful quiet of even-tide. At this seventh stage, we find our traveller with his faithful ad-

vision and companion, with calm and peaceful countenances, hair now turned white, feeble steps, but still tottering on to the entrance of the Great Unknown.

"He who has single-handed and alone,

With foes invisible on every side;
And unsuspected of the multitude
The force of fate itself had dared,
defied,
And conquered silently. Ah! that
soul knows,
In what white heat the blood of
triumph flows."

A VISIT TO SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE

By Keith Andrews, 4A Coll.

THE Thames was covered with a veritable swarm of boats when we came down to it. A few majestic sail boats were passing up the river with the tide. Their gigantic masts bore aloft a huge expanse of the whitest canvas that glistened in the noon-day sun, filling, then flapping idly in the gentle breeze. Beneath these leviathans of the sea a multitude of small craft swarmed like bees from side to side. A dingy little sloop was gliding up the river passing the quay on which we stood. Beyond it, in mid-river, a giant sail-boat lay at anchor and through its rigging could be seen a great wooden theatre, the "Globe", with a flag fluttering gayly from its roof to tell all London of the play to be held there that afternoon.

We had been watching this scene for some time when a boatman came our way, and, not to miss our chance we called out "Westward Ho!" as loud as possible. We were soon in the skiff skimming across the ripples of the Thames, and, in good time, we had touched the opposite shore.

"Where shall we go, good fellows, since we are here?" said Roger Adamson in his usual business-like manner.

Roger Adamson was a tall fellow. His long thin face ended in a pointed beard accentuating his tallness. A moustache was carefully brought to a point sticking straight out on each side of his head so that they did not

look unlike a cat's whiskers. Indeed he used them in much the same way; for when in deep thought which he often was, he would finger them as if to find a hole large enough to crawl through to the solution of his problem.

As to his clothing—it was much the same as what the rest of us were wearing. He had on a pair of highly coloured Venetian breeches of which the material hardly did justice to the colour and pattern. His red hose formed a great contrast with his green doublet which also had some red. His broad-rimmed purple hat, fitting snugly on his head of straight black hair, had a great green feather hanging over it as if it were some protecting hand just about to rest upon his head.

"'Tis but two o'clock now. We have yet an hour," responded Jack Hawkins, a short youth who took great pains in keeping his dress tidy, "Thy love will not be there."

"Love! Fie on thee! But thou knowest we must go somewhere, for, if we remain there 'twill gain no good."

"This is no place for thy gains and losses," declared Harry Yonker, a long lanky lad who looked more like a living skeleton than a human being, "We have come to see a play, not to hear a sermon."

"Then," he replied in a tone that left no doubt as to the result of Harry's speech, "which dost thou

desire to see, the one at the Globe or the one at the Curtain?"

There was a flag raised at that famous theatre too,

"Who knows whether it is Shakespeare at the Globe or not?" asked Harry.

"He is," I answered, "It is some new play he has just written. 'The Venetian Merchant' I think is the name."

"Then to the Globe." burst forth the others.

Soon we were before that large, wooden building. Its octagonal shape distinguished it for a playhouse, and over its bare door, hung the sign of the Globe. There we paid a penny each and got admittance to the pit.

This cone-shaped section before the stage had neither seats nor a floor and was muddy from a recent rain. Above it and to the front was the stage, with rushes on the floor and a blue curtain at the back of it. The play was to be a comedy. At the sides and back were the galleries where the wealthier people sat, the only part roofed in except the stage.

But the muddy condition of the pit did not hinder the play-goers. Though it was only half-past two, the pit was rapidly filling with a noisome crowd; coarse jests went around the pit. Brawling apprentices jostled us about or we stumbled over someone who tired of standing, had sat down on the plain, home-made stool he had brought with him. Others were standing in groups and discussing the dress of the various nobles as they entered.

"See, here is the noble count of Westfield," Roger was saying, "Look at his velvet hose. Methinks they must have cost no petty sum. His Venetian breeches must have cost nigh four score pounds. That cloak of his must be silk. What a sum he must have paid out for it. And his hat, methinks, comes from Germany."

"Yes," I said scarcely noticing him, "and here is our Lord Haldimand. His silken trunk-hose must

have come from France. Would they not look good on me, Jack? And see his red velvet jacket with its gold braid. If I but had the sum I would have it myself. And with that good rapier he carries I would champion the queen."

"You art better off as thou art, if I judge aright," Roger replied, thoughtfully. "Here cometh the good Sir Kennebec. His arm he carries yet in a sling from last month's tournament and yon scar on his face he obtained in the lists."

"Who is yonder noble?" queried Jack, "His outfit, methinks—"

"Keep thy tongue quiet. They begin," ordered Roger.

The crowd grew quiet while the title of the play was announced. "The Merchant of Venice." Then the play began. A light blue flag was hung to show that it was a day scene and a board, with Venice printed on it in big black letters announced the place.

"Yon Antonio is not such a bad person," said Roger, "in fact he is an excellent one. He will lose nothing by rash decisions."

"He is of your own kind," retorted Harry. "Unless he presently grows happy he will spoil the whole play with his sorrow. Gratiano could match twenty of thy Antonios."

"What of Bassanio?" I put in. "He seems a likeable person. I wager he is more than a match for thy Gratiano, and Antonio, too."

The scene was over and a new board was put up with Belmont printed on it, but the blue flag remained. But soon the scene changed to Venice again.

"A Jew." ejaculated Jack on Shylock's appearance. "Come, Jew out with thy money."

"Yes," taunted Harry. "Be not like the rest of thy tribe, dog, or we shall force thee off the stage."

"If thou playest the part better I shall think thy beard real." I shouted.

In spite of the taunts and jeers the play proceeded. The second act was soon begun. Launcelot, in his fool's costume entered amid

jokes and jeers. Shylock played his part among taunts and threats. Antonio was somewhat unnerved, Bassanio and Gratiano seemed to appeal to the crowd, and Salanio and Salarino were treated according to the news they brought. The boy who played Portia knew his part well but the nobles were in a mood to drive Arragon from the stage.

The third act was now over and the stage fitted with a few chairs and table to represent a law-court, Shylock as usual got more than his share of abuse from the actors and audience.

"Come, Jew," shouted Jack "take thy money and go. The door is tired of waiting."

"Hold thy tongue," Roger ordered. "Antonio speaks."

"That is right, Gratiano," I exclaimed. "Drive the dog Jew from the place."

Shylock at last left the stage amid a din of taunting voices. Portia was cheered and Bassanio commanded to give up his ring.

At last the play ended. It had lasted almost three hours. At once the jostling crowd rushed for the door, each voicing his opinion of the characters. At last we passed out and immediately set off to the Thames. As we crossed it the sun was sinking in the west. The theatres stood out in bold outline against the sunset sky, silent sentinels of the departing day.





*Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invoked, set down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when inventions fail,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.*

—Swift.

—O—

WONDER

Best Poem in the "Collegiate" Competition.

*Pale mists of silver—
Pale moon of gold—
Love of a maiden
Charms I enfold!
Pageants of color—
Battles array—
Helmets all gleaming—
Plumes all awry.*

*Pine trees that whisper,
Dark 'gainst the sky—
Black seas of water—
Stars—oh, so high!
I love the old things
Old with decay;
I marvel at new things
But they pass away.*

*Books that are yellow—
Paintings all gray—
Bronzes of heroes—
Would that I may
Find heart's ease in beauty
Of Ages long past,
But—life is reality
Dreams cannot last!*

Audrey Hammett, V.

—O—

DUTCH LULLABY

*Clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter,
Wooden shoes come pitter patter
Down among the tulips bending
In the Land of Happy Endings.
Windmills play and breezes blow,
Happy children come and go.
Storks on high their nests are building
Messages to mates they're sending.
Blossoms bright and perfume rare,
In this land of sunshine fair.*

Marie Thompson,

HECTOR'S FAREWELL TO ANDROMACHE

Translating from the Iliad Book VI Line 440
*Then Hector with the weeping crest
 This hero bold, his wife caressed,
 Addressed her thus: "Andromache,
 All this you say is care for me
 And great distress, but still much more
 —Would I feel shamed, before
 The warriors of Troy, if I
 Like an Achaeans dog should try
 To shrink from battle, since my heart
 Urges me forward—it is my part,
 For with them I have learned to face
 The foremost Greek and keep my place,
 For Priam's honor I defend
 Mine own besides, whatever the end
 But I know in my soul the fate
 Of sacred Ilion's tormenting state.
 She will lie smoking in the dust,
 Not for Priam or his people must
 I fear, nor Helen, the Queen,
 Nor for my brothers to be seen,
 Though noble and great, slain by the foe,
 Not for this though great the war
 But for you, when some armed host
 Will lead you to a foreign post
 Weeping as you are taken away;
 All freedom lost upon that day,
 You'll be in Argos and your doom
 To weave another woman's loom
 And stern necessity will weigh
 So hard upon you. They will say
 Seeing you weep, "This was the wife
 Of Hector, most valiant in the strife
 Of all the worthy sons of Priam
 Fighting before sacred Ilion."
 When someone will have said this thing
 Then in your heart fresh grief will spring
 For lack of me a man so true
 To ward off slavery from you;
 But may a heap of earth be spread
 To cover me, since I'll be dead,
 Before your frenzied cries I hear
 As you are dragged away in fear.*

Audrey Hammett, V.

—O—

ANSWER

*It was high noon in Italy
 I sat upon a hill
 I saw the bay, the lovely day
 I looked and looked,—until,
 I saw a dove with scarlet wings
 And there within his beak,
 He held a cocked-hat note, 'twas locked
 With green wax on each cheek.
 I spoke "O jolly postman, pray,
 Suspend your flight and rest,
 And deign to give that letter up,
 'Tis I she loves the best."
 I bribed him with a bit of grain
 He said his thanks and fled,
 He feared that he would lose an hour,
 I opened it and read.*

Ken. Myers, V.

—O—

MYSELF

*I have to live with myself and so
 I want to be fit for myself to know,
 Always to look myself straight in the eye,
 I don't want to stand with the setting sun
 And hate myself for the things I've done.
 I want to go out with my head erect,
 I want to deserve all men's respect;
 But here in the struggle for fame and self
 I want to be able to like myself.
 I don't want to look at myself and know
 That I'm bluster and bluff and empty-show.
 I never can fool myself and so
 Whatever happens, I want to be
 Self-respecting and conscience-free.*

Grace Baird, 3A Coll.

LES REVERIES

*Dainty,
Finer-spun,
Exquisite, fragile stars.
Snowflakes are softly wafted down
To earth.*

*Delight—
It comes to-night,
As I watch drifting down
Covering the silent sleeping town —
The snow.*

*Starlight
To-night—deep blue
Velvety skies—gem-studded
Crescent-moon—jewelled, sparkling snow
So white.*

*Twilight—
Dusky shadows—
Purple veil, gently drawn—
A song, a tear, a dream, a fear —
Then peace.*

F. M. B., V.

MOON MADNESS

*Wind in the trees,
A moon above
And the long low lap of the seas.
I must arise to sit on a rock
Full in the tilt of the breeze;
Wind in my hair
Spray on my cheek,
Moon madness in my soul,
Oh I must arise to stand on a hill,
Trees swaying
Grass playing
Wind in the trees
A moon above
And the long low lap of the seas.*

R. Buchan, V.

BECALMED

*Lugged, without breeze
On tropical seas,
Close onto a fortnight she lies;
And the pitch from the seams
Seeps down o'er the beams
On our cargo of sweet smelling spice.*

*For a wind we all cry,
As we helplessly lie
On waters as smooth as a glass;
And trembling we hear
Of the fate that looms near
As the water runs low in the cask.*

*Our lips parched and cracked?
Yes, the water we lacked
Would be worth all our cargo and more,
And we hide from the sun
When our light toil is done,
And pray for a welcoming shore.*

*For a cool steady breeze,
White foam on the seas,
A cask of clear water or ice.
For even the skip
Of a rescuing ship
We'd gladly exchange all our spice!*

*This rot in the hold
That took all our gold
To buy from the natives on shore,
Tis as useless at last
As an empty wine cask,
And we loathe its sweet breath more and more.*

Ralph S. Misener.

ODE IX OF HORACE

*See distant lofty Soracte
With gleaming snow-capped peak;
And yonder groaning forest
Under heavy burden weep;
And the flowing water halted
By the winter cold and bleak.*

*Hieap high the wood upon the hearth
Till a merry flame is fann'd;
Pour forth, O Thaifarchus,
With still more generous hand
From out rich Sabine wine-jars
Choicest wine in all the land.*

*All else that can annoy you now
Entrust it to the gods
For once they still the battling winds
That rend the driven clouds.
The cypress will no more be staved,
Nor the aged ash-trees bowed.*

*For to-morrow's cares let to-morrow care
You know you fret in vain;
Whate'er of days the gods mete out
Is counted so much gain,
And now my boy, take this advice
Which is both wise and sane.*

*Scorn not the amorous joys
That belong to merry youth
But eagerly spend the days outdoors
And the evenings under the rose;
For the dancing floor and hoary aye
Do not agree, in sooth.*

*When twilight brings the trysting hour—
Above the breeze's murmur
Is heard the laughter of the girl
Lying hidden in the corner,
Waiting for the searching lover
Who comes with flowers to adorn her.*

*A soft susurru in the night—
The twilight stillness broken
By love's sweet promise being made
In youthful ardour; a token
He asks; the bracelet from her wrist
Or her finger-ring is taken.*

Florence Brown, V.

O

SUN

*Sun on a rock, gold on the lake,
And I lie dozing
The wind calls, the waves call,
Yet I lie reposing.*

*Ah, the sun's rays creep softly down,
Covering me with a coat of brown,
Wind in the leaves, the trees whine,
The waves call, but dreams are mine.*

Rachel Buchan, V.

*

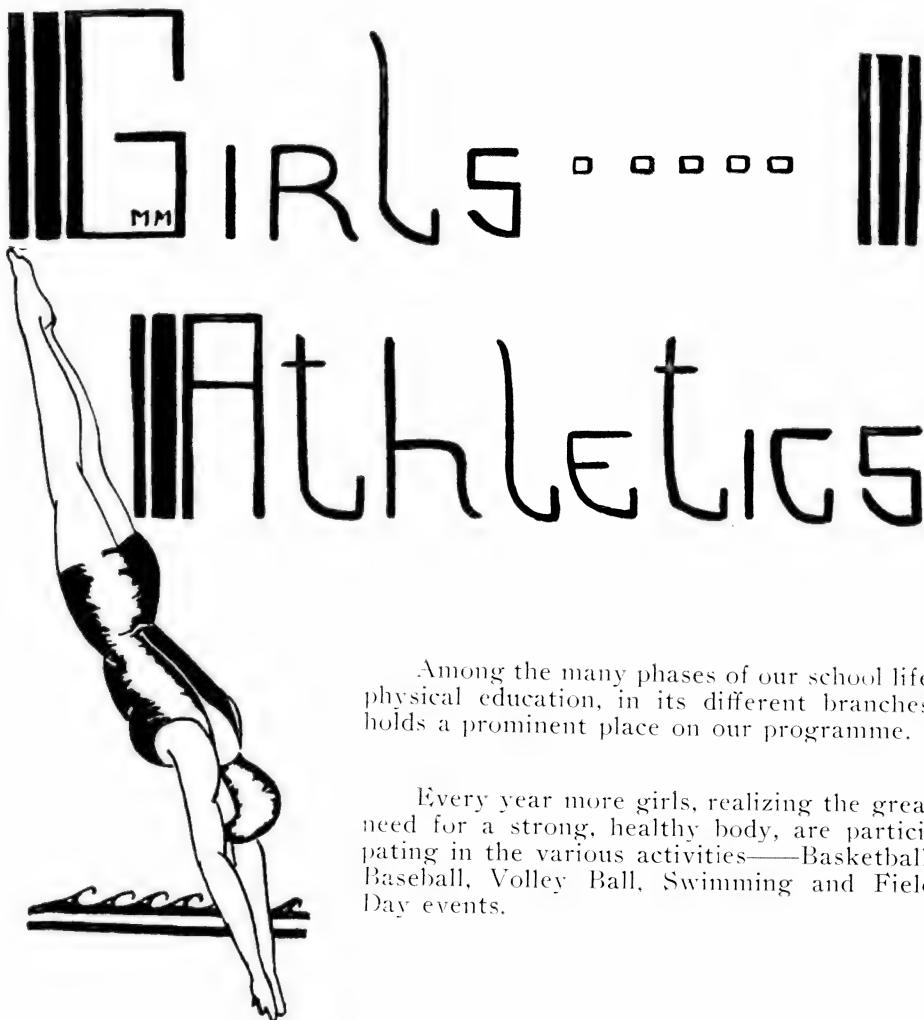
O

BEFORE A JUNE EXAM

*I meant to study hard that day,
But the sky was blue as blue could be,
It was a day in June you see,
The wind blew mockingly in my hair,
So what could I do but sit and stare,
Wondering at God's glories there,
And dream.*

R. E. B., V.

O



Among the many phases of our school life, physical education, in its different branches, holds a prominent place on our programme.

Every year more girls, realizing the great need for a strong, healthy body, are participating in the various activities—Basketball, Baseball, Volley Ball, Swimming and Field Day events.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The G. A. A. was elected at the beginning of the 1928-1929 term to carry on the work in the girls' athletics. This year the girls' field day was held independent of the boys' and was a real success. The officers chosen to carry on the work of the G. A. A. this year are as follows:

President—Thelma McKay.

Vice-President—Pauline Mills.

Secretary—Patsy Collins.

Treasurer—Elaine Woodrow.

Swimming Curator—Patricia Palmer.

Basketball Curator—Daisy Richards.

Baseball Curator—Velma Kearns.

Volley Ball—Marion VanHorne.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Standing—Patricia Collins, Velma Kearns, Daisy Richards,
Seated—Thelma McKay (Pres.), Patricia Palmer, Pauline Mills.

BASKETBALL

To an onlooker, it might have seemed as though there wasn't going to be much material for a girls' basketball team this year, since only 4 members of last year's line-up are still with us. Although several of our girls are young, they have had a considerable amount of experience in public schools; which has proven a great advantage.

In the line-up we find Captain Daisie Richards, Velma Kearns, Edna Laugher, Patricia Palmer, Dorothy Williams, Ruth Forber, Milliecent Hall, Hazel Brown, Margaret DeCou, Dorothy Rintoul and Thelma McKay; Patsy Collins, Manager.

Marjorie Paterson, Madeline Reeves, Mae Kennedy and Dorothy Simpson also deserve credit for their support during practices.

This season Sarnia found itself grouped once more with London. The grouping includes London South C. I., London Technical School, London Central C. I., Sir Adam Beck Col. and Sarnia C. I. and T. S.

London South vs. Sarnia

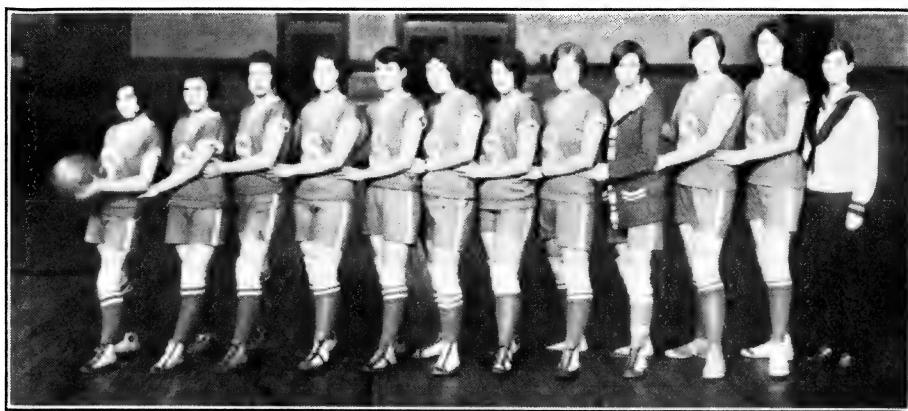
The first W.O.S.S.A. game of the season was staged in London South gym on Saturday, Jan. 10th. The school team played a good game but were unable to check the wild onslaught of Hazel Cole, the star London forward. The final score was 32-15 in London's favour.

London Technical vs. Sarnia

In the London Technical School on Friday, Jan. 25th, a very closely contested game was played before a large crowd of interested spectators. The Sarnia defense line checked the sure shots of the Tech. girls while the forwards piled up the score. The score was tied just as the whistle blew—11-11.

London South vs. Sarnia

The return game with London South C. I. was played before a mere handful of people on Friday, February 1st. The first half score was 6-10. In the second half Edna



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Dorothy Williams, Edna Laugher, Ruth Forbes, Margaret DeCou, Thelma McKay, Velma Kearns, Dorothy Rintoul, Daisy Richards, Hazel Brown, Millicent Hall, Patricia Palmer, Patsy Collins (Mgr.)

Laugher relieved Velma Kearns and did good work though she scored no goals. The Score—London 18; Sarnia 11.

London Central vs. Sarnia

The Sarnia squad met the London Central sextet for the first time, Friday, Feb. 8th, on the S.C.I. & T.S. During the first half of the game Dorothy Williams went wild and topped in goal after goal, placing Sarnia in the lead at half time. However, Tim McKay and Dorothy Williams were put out of the game because of fouls. They were replaced by Edna Laugher and Margaret DeCou, both of whom did excellent work. The London defense checked more closely while Mary Wong, the fast Londoner, piled up the London Score. Once more the Sarnia C. I. & T. S. took the short end with a score of 21-28.

Sir Adam Beck vs. Sarnia

Sarnia Collegiate girls turned in the surprise of the W.O.S.S.A. Basketball season on Friday, Feb. 15th, when they stepped into the hitherto unbeaten Beck Collegiate with all enthusiasm and won a 28-26 decision at the Collegiate gym here.

From the start Sarnia took the lead and never lost it once throughout the game, the half-time score being 16-10. The London girls came back into the game with fresh fighting spirit, which kept the Sarnia squad jumping to keep the long end of the score. Dorothy Williams' accurate shooting certainly did much in the way of encouraging the defense line; her score alone being in the neighborhood of 16 points. Score 26-28.

London Central vs. Sarnia

In the London Central gym on Friday, Feb. 22nd, the local girls defeated the Londoners by a score of 23-18. The teams played under the handicap of a substituted referee but turned in a good exhibition of Basketball. The leading scorers were: Dorothy Hodgson of London, and Dorothy Williams of Sarnia. Half-time score 10-6 in Sarnia's favour. Final score 23-18.

London Technical vs. Sarnia

The Sarnia girls turned in one of the best games of the season in their own gym on Friday, March 1st, when they defeated the team from the Technical School. At the be-

ginning of the season these two teams played a tie game, score 11-11. In this game, however, the S.C.I. team kept the long end of the score throughout, with the score 10-13 in their favour at half-time. Pat Palmer played her steadiest game this year but failed to overtake Dorothy Williams' high scoring ability. Helen Mittleholt was the chief scorer for London. Score 20-22.

At this time, we, the Basketball team take this opportunity for showing our appreciation toward Miss Robertson, Patsy Collins, and the several other girls who assisted, for the different kindnesses shown towards us this season.

INTER-FORM BASKETBALL—

There was keen competition, especially among the lower forms, in the inter-form basketball tournament this season. A better brand is being encouraged than has been formerly played in this particular schedule. The forms which came out on top were: 5th form Coll. for the senior division, and 2C Coll., for the juniors. The winning teams:

5th form—Captain Audrey Hammet, Augora Rollins, Geraldine Steele, Elaine Woodrowe, Pauline Mills, and Mary MacIntyre.

2C Coll.—Captain Dorothy Cooper, Evelyn Kilbreath, Betty Wright, Madeline Reeves, Winnifred Dalmage and Annie Laurie.

FIELD DAY

This year the combined field day of the girls and boys was not held as in past years. Owing to rugby practices the boys found it advisable to postpone their events without the spring. The girls, however, decided to hold their events without the boys and amid ideal weather the events were run off. The competition was very keen and interesting.

Among the events were baseball and basketball throwing for distance, baseball throwing in teams of two, dashes and high and broad jumps. Madeline Reeves of 2A Collegiate carried off the Senior honours with a total of 8 points. Marjorie Patterson of 3A Collegiate was the Intermediate Champion and Ettie Rainsberry of 1C Collegiate, Junior winner.

GIRLS' SWIMMING

"To swim or not to swim, that is the question."

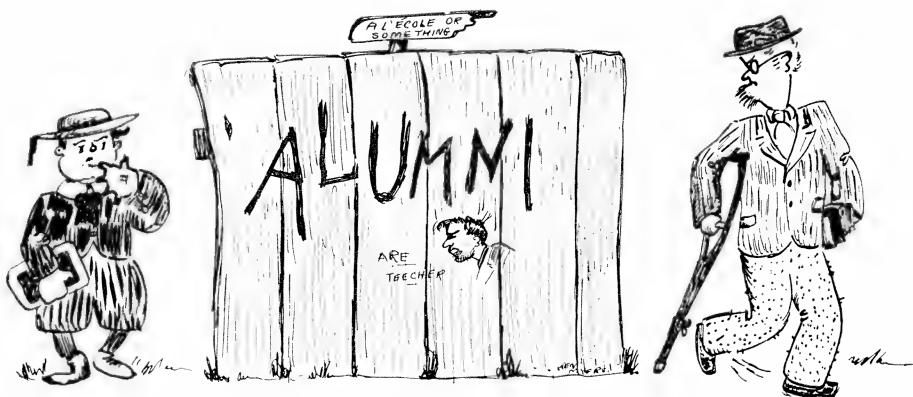
Swimming has become one of the outstanding activities of the school and every year this sport is increasing in popularity. Although there are no interscholastic competitions in which those interested may take part, yet several aquatic meets are arranged each year. The first which officially opened the swimming was held in the fall and the events consisted of long, plunge, crawl, breast, back and side strokes, life saving,

fancy swimming, diving and free style race.

Patricia Palmer, swimming curator, received her bronze medallion last year. No other girls took life-saving tests.

The girls are allowed the use of the pool every Wednesday after four and one gym period every two weeks. This work has been most profitable in that a great many girls have learned to swim and to receive some knowledge of life-saving. The most efficient of these will form the life-saving team for this year.





Every year a section of this magazine is devoted to the names of teachers and pupils who have left this school from the classes of the preceding year. The columns of this section include the names of pupils who have graduated from the school and have received diplomas and also the names of students who for various reasons have been compelled to leave the school before they have finished their course and consequently have received no diplomas. In the past we have called this section the "Alumni" section of our magazine and the question frequently arises as to what an alumnus really is and what good the alumni are to a Collegiate Institute.

In the first place, an alumnus is a graduate, not a student who never received a diploma. He or she is one who has gone through the same trials of school life which the present students are passing through. He or she is one who has toiled at the same mathematics, the same old Caesar, the same mechanics and book-keeping, and above all has survived and conquered them, a fact which makes us look to them as models. An alumnus knows just what the S.C.I. and T.S. is like. He perhaps has played for the colours on the football field, the basketball court or on the ice. She sometimes upheld the honour of the school in Girls' Athletics and all have lost at least some breath in cheering and encouraging our teams to victory. The happy moments they spent under this roof, to them, are things of the past and they have gone from the halls of the S.C.I. and T.S. to re-enter as students no more. They are now men and women of the world, and to-day, on the Pacific or on the Atlantic, in distant Asia or South America there are ones, perhaps, who are thinking of bygone days at the Sarnia Collegiate.

How many faces would we know if a group picture of the graduates of the Sarnia Collegiate was placed before us? Very few. Why should we as students of the school be so distant towards those that have been here before us, and why should they be so distant to us when there is every reason for our friendly and brotherly relationships? Would it not be for our own benefit to form a plan to bring the Alumni and the present students more closely together? The fact that so many years have gone by since the S.C.I. Alumni Association was a reality is a stumbling block in the effort to enlist the support of the many graduates. The only way that offers any possibilities is to unite the Alumni again through the columns of this magazine. In an effort to start a movement which, it is hoped, will be continued in years to come, we have asked two former members of our school to write letters for our Alumni section this year. Both of these contributors were leading students in their respective years and the success which has followed both of

them since their graduation from the Collegiate is a source of pride to the school. It is hoped that these letters will reach many members of the Alumni and serve as an impetus for bringing about a closer relationship between the present students and the Alumni.

10 Trowbridge St.,
Cambridge, Mass.,
Feb. 27, 1929.

Dear S. C. I. Students:

The request for a message for the school magazine finds me stranded with a positive desire to say something but with no indication as to what to say or how to say it. To use a foot-ball metaphor, I am in the embarrassing position of having to buck the line without having received any signals. Accordingly, if I tend to run amuck, head the wrong direction, and make little yardage, you must make allowances for my dilemma.

In the days when as a struggling editor of your publication, I timidly solicited contributions from distant graduates to fill the gaping columns of the Alumni section, it seemed to be an understood thing that a letter from an alumnus should have several stock ingredients. Primarily, such a letter was expected to report the whereabouts and the glorious achievements (they seemed rarely to be commonplace) of those graduates who had gone confidently forth to the trifling task of whipping the world of commerce to its knees or who were wrestling with academic bogies in whatever "greatest university in the world" they had happened to choose.

My sole contribution to alumni personals must be the mention of Mrs. Fred Sparrow, formerly known as Nan Gabler, who is married to a prominent Instructor in Chemistry here at Harvard. As far as I know she is the only other recent graduate of the S.C.I. in New England.

Of my present fashion in universities I need say little. I was delighted to find that here at Harvard, where academic standards are probably more rigid than at any other place on the continent, Canadians and degrees from Canadian uni-

versities are held in high repute. The Chairman of Harvard's renowned English Department is an Englishman who lived in Canada for many years, and the staff list of the English Department is typical of the whole university in numbering several Canadians amongst its noted professors. Boston seems almost half-full of Canadians and the regard in which one is held on the statement of such citizenship increases the natural pride one has in being a Canadian.

Another age-old device of the "Collegiate" alumnus letter was the "hark back" device which, commencing with "Now when I was at the S.C.I."—, would not only exalt the customs of other days but also loudly lament the sorry pass to which school affairs had come at the time of writing. I can easily fulfil the requirements of the former for as I sit here in an educational centre on the Atlantic seaboard with a New England snowstorm whirling outside my window, my memory spans both distance and time to return to Ontario football fields. Literary Society platforms, all-night sessions editing "The Collegiate", the pomp of Cadet Inspection, championship receptions, "D.M.", Davy Corcoran, Miss Storey, and a number of beloved figures who have slipped into the impenetrable shadows—

But I must check the rush of images and force myself to a realization that what means the joy of re-living those days to me can mean nothing more than the mental vagaries of another "old-timer" to you. And I fear that I am to be denied even the denunciatory role; for the only data concerning the old school which a prolonged absence from my home town has allowed me—the news of another football championship and evidence of real zeal by your magazine officials in ferreting me out and in eloquently demanding

this letter—seems to indicate that the questionable pleasure of scolding is to be denied me.

The other duty which the older alumnus seemed to think himself bound to fulfil was that of attempting to say something tremendously important in the way of moral counsel. It often consisted of little but stereotyped exhortations, full of sound, sometimes even of fury and signifying little to impatient youth. We tolerated such advice but were vastly bored and privately cynical about it all. Had we been a few years older we should have felt sympathy for the aim, even if the execution was poor.

It would be easy to slip into such a sermon now. I don't intend to, but, in looking back at Collegiate life, I can remember times when to certain individuals a word of encouragement would have checked despondency or bolstered up a resolve which faltered because the boost was missing and to such individuals, who belong to every group in every age, I should like to write a few words of optimistic encouragement.

The jargon of boxing writers has giveen us a picturesque expression to describe the fighter who, weary and dazed with the force and the number of blows he has received, still struggles doggedly and, keeping his feet, refuses to take the count,—he is called "punch-drunk". The expression is a colourful one and applicable to many of the experiences of life outside of its narrow use in the world of sport.

Too many of us become "punch-drunk" by the discouragements and the crowding doubts of years at the Collegiate age—an age that is packed with vexing question marks. Wiith too many, lack of confidence in ability to weather a storm of blows sets in before the fight has

well commenced. If you're "punch-drunk" from dejection because you have just missed making the team, if, despite the fact that you've worked conscientiously for that last exam, you're just under the line, if the vote is against you for a position you wanted, keep your feet and struggle to avoid the count.

The fight will be that much easier if you remember that every one of you has an important niche in the world. If you are primarily a man of action, you can become one of the bulwarks of a community and of a nation and have a spotlight role in an age of progress which puts a premium on action. If you are primarily a dreamer, remember that the ability to dream is one of the greatest heritages of youth and that some day one of those dreams of yours may give to the world a new image of beauty or of service which will have justified your existence. And if you combine both vision and action in strong degree, you are a darling of the gods, of such stuff as conquerors are made and few of the pinnacles of life will prove too steep for you to scale.

Very vague generalization in cramped space but written with the hope that two types of students which I have in mind may use it as fuel to the flagging fires of personal ambition. What started out with the intention of being a rambling and discursive chat has somehow assumed a note of high seriousness and I must stop before I am labelled with the dreaded title of sermonizer. But before I leave you and commence a gruelling struggle to discover whether the Vulgar Latin Pretonic Vowel "a" produces in the 13th Century Picard dialect anything else besides a pain in the head, let me wish for you and the S.C.I. and T.S. one of the best wishes in my power—that this year may prove one of the happiest in the long list of fruitful years which are the boast of a distinguished school.

Cordially yours,
Theodore F. M. Newton.

Dear Collegiate:

For the second time since my graduation six years ago, from S.C.I., and T.S., I have been honoured with an invitation to "write a few lines" to the "Collegiate", and I am very happy. You know one does not like to feel that he has developed, too completely, the earmarks of a "has been"! And it is most difficult to avoid that feeling when he knows that he is a "has been", not only from his Collegiate but from his University as well, and when Alumni letters and magazines are pouring in upon him from High School and University and Fraternity. He nevertheless, rebels against being pushed too far back upon the shelf.

Thus, to have an opportunity to write to the "Collegiate" again, is to have the occasion for calling up a train of happy memories, which is the best antidote for disgruntled feelings and mental wrinkles of which I have any knowledge. Visions of events and incidents, of personages and "characters" come tumbling in riotous confusion one upon the other. Battles royal in the gymnasium or the pool, battles wordy in the corner of the Library or the Executive Room of the Senior Literary Society, battles hectic when we tried to appear perfectly calm about that announcement we were to make from the platform at Assembly that morning—all these re-create themselves in imagination and give one a fellow-feeling with those who are engaging in the same battles to-day.

But memories do not bring to members of the Alumni any greater happiness than the reports they constantly receive of the success of the present pupils of S.C.I. and T.S. in the various spheres in which they themselves formerly laboured. Our congratulations are extended to the Football Team of '28. Their achievement was nothing if not marvellous. And we applauded the success attained in every other branch of activity—athletic, literary, musical and theatrical. Best of all, the

academic, which is the very "raison d'être" of the school, has not been sacrificed in the interests of any of the other spheres. We congratulate the students upon their enviable showing of the last few years and look forward with sure confidence to the results of the present year's work.

This first opportunity of formally congratulating Mr. F. C. Asbury upon his appointment as principal must not be lost. To those who had the honour to sit under his tutorship in old Upper School Room the news of his appointment came as no surprise. Many felt that it was "*in natura rerum*" and the success of the school under his guardianship has, once again, vindicated the wisdom of the Board of Education of our city.

The Alumni are, however, most deeply interested in those members of S.C.I. & T.S. who, within a few months, will join the ranks of graduates. We trust that the majority will be able to continue their education at University. Of necessity some will not be given the opportunity. But it is to be hoped that no one who has the opportunity will make the great error of treating it lightly or thoughtlessly casting it aside.

First of all, then, we shall take it for granted that you have taken your Fifth Form work. Do not make the mistake of not taking it. And, while you are there, do learn to be your own tutor. It will help you over many a rough spot in your early University years, when you are thrown quite upon your own initiative.

Now you are ready to choose your University. Do not be alarmed by the Chinese-Puzzle like character of the syllabuses! They really are quite sane! Each University has what might be called its prize faculty—Medicine or Arts or Science—and, financial considerations permitting, it is a good policy, I believe, to choose the college whose special faculty is the one in which you propose

to receive the training for your chosen profession.

But before all else we must recognize that Universities and Higher Education are bound up with one of the greatest economic problems of the day, viz. the over-population of the professions. The facts are briefly these: the desire for Higher Education and the prosperity which will permit it have become so widespread that the Universities of Canada are over-crowded. It follows that the governing bodies can now afford to be selective. Tuition fees have been raised in many colleges and the standard of academic proficiency has been elevated repeatedly. These are just defensive measures which have been adopted in an effort to relieve the acuteness of the economic problem. The point of it all is just this—the Universities have become (and are becoming increasingly more so) places for Workers and

Workers **only**. If you will permit a vulgar expression, it is the man or woman who "produces the goods", academically who remain at the University. The others become what are humorously known as "Christmas Graduates". The splendid academic standard of S.C.I. & T.S., strictly lived up to, will preclude the possibility of the failure of any graduate to meet the challenge of the modern University. It is our earnest hope that every prospective graduate will keep these facts before his mind's eye when the time comes for him to step out into the next lap of the Great Academic Adventure.

With best wishes for the continued success of the whole student body, and for the success of this year's "Collegiate", I am

Yours very cordially,

R. C. BROWN,
Theology '28, McGill.



This year it was thought advisable to make a distinction between those who have received their diploma and the others who failed to complete their course. It is only reasonable that such a distinction should be made because the student who receives a diploma has achieved something not only for himself but also for the school. As stated before, an alumnus is a graduate, not one who has never received a diploma. To those whose names appear below we wish you every success in the future and may the memories of the Sarnia Collegiate be treasured ones in your new walks of life.

We are sorry to say that four teachers who were on the staff for 1927-28 have left the school.

Miss Nichol, now Mrs. C. C. Bale, is making her home in Hamilton. However, the other three former members of the staff are following their vocation; Mr. Voaden in Toronto, Mr. Greenleaf in Belleville, and Mr. E. H. Graham in Perth.

As in previous years our school is well represented at the Normals. Those attending this school in London are: Lila Wilson, Ruth Tennant, Florence Wellington, Gladys Chowen, Charles Phelps and Margaret Maitland. Frances Peach is going to the Hamilton Normal.

At the University of Toronto are Neal Watson, Shirley Logan and Alva Elford.

Western University has claimed Louise Dawson, Dorothy Richards and Arthur Kewley.

Dwight Simmons is the sole representative of last year's "Fifth" at Queen's University.

Continuing their studies at the University of Detroit are Michael Mercurio and Philip Blundy.

Margaret Simpson is attending McDonald Hall.

Henry South is working in Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Annie Leslie, now Mrs. Benson, is residing in Detroit.

Raymond Mulligan is working at the Pere Marquette.

Charles Richards and Thomas Laurie are both at the Laidlaw-Belton Lumber Co.

Donald Rose is working for his father.

Karl E. Wise and Byron Spears are working in Pontiac, Mich.

Frances Kane has been working at the Canadian Observer Office since the closing of school last June.

Glen Finch and Mervin Bury are attending the Sarnia Business College.

Edith Waghorne is teaching music.

Mary Cobban is clerking at The W. B. Clark Co.

James Richards is the ice-cream maker at the City Dairy.

Clifford Frayne is in Windsor.

Beertha Lewis is continuing her studies at the Port Huron Junior College.

Helen Vollmer is working at Mueller's.

Grace Bates is the Bookkeeper in Parson's Fair.

Marjorie Crees is working in the office of Dr. Hughes.

Bill Ewener is working at the Imperial Oil Ltd.

Jean Millman is at the Bridge Works.

Lawrence Cragg is at the Oshawa Collegiate Institute.

Helen Smith is in Huntley's Bakery.

As nurses-in-training are Dorothy Stratton in Grace Hospital, Detroit, and Doris Woodwark in Ford Hospital, Detroit.

Margaret Germain is in the C.N.R. office.

Howard Porter is working at Ingersoll's Drug Store.

Margaret Hunter is at the Metropolitan.

Jack McWatters is working at the Lambton Motors.

Vera Marsh, Marie Croxford and Joyce Genner are working at the Bell Telephone.

Winnifred Thompson is working in the Public Library.

Alfred Gravelle is working for his father.

Glen McPhail is in the banking business.

Morris Edginton is working for Chester Woods.

Blake Hargin is at the C.N.R.

Those who are merely "hanging around home" are: Charles Wray, Vida Simpson, Lenore Drury, Estella Campbell, Melba Morris, Keith Leckie, Douglas Hosie, Ruth Taylor, Kitty Summers, John Waghorne, Mary Miners, R. K. Milliken, Muriel Hillier, Evelyn MacDonald, Helen Anderson, Freda and Hazel Davidson, Wilbert Clark and Ruth Hicks.

To those who were not so fortunate in receiving your graduation diplomas or were compelled to leave school before your course was completed we also extend our best wishes for your future success and happiness.

Attending private schools in Toronto there are Joan Whitling at Bishop Strachan School, and Ruth Watson at Branksome Hall.

At Business College are Myrtle Thorner, Roswald Strain, Gladys Poore, Annie McKenzie, Sailor Brown and Max Gough.

Violet Harwood is employed at the Bell Telephone Co.

Working in hospitals are Dorothy Wolsey in the Strathroy Hospital, and Lillian Ewener in Hotel Dieu, Windsor.

Fred Wellington is at Ontario Agricultural College.

Veronica Heffron returned to the Separate School this fall.

Lorenzo DeCou is attending the Seminary at Aurora, Ontario.

Some are working in drug stores—Clement's, Fred Waller; McGibbon's, Edmund Cooper.

Douglas Burwell, Gertrude Brown, Phyllis Phillips, Evelyn Milliken are at the Metropolitan.

Freida Hallam and Vera Hoskins are employed by F. W. Woolworth & Co.

Muriel Hillier and Jean Craig are at Loblaw's.

Hilda Hunter is in the Sun Life Insurance Office.

Maurice Hawkins is at the C.N.R. Station.

At St. Petersburg, Florida, Winnifred Shepherd is studying Art, while her sister, Lillian, is attending Jr. College.

W. I. Ross is working for the Bridge Works.

George Harris is now an experienced salesman with Carson Land.

Jim Simmons is working at Mueller's.

Myrtle and Marjorie Peach are now at a Hamilton Collegiate.

Jean Merrison is studying at the Petrolia High School.

A number of boys are becoming bankers—Stewart McKenzie at the Bank of Montreal, Harold Chambers at the Bank of Toronto, and John Simmons at the Royal Bank of Canada.

Nancy Stewart is in Dr. Bayne's office.

John Lewis is working with his father.

Marjorie Harte is living in Sudbury.

Wilton Day is living in Flint, Michigan.

Leona Houser is at the Liberal Clothing Store at Port Huron.

John Rollins is employed at the Liquor Store.

Stewart Phillips is an office-boy at the Imperial Oil.

John Wocker is at Lyon's Tailoring Store.

Stanley Brookes is at Barge's Dry Cleaning Plant.

Eunice Hart is the stenographer for Dr. Calvert Carruthers.

Leone D. Glass is in the Office of the National Dentists, Port Huron.

Audrey Vanderveer is working in the Olympia.

Marjorie Tate is bookkeeper at the Agnew Surpass Shoe Store.

Harold Middleton is at the Imperial Oil Co.

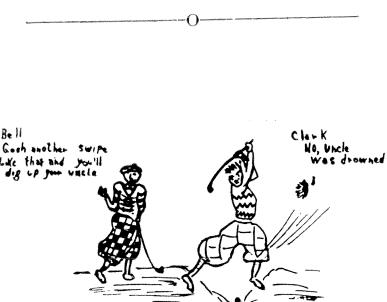
Harvard Shafer is working in Storey's Tobacco Store.

Marjorie Swainson is working at the Fence Co.

Of last year's classes a great many are to be found at home—Ruth Stevenson, Zola May Smith, M. M. Round, Harold Payne, Wm. Morton, Jean McFee, Jacqueline MacDonald, Eileen Logan, Florence Kingdom, Mary Kershaw, Malcolm Hossie, Charles Duncan, Irene Drury, Victoria Down, R. H. Douglas, Paul Bradley, Dorothy Aslett, May Allison, J. I. Allan, Grace Nix, and Celia Dietrich.

Junior Couse is at the Bridge Works.

Kathleen Garvie is in training in Grace Hospital, Detroit.





ROSS WILFRED GRAY, M.P. "DOLLY"

WHO of us was not pleased to hear of Dolly's election by acclamation to the Dominion Parliament early this year? Our feeling of pleasure was tempered, however, by regret that this new success would make it necessary for him to retire as active coach of our Senior Rugby Team. We regarded this announcement as inevitable, but we nevertheless were very sorry to hear Dolly officially confirm it at the Team's Banquet at the Blue Water Inn, on January 26. It is a great loss to the School generally and Rugby especially, but we are all one in wishing him every success in his new career. We cling to the hope, though, that he will continue as coach in an honorary capacity. If his success at the school can be taken as a criterion, Dolly is assured beforehand of a brilliant future. His record has been an enviable one—one that will not be equalled anywhere. In the five years since 1924, when he became coach on Jack Newton's retirement, he has guided his teams to five Wossa Championships, four Ontario finals, one Ontario Championship and one Dominion Championship.

This is indeed a mark for his successors to aim at. The teams were not ready-made either; they had to be built up and welded together by good coaching and wise leadership. Toronto and Hamilton opponents in those years will tell you that, win or lose, Sarnia C.I. and T.S. had a team worthy of the name. Dolly has done more than this though. In those five years, he has come into the closest contact with probably a hundred boys. Into each of these boys he has installed his own creed—to play the game for the game's sake—to play hard yet cleanly—to work with the others and work the best—to always hold up the traditions of

the Old School and win well or lose gamely—in other words to be a true sportsman. If Dolly has succeeded in doing this, and we feel he has done it, he has indeed achieved his aim. So well has this end been accomplished that, at the annual banquet, Mr. John DeGruchy stated that Sarnia C.I. teams had the reputation of being the most gentlemanly bunch of players in the O.R.F.U., while Jerry Goodman declared that in three years of refereeing, he had yet to see a Sarnia player pull a deliberately shady play. Dolly's efforts have been well rewarded. There is no boy who has not benefited from his experience on the team because of this contact with his coach. Each boy who has had this good fortune has felt this, and been proud of his association with Dolly. The contact has been close, very close indeed, with many trying circumstances and critical moments, but both boys and coach have come through firmer friends. We boys all feel, in fact, that we have gained a real friend, to whom we can always go to claim friendship's due. Dolly may have retired, but to us he is still, and always, "Coach", and we feel the richer for our acquaintance with him. We know his aim has been to make good sportsmen of us, and we feel ourselves that he has accomplished this. His influence will go beyond the gridiron too, just as we feel Dolly meant it to. These principles, which he has taught us in Rugby, applied to Life will make Life better because of them.

We all have a most profound respect for "The Coach". His even-tempered, kindly, helpful leadership and instruction has been a good example for harmony in the team. Commands have been requests, the purpose of which has always been apparent. In our chalk-talks and

conferences there was no blustering, no threats of dire consequences to follow failure, only advice given in a quietly optimistic and confident manner which never failed to produce in us a feeling of faith in ourselves and in our coach. More than one game was won for this very reason, and, during the whole season our strivings and ambitions were really for but one reason—Dolly. For the sake of members of those teams yet to be, we sincerely hope that he will find time to act as honorary coach. We feel certain that he will, for, if the truth be known, we think Dolly Gray cannot help but be where Rugby is.

Dolly was no stranger to the S.C.I. when he became coach. He had graduated from the old London Road School in 1916, to go Overseas in the Artillery as a mule-driver—preparing, no doubt, for his activities as a Rugby coach. Returning, he attended Osgoode Hall and Harvard Law School, eventually finding his

way back to Sarnia to practise law, where for the last few years he has been a partner in the firm of Cowan, Cowan and Gray. At school Dolly played Rugby and Basket-ball and later on found leisure from his business to play Rugby, Baseball and Tennis. When playing Rugby became too strenuous, he took to coaching, and he has been heard to say that he made a bad choice. He is still continuing his habit of annexing championships at the Sarnia Tennis Club, where he is highest ranking player. If politics is considered a game, Dolly is no tyro in that sphere either, as he served on the local Board of Education from 1924 to 1927, being chairman in the latter year. For many years Dolly has been an active member of the West Lambton Liberal Executive and he has reaped his well-earned reward in being given his party's nomination. We extend to him our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.





The institution of sports was intended by all governments to turn off the thoughts of the people from busying themselves in matters of state.

—Addison.

The fall of 1928 adds another rich plume to the history of the Sarnia Collegiate in the sphere of athletics. After five years when we saw success slip through our fingers as we seemed on the verge of victory, only to lose on account of the "breaks", we have captured the supreme laurels in Collegiate football. We have won the W.O.S.S.A. championship in rugby for the fifth year in succession and have crowned this achievement by winning the Interscholastic championship and as a result we have been proclaimed the Interscholastic Champions of Canada.

Unfortunately, on account of the lack of a good rink and a coach, our hockey team was forced to accept defeat at the hands of the Windsor-Walkerville Collegiate. Thus we lose possession of the Free Press Trophy that our team won last year.

Our basketball team attempted a determined come-back under the direction of Mr. Keeber and succeeded in defeating our annual rival, Strathroy. However, we lost to a much superior team, London Central Collegiate, in the next round.

As usual, track and field events continue to be our back number although the younger pupils, under the direction of Mr. Payne, are showing some promise. All we can do is to lie back and hope that the future will bring something brighter and more encouraging.

Last year the school attempted something new in rugby training when they inaugurated spring training for our rugby aspirants. A large number of veterans and "rookies" turned out and the coaches were permitted to form an estimate on the number of players available for next fall. The training season began soon after the school opened in the fall and a large number answered Captain Fraser's call for the first practice.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Mr. Keefer, Norman Patterson (Pres.), Bill Williams, Ralph Misener.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

S. C. I. & T. S. 14—Old Boys' 19

This year the annual Old Boys' game was played at the Athletic Park before the largest crowd that ever witnessed this pre-season event. Both teams played smart football throughout and found no difficulty in ploughing through each other's line or rounding the ends for substantial gains. The school team's end runs were working smoother than those of the graduatee although Johnny Manore on the Old Boys' half line made the longest run of the game. Howard Carter's punting was one of the features of the game and his towering hoists had the school's backs continually on the alert. G. Paterson, George Clark and Moore shared the kicking duties for the school. Contrary to custom, the Old Boys' presented the best conditioned team in years and the customary lapses for repairs were not as noticeable as in former years.

S. C. I. & T. S. 46—Stratford C. I. 9

This year our team was grouped with St. Thomas. On Oct. 13th our team journeyed to Stratford to play the first game. This was the first time that Stratford had ever engaged a Sarnia Team in football and our team certainly lived up to tradition and showed the handful of fans present why the name of Sarnia and

victory go hand in hand together. One minute after the kick-off, G. Paterson went over for a touchdown and from then on the issue was never in doubt. The Stratford team had the right spirit but seemed to be lacking in the knowledge of the finer points of the game.

S. C. I. & T. S. 13—St. Thomas 5

On Saturday, Oct. 20th, our team engaged St. Thomas in the annual gridiron classic of the W.O.S.S.A. season. With memories of the titanic struggle of the previous year there was a large crowd on hand. The game, however, was very ragged and both teams were guilty of much fumbling. Offensively and defensively the S.C.I. were the superior but lost many chances to score by inopportune fumbling. In the first period, Twaites and Norm Paterson scored touchdowns for the school and Clark added two more points on rouges. In the second half the Saints came back stronger and held the champions at bay. In the third quarter our safety men were guilty of three fumbles in a row and St. Thomas secured possession on our line. On the third down Carter hurdled over for a touch that was unconverted. The Sarnia team held the upper hand in plunging and kicking throughout the whole game and only errors on their part kept the score down.

S. C. I. & T. S. 15—St. Thomas C. I. 0

On Saturday, Oct. 27th, our team realized the ambition that all Sarnia teams have been striving for since 1922: that was to beat St. Thomas on their own field. How well they accomplished that feat is indicated in the score. The game was played in a drizzling rain and although conditions were bad, both teams showed a marked improvement in form from the poor exhibition of the previous Saturday. Sarnia started off strong and scored six points in the first half on rouges. St. Thomas began to show the effects of the strenuous play in the third quarter and Sarnia worked the ball down the field to the Saints five yard line from where L. Paterson easily went over for the only touch of the game. The Saints were at a disadvantage in the last half when Carter, their clever half, was forced to retire owing to an injured leg. The work of the Sarnia line was especially good in this game as St. Thomas were unable to move the yard-sticks once from the scrimmage.

S. C. I. & T. S. 66—Stratford C. I. 0

Our team indulged in a light work out with the Stratford C. I. on Nov. 3rd and as the score indicates our team refused to take the matter lightly as all good sportsmen should under the circumstances and proceeded to score as many points as the officials thought proper. Misner lead all comers with four to his credit and G. Paterson was a close second with three. Twaites, Moore, VanHorne and Fraser were the other notables quilty of making life miserable for the Stratford boys. Fortunately, the crowd was in a very sympathetic mood for the occasion and took the part of the Stratford team. Robertson and DeMille were the best for Stratford and the latter player deserves much credit for his plucky playing and tackling.

S. C. I. & T. S. 29—Galt C. I. 5

The first game of the W.O.S.S.A. finals was played on Thanksgiving Day in Sarnia with Galt. A cold windy day kept the attendance down somewhat but notwithstanding there was a good crowd on hand. Sarnia won because they were quick to take advantage of the high wind that was blowing down the field. Almost three minutes after the game had started, Charlton intercepted a wild Sarnia pass and quickly romped over the line for a touchdown. This only served as an incentive to our team, however, and they proceeded to march down the field to Galt's ten yard line where Moore caught a perfect onside from Twaites to tie the score. In the second quarter Sarnia took full advantage of the wind and by half time had scored nine more points by this means. Both teams fought in a deadlock in the third quarter although Sarnia missed many chances to score. G. Paterson opened the final stanza with a 45 yard run to Galt's five yard line from which N. Paterson went over for a touchdown on the next play. D. McGibbon also scored a touch in the last few minutes of play when he dribbled a Galt fumble over the line.

S. C. I. & T. S. 18—Galt C. I. 2

The final game of the W.O.S.S.A. series was played in Galt on Saturday, No. 17th, under ideal football conditions and on the best field our team played on during the whole year. The Galt team showed a marked reversal of form from that of the previous game and for the first half proceeded to make things miserable for our team who showed the effects of the long train ride. MacIntosh at quarter for Galt was particularly aggressive and in the first five minutes he kicked two rouges for Galt. However, the coaches gave our team a severe reprimanding at half time and even threatened to put on uniforms and take part themselves. Our heroes

however, did not take kindly to what they considered a slur on their playing ability and proceeded to settle down in earnest and show the Galt people what blood-thirsty individuals they were and twice in succession they marched down the field and L. Paterson and N. Paterson finished the assault by plunging over for touchdowns. Moore added to the scoring column for Sarnia by kicking two rouges. The Galt fans evidently saw the fire in our warriors' eyes for they attempted to appease their anger by presenting Bill Twaites with a basket of flowers at half time but the Blue and White refused to be affected and the Galt team was forced to stop the game several times in the last half to call out the first aid section and carry off the wounded.

S. C. I. & T. S. 13—Bloor C. I. 0

On Saturday, Dec. 1, at Varsity Stadium and before a crowd of almost 5000 fans the S. C. I. realized their ambition and the goal that they have been striving to for the last five years. It was a brilliant and happy ending to the season in which our team never suffered defeat in a regular game. It was the teamwork and machine-like precision of their plays that brought the decisive victory to Sarnia. The faultless catching and open field running of G. Paterson and Moore, and the two field goals of the latter were the bright spots of the game. In Louie Wettslaufer, the Bloor team presented the best kicker the Sarnia team ever met and although he was watched closely on fake kicks he was always dangerous. Sarnia opened the scoring in the first quarter when Moore sent a perfect drop-kick through the bars. Sarnia moved the yard-sticks many times through the running of Fraser and the strong plunging of L. Patterson, N. Paterson and Misner. The Blue and White were on Bloor's ten yard line when the half time whistle robbed them of a sure touchdown.

Early in the third quarter Moore duplicated his previous feat and added three more points with a drop-kick from the forty yard line. A few minutes later Fraser carried the ball to Bloor's five yard line from where VanHorne went over for the only touch of the game. Bloor was dangerous in the last quarter and the ball was in Sarnia territory most of the time mainly through the kicking of Wettslaufer. Several times Sarnia was on their goal line in this quarter but they managed to kick the ball out of danger and McGibbon and Stubbs following down fast prevented the Bloor backs from running the ball back any distance. Sarnia became aggressive again and were beginning another march down the field when the whistle blew and the Blue and White were the Interscholastic Champions for 1928.

FOOTBALL NOTES

To attempt to thank everybody who have given assistance to the team this year would necessitate an all too lengthy list for the columns of this publication. Therefore we will cover a wide range in one step and express our sincere thanks to all who in any way, however great or small, helped to make the season of 1928 a memorable one in the annals of S. C. I. & T. S. football.

To the Board of Education who never fail to give their whole-hearted support to our rugby team, we thank not only on behalf of the members of the team but also on behalf of the whole school for their generous support and interest. The members of the team again wish to take this opportunity in thanking the Board and the city council for the banquet and presents which were given to them at the Blue Water Inn.

In the seven regular games that the Seniors played they scored 200 points and their opponents were to-

gether able to score only 12 against them. The team went through the whole regular season without suffering a single defeat and four of their seven victories were shut-outs.

The team takes this opportunity of thanking the Laidlaw-Belton Lumber Co. for the use of their truck during the season and also Mr. Robert Thorpe, the trainer, by whose untiring efforts and interest the team was kept in the best physical condition possible throughout the whole season.

Toronto Globe—"Sarnia C. I., always powerful, lived up to expectations in vanquishing Bloor C. I. in the Interscholastic Union Final. Sarnia, who never fails to win the W.O.S.S.A. title will likely be a powerful factor in the Interscholastic Union for years to come."

After the game in Toronto the team received many telegrams of congratulations from many citizens of Sarnia and from former members of the school. The team also re-

ceived a telegram from the Hamilton Delta team, their opponents in '26 and '27, and we take this opportunity of thanking the Hamilton team as well as all others for their interest.

To close these notes without thanking the Imperial Athletic Association would be most inexcusable. Every year this Association is always ready to help the Collegiate in whatever way possible and this year they lent our team mud cleats, pants, and helmets for the last game in Toronto. The members of the team will bear testimony that it was the wearing of those mud cleats that went a long way to make their victory a decisive one.

Finally we close these notes by thanking everyone who in anyway helped our team in the past season. We take this opportunity of extending our good wishes and best luck for next season to Ken Bell, the captain for 1929, and Mr. Beatty Jennings who will take over the coaching position vacated by Ross Gray.

Personnel of Senior Rugby Team

(O. R. F. U. INTERSCHOLASTIC FINAL.)

L. Half—	Kenneth Fraser, Capt.
Flying Wing—	George Clark
Snap—	Kenneth Bell
L. Inside—	Stanley Ferguson
L. Middle—	Norman Paterson
L. End—	Donald McGibbon

R. Half—	Gordon Moore
C. Half—	Gordon Paterson
Quarter—	William Twaits
R. Inside—	Lloyd Patterson
R. Middle—	Ralph Misner
R. End—	John Stubbs

SPARES

L. Inside—	William Williams
Snap—	Arthur Lawson
Flying Wing—	Claude Cook
L. Half—	Stuart MacKenzie

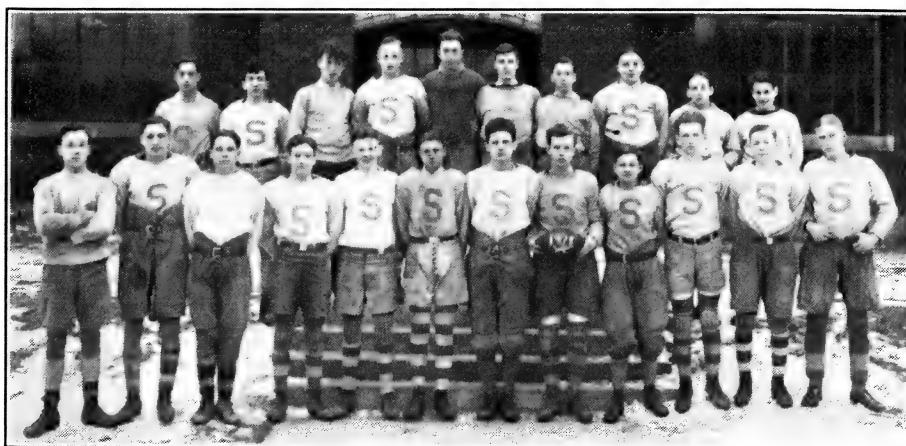
R. Inside—	Douglas Isbister
R. Inside—	Travis Churchill
R. End—	Lyle McKay
C. Half—	Neil Vanhorne

ROSS GRAY
Coach

CHARLES BRUSH
Manager

BEATTY JENNINGS
Asst. Coach

ROBERT THORPE
Trainer



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Bruce Prout, Bill Clark, K. McMillan, B. Millman, Andrew Hayne, R. Ewener, Ken VanHorne, Ted Broadbent, H. Addison, W. Carter.
Front Row—Glen Lambert, R. Ofield, W. Teskey, M. Heller, Jack Garrett, W. Burton, J. Harris, Bill Turnbull, Harry Turnbull, Bill Reid, G. Fraser, W. Claxton.

THE SECOND RUGBY TEAM

The Second Team is one organization in the school that never receives too much credit. This year the team was made up of comparatively inexperienced players and although they were not as fortunate as the Senior team in winning the title, they acquitted themselves nobly. The brightest aspect of the performance of the Second Team this year, however, was the willingness and courage with which they came out and gave the Seniors the much-needed practice. The team this year was the lightest and smallest one that ever represented the school, but what they lacked in loss of weight they more than made up in determination and spirit. After all the Second team is essentially the First team of to-morrow and we may rest assured that those of this year's Seconds who graduate to the Senior Company next year will do much to uphold the high standard of clean play and success which have become linked with the Sarnia Collegiate and Rugby.

S.C.I.&T.S. 46—London DeLaSalle 0

The seconds opened their regular W.O.S.S.A. season with a decisive victory over De La Salle of London. The London team, although they were heavier, were completely out-classed from the beginning by the "Atoms". Our Juniors worked to perfection throughout the game and every member of the team was a star. Proutt out-kicked McHale of London and Lambert and Claxton made long gains for the home team. Sarnia scored seven touchdowns and three rouges.

S.C.I.&T.S. 2—Windsor C. I. 18

On Monday, Nov. 11th, the Second team received their first defeat of the season. The superior kicking, and the advantage in weight and experience turned the tide in favour of Windsor. In Duncan, the Windsor team displayed a fleet running half who gave the Blue and White many anxious moments. For Sarnia, the work of Millman and Harris on the line, and the running of Claxton and Lambert on the half line kept the

play out of our territory much of the time. Reid also did some effective kicking. Windsor took advantage of the strong wind and in the first few minutes of play, Duncan went over for a touch. Two rouges followed and in the second period the same player again scored a touchdown. Sarnia scored two rouges in the last half and more than held their own in this half but were unable to score.

S.C.I.&T.S. 10—Windsor C. I. 17

On Friday, Nov. 16th, the Seconds played the return game with Windsor. The game was played in pour-

ing rain and was a poor exhibition of rugby. The Seconds played a much more aggressive game than on the week before and were able to score two touchdowns which were unconverted. Windsor scored three touchdowns and a rouge. Following this game the seconds were entered in a city league group sponsored by the Kiwanis.

NOTE

The Junior Team wishes to take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation of the services of Mr. Bill McCart who sacrificed much of his time in coaching the team.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Old Boys' 40—S. C. I. & T. S. 16

On January 2nd, the unorganized school team met in the annual clash with the Old Boys'. This year the Old Boys' quintet was of exceptional strength. Carter, Hallam and Robinson composed the forward line with Teskey and Nicol guards. Half-time found the Old Boys' only four points to the good. Although they had dominated the play their shooting had failed to net many goals. The third quarter increased their lead but it was not until the final quarter when they netted eighteen points did they completely out play the school. Repeatedly reinforced by the best of the school basketeers of recent years they were too much for the inexperienced school team. McKay for the school scored no less than twelve points and shared individual honours with "How" Carter.

S. C. I. & T. S. 20—Strathroy C. I. 29

The first W.O.S.S.A. game took place with our only district opponent Strathroy. Before a good crowd at the Strathroy school gymnasium a long standing rivalry was

renewed. Hauch of Western University handled the game. Inexperience cost the Sarnia team many penalties which Strathroy converted into points in a manner Sarnia couldn't imitate. The two teams, except in this department, were exceptionally evenly matched and the fans had a fast clean game to watch. Hoskins leading the Strathroy offensive and McKay, the Sarnia centre, were the outstanding individuals. The final score 29-20 gave Strathroy a nine point lead to bring to Sarnia for the final game.

Strathroy 18—Sarnia 29

The following Friday the school team nosed Strathroy out of district honors by a margin on the round of two points. This victory came as a great surprise to one of the largest crowds that has assembled for many years to see basketball. The game was one of the best seen in the Collegiate gym. Suspense, clean playing and speed raised the estimation of the game in many fans' minds. With an offensive centred about McKay, Sarnia was at half-time but two points from tying the round. The third quarter, however, was all



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr. Keeber (Coach), Stewart Austin, Lyle McKay, R. Ofield, Bill Reid, Chas. Brush, Bruce Prout, Lloyd Patterson, Norman Patterson, Ken Bell.

Strathroys. With a flashing attack they restored their lead on the round to eight points by three-quarter time. The last quarter was one of the fastest and thrilling local fans have ever had. Point by point Sarnia overtook and passed the Strathroy lead of eight points. With a lead of two points Strathroy received two free shots in the last moments. Neither were scored and the final whistle found Sarnia district winners with a total score of 48 against Strathroy's 47. Hoskins and Wright were possibly Strathroy's best, while McKay at centre and Bell at guard stood out for Sarnia.

London Central C. I. 32—Sarnia 14

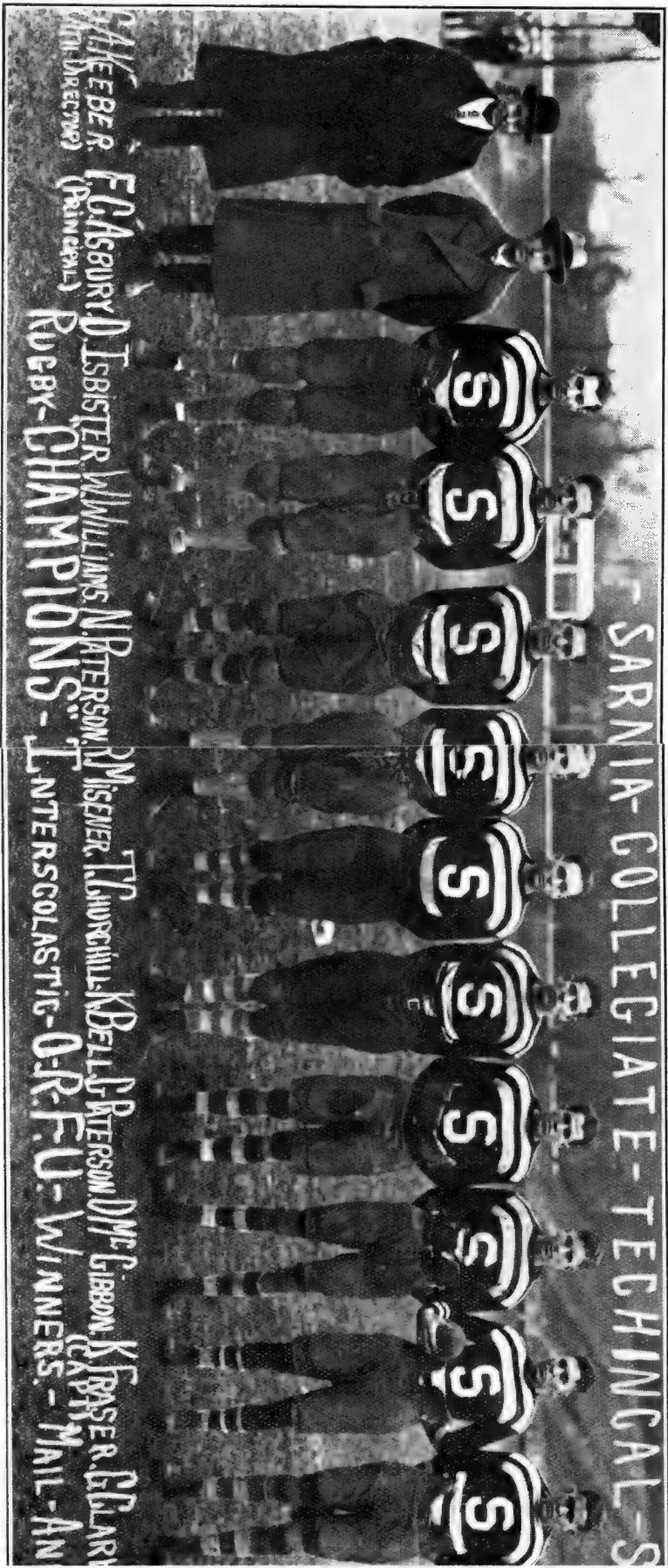
Victory over Strathroy brought the Sarnia team in the path of London Central. This team had easily defeated their district opponents and were favored to be W. O. S. S. A. Champions. A nicely balanced team with height and experience they came to Sarnia for the first game in the play-off. Encouraged by the Strathroy game, many supporters came on a Saturday night to see the Sarnia team in action. The Sarnia team failed to function and were

completely overshadowed by a "class A" brand of London basketball. McKay was the only effective Sarnia player while Farquharson, Lottle and Munro gave a fine exhibition for London. The final whistle credited London Central with 32 points to Sarnia's 14.

S.C.I.&T.S. 11—London Central 25

The return game in London found the Sarnia team determined to make a better showing. They played a hard, fast game and gave the London fans a little better opinion of the team than they had most likely had after the first game's score. London was undoubtedly the better team but the Sarnia team's score should have been doubled. McKay, around whom the offensive was built, could not find the range of the London baskets in his usual style and the team's score suffered as a result. Nevertheless, McKay and Bell were by far the most effective men on the team. The Central forward line and guards are too much of a team to pick any star. The final score, London Central 25, Sarnia 11, is not a good indication of the night's play.

SARNIA-COLLEGIATE-TECHNICAL-S



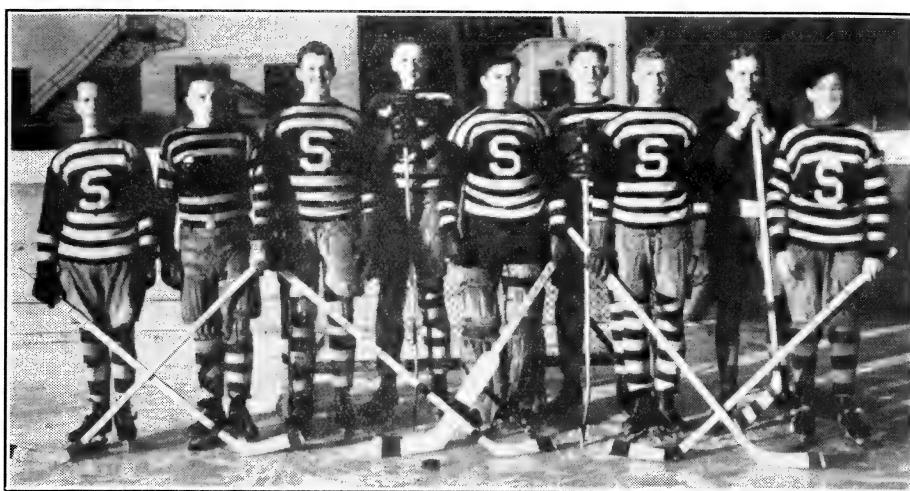
SENIOR RUGBY TEAM—SENIOR W.O.S.S.A.; O.R.F.U. I

RUGBY-TEAM-1928.



TERSON, G. COOK, W. T. WHITES, J. STUBBS, VAN HORNE, A. LAWSON, L. MCKAY, D. MOORE, S. MA
TROPHY - HELD AT VARSITY-STADIUM, DEC 1ST, 1928.

C. R. U. INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS—1928.



HOCKEY TEAM

Left to right—Jim Geary, Jack Kelso, Gordon Paterson (Capt.), Bill Williams, Bill Turnbull, Norman Reid, Bill Twaites, Walter Claxton, Harry Haines.

HOCKEY

The hockey season opened this year early in January with high hopes of our team retaining the W.O.S.S.A. Championship as almost all of last year's players were available again. Sarnia was this year grouped with Watford High and Petrolia High, each team playing two games with the other two. In group games the S.C.I. deserved their victory and throughout the series played a good game. In the semi-finals, however, they met a team that well earned a victory, in Windsor-Walkerville Tech. The final standing in the group is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Tied
Sarnia	3	0	1
Watford	1	1	2
Petrolia	0	3	1

S. C. I. 4—Petrolia 1

The team played their opening game in Petrolia during a blinding snow storm. Playing conditions were difficult, the covering of snow over the ice making it extremely hard to follow the puck. In spite of lack of practice and training Sarnia

played a strong game and earned a 4-1 victory over their opponents. There was a noticeable lack of combination play on the part of both teams, a fact which made it a game of one-man rushes. In this style of playing Gord Patterson, at centre, stood out for Sarnia, scoring two goals. Twaits and Claxton did some nice checking in stopping Petrolia's rushes, Claxton scoring two goals in addition. On the whole Sarnia deserved the victory, Petrolia being but a one-man team depending solely on the individual prowess of Lindsay, their big defence player.

S. C. I. 4—Petrolia 3

In the return game Petrolia gave a much stiffer battle although Sarnia proved victorious again. This time the game was played in ideal hockey weather on the campus. Until within two seconds of full-time the score was 3-2 in favour of Sarnia when Petrolia evened up with a long shot from centre ice which slipped by Turnbull. Overtime periods were played to break the tie and Sarnia emerged victor-

ious, Twaites scoring the winning goal.

S. C. I. 0—Watford 0

The first game with Watford was played in Sarnia under the worst possible conditions, a thaw having set in early in the day with the result that the hockey cushion was covered with more than an inch of water in many spots. It was impossible to play good hockey and shooting was out of the question. Neither team was able to score and on account of the condition of the ice it was decided not to play overtime.

S. C. I. 1—Watford 0

When the return game was played in Watford, playing conditions were perfect and two evenly matched teams fought a keen, exciting game. Stapleford stood out as Watford's most useful man. After Gord Patterson skated through the whole Watford team to score the only goal of the day early in the first period, Sarnia played a defensive game entirely. At the same time Patterson's lone rushes kept the Watford defense and goalie active and lessened the pressure around Sarnia's end. Williams and Reid turned in useful games on the defense for Sarnia.

S. C. I. 1—Windsor-Walkerville 3

The first game of the W.O.S.S.A. semi-final series was played in Sarnia with Windsor-Walkerville Tech. before a good crowd. Sarnia stood out during the early part of the game, playing good offensive and defensive hockey. Their combination was especially good and Kelso played a remarkable game in goal. It was a gruelling grind and Patterson and Twaites began to slow down

toward the last, dropping back into their old one-man rush style of play. The Windsor forwards, fast and good stick handlers gave the Sarnia defense a merry afternoon. Sarnia had considerable trouble doing any efficient checking but the team played by far their best game of the season. The excellent playing of the Tech. team since then has shown them to be a remarkable team for a Secondary School.

S. C. I. 1—Windsor-Walkerville 4

On Tuesday, February 5th, the team journeyed to Windsor where they played the return game in the Windsor Arena at 8 o'clock that evening. Windsor began the game with a two-point lead from the first encounter and Sarnia faced the difficult task of overcoming this. During the first period Sarnia carried the play to Windsor, making it look like a pretty even game, but as before they were unable to keep it up. Windsor broke through to score the first goal but Patterson immediately equalized for Sarnia. Sarnia opened the second period with another stiff offensive but, their condition failing, they dropped back on the defense. In this period Windsor scored once again. Throughout the last period Sarnia played a wholly defensive game but in the last few minutes Windsor "opened out" and scored twice on the hard-pressed Sarnia team. Patetrsen turned in an excellent game but Kelso, in goal, was probably the most useful player on the ice, saving innumerable hard shots. The Windsor boys were all good.

NOTE

The members of the hockey team wish to thank Mr. Fred Frelick for the use of his pads during the season.

FIELD AND TRACK

Field and Track activities continue to be of a very minor character about the school. We are indebted to Mr. Payne for his efforts to encourage this field of athletic endeavour and hope that he will have the pleasure of accompanying a championship Track team to London before he finishes with this activity. The team that attended the meet last year was a source of gratification to the many schools we have met on the rugby fields. Their total points being contributed by Gordon Paterson who placed second in the Senior shot-put.

This fall a series of twilight track and field events were held. Two events were held each Friday in In-

termediate, Junior and Midget classes. Mr. Keeber, our athletic director, was greatly assisted by Mr. Payne in this series. The most promising class was the midget where Lyle Smith defeated William Doohan for first place by a narrow margin of two points. If the participants of this class will continue it is possible that they may bring one of the trophies back from London in the oncoming years. The intermediate and junior events went to Paul James and John Kane respectively. A change of policy by which the Boys' Track meet will not be held until May leaves Donald McGibbon still champion of the Senior class.





In the exchange column we have always a medium through which we are able to come into contact with a great many schools, otherwise, unknown to us except by name. The benefits are mutual, as we get many new ideas and suggestions from them, hoping at the same time that they are able to profit from our publication. Every year our exchange list grows as we always make a practice of gradually extending its scope. Any school that can publish a magazine deserves credit and most of this year's exchanges especially so. We are glad to welcome this year's arrivals, old as well as new, and to one and all we say, "come again."

ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

An ever welcome exchange with interesting short stories and good jokes. We miss pictures and cartoons though.

ACTA LUDI—Oshawa Collegiate, Oshawa

A good magazine, but your departments are not distinguished from each other. We are glad to renew our acquaintance in an indirect way with Miss Jones, a former member of our staff.

ACTA NOSTRA—Guelph Collegiate-Vocational Institute, Guelph.

One of our best exchanges. Your art work and snap pages especially caught our fancy.

ACTA VICTORIANA—Victoria College, Toronto.

Your magazine is splendid. It holds the reader's interest from beginning to end.

ACTA STUDIUM—Vaughan Road High Schol, Toronto.

You certainly deserve credit for putting out such a magazine considering it's your second edition. Please come again.

ALLABOUTUS—Stanford High and Vocational School, Niagara Falls.

A very good attempt after three year's absence from journalism. Next year we hope to see an exchange column.

ALMAFILIAN—Alma College, St. Thomas

Why not decorative headings and cartoons? They would brighten up your good little magazine. Come again.

AUDIAORIUM—Owen Sound.

You have a good magazine, wth fine headings. Thanks for the bouquet.

THE BEACON—Hanover High School, Hanover.

It is unusual to see a poetry section, such as the Beacon contains, and yet find no short stores or essays. You have written up your school activites and town well, but why not have a joke section.

B.C.S.—Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.

Not what we are used to in the line of a school magazine, but we like you just the same.

BLACK AND GOLD—St. John's College School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

No editorials, but the best exchange section we have seen yet. Your treatment was novel and comments very interesting.

THE BLUE—Christ's Hospital, Harsham, England.

Your magazine is so hard to criticise, as it is so different from those published on this side of the water. However, we hope that you will come again.

THE BLUE AND WHITE—Walkerville Collegiate, Walkerville.

Congratulations on your second attempt. This is the first time you have been on our exchange, and we hope you will come again. We enjoyed your inside pictures of the school, but why spoil the latter part of your magazine by mixing the advertisements with the sports and jokes.

THE BREEZES—Daniel MacIntyre Collegiate, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A fine little magazine, with an excellent editorial on school spirit. More jokes and cartoons would add a livelier touch.

THE CAMOSUN—Victoria High School, Victoria, British Columbia.

A welcome exchange. We enjoyed your individual pictures and writeups, and while your jokes were few, they were good.

THE CANTURIAN—King's School, Canterbury, England.

After a minute search we discovered for certain who published this magazine. Don't you think for the sake of strangers, it would be wise to have the name of your school at the head of the table of contents.

THE CARILLON — Ottawa Technical School, Ottawa.

We are always glad to receive a new exchange. Your cover deserves special mention. Again we have the old criticism, that the advertisements be kept separate, and why not do likewise with your literature and poetry?

CONNING TOWER—Weston High and Vocational School, Toronto.

We would like to make three suggestions. That the advertisements be kept together, and not scattered throughout the magazine, also that you have more cuts and jokes.

CRESCENT HIGH BUGLE — Calgary, Alberta.

Don't you think that the advertisements should be kept in a separate section? Thanks for the exchange.

THE DUMBBELL - Sherbrooke High, Quebec.

Your activities are well written up. Please continue the exchange. Your magazine struck us as being clear cut.

THE ELEVATOR—Belleville Collegiate, Belleville.

Thanks for the Esculator. You deserve credit for publishing an eight page paper as well as a magazine. The dullness of your cover gives a bad first impression, otherwise a good magazine.

THE FETTESIAN — Fettes College, Edinburgh.

While your short stories brighten up your magazine, it seems inclined to be dull. Why not try a few jokes and pictures?

THE GRUMBLER—Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate Institute.

Another good exchange with an attractive cover. You certainly deserve credit for publishing such a magazine twice a year.

HELLO — Brantford Collegiate Institute, Brantford.

A well balanced magazine with fine essays and editorials.

THE HOWLER — North Toronto Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Your cartoons certainly brighten up your magazine. Why not keep all your stories together?

THE LAMPADONIAN—Delta Collegiate, Hamilton.

Your magazine reminded us of a newspaper. Why not make it smaller, more compact and put a stiff cover on it. It would last longer.

THE LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London.

Your magazine is good, but does not appear to be arranged systematically. Your humour section is splendid.

L. C. C. I. REVIEW—London Central Collegiate, London.

And yet another new exchange. Your magazine shows a lot of hard work. Your wood cuts distinguished it from all others. Although your joke section is large, we had read the majority of them before.

LUX GLEBANA—Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa.

Why mix your advertisements with the reading material? Room for improvements in the humour and literature sections.

THE MAGNET—Jarvis Street Collegiate, Toronto.

A well balanced magazine. Your literary section shows the co-operation of the students. Don't you like cuts? We do.

MCGILL DAILY — McGill University, Montreal.

Our only newspaper and a real welcome one. It is a constant interest to all in the study-room.

O.A.C. REVIEW—Ontario Agricultural College—Guelph.

A splendid magazine, with interesting articles. We were surprised to see a "Mac" section, even though it was very small.

THE ORACLE—Fort William Collegiate and Technical School, Fort William.

Don't you think cuts and cartoons would add pep to your magazine? Your exchange is very welcome, rather a dull cover.

PARKDALIAN — Parkdale Collegiate, Toronto.

Not up to the standard set by last year.

PURPLE AND GOLD—Newmarket High School, Toronto.

Rather a dull cover. Your section have no headings, and one thing seems to follow pale-mell after another.

PURPLE AND WHITE—Kenora High School, Kenora.

We liked the way you dealt with your various departments. Your treatment of the graduation class is quite new to us.

THE QUEEN'S REVIEW—Queen's University, Kingston.

Very interesting articles. Your magazine should be extremely useful for keeping in touch with the alumni of the university.

QUIDNUNC—Cornwall Collegiate Institute, Cornwall.

Your first year book is a decided success. You have a fine literary section.

RETINA — Morrison R. Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio.

A splendid monthly, full of pep and originality. Your covers are particularly attractive.

THE RECORD — Utica County Day School, New Hartford, New York.

Thanks for sending us the "Record Supplement". A nicely arranged magazine. We particularly enjoyed your short stories.

Royal Belfast Academical Institute, Belfast, Ireland.

The poetry was of particular interest. How about a few pictures and an exchange list?

SCARBORO BUFF — Scarboro High School, Toronto.

You are to be complimented on the success of your snap page. It is particularly clear. Why not have a literary and an exchange column?

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW—St. Andrew's College, Aurora.

An excellent magazine, concerning which we have no criticism. We only wish to say "come again".

THE TATTER—Lindsay Collegiate, Lindsay.

A few cartoons would brighten up your magazine. Your "Dramatic Club Notes" were fine. You must have a "live-wire Club".

TECALOGUE—London Technical and Commercial School, London.

A very interesting magazine. We like the way you illustrated your stories. Your poetry deserves special mention.

TORPEDO — Central High School of Commerce, Toronto.

Why not keep all your stories and articles together? Your cuts are about the best we have seen.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW—Trinity University, Toronto.

A very interesting magazine, especially your poetry.

THE TWIG — University of Toronto Schools, Toronto.

Not up to the standard set by last year's magazine, but nevertheless, a very good one.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
MONTHLY. Toronto.

We particularly enjoyed your rugby write-ups, and the splendid pictures.

THE VANTECH—Vancouver Technical School, Vancouver, B.C.

Your legends and pictures are especially to be commented on, also your unusual cover. We liked it.

THE VULCAN--Central Technical School
Toronto.

An excellent magazine published entirely by the student body. We liked your cuts.

WATSONIAN—Watson College, Edinburgh.

We enjoyed your magazine ever so much, but looked for our name in the Exchange and couldn't find it.

WOLF HOWL—Sudbury High School and Technical, Sudbury.

Another new exchange. Your manner of treating the graduating class was new to us. Outside of this there was nothing distinctive.

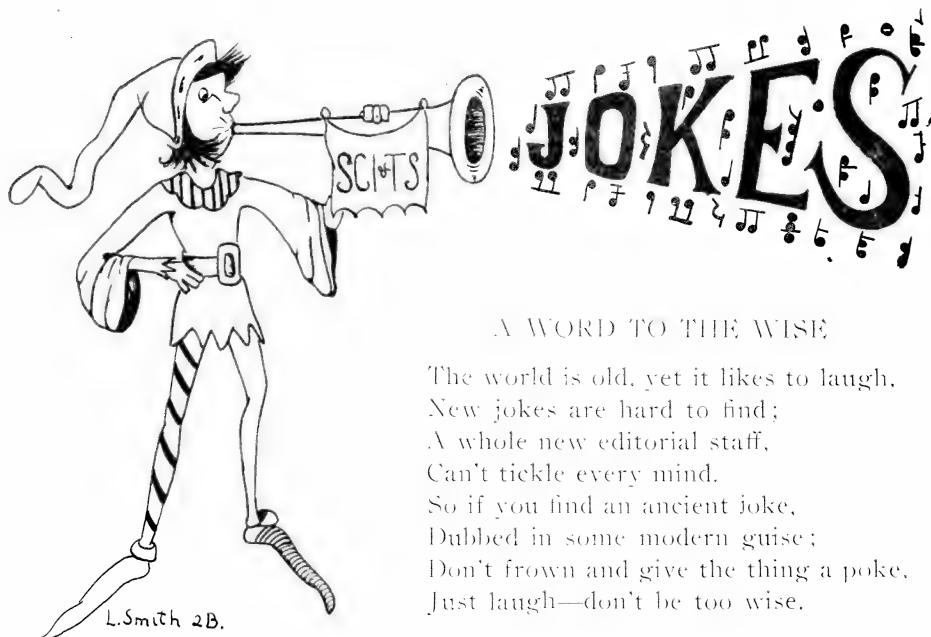
WINDSOR-WALKERVILLE TECHNICAL YEAR BOOK—Walkerville.

We liked your cover. Why not make a separate poetry section?

YE FLAME—Central Regina Collegiate, Regina Sask.

A striking frontispiece. Excellent jokes and form notes.





A WORD TO THE WISE

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff,
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you find an ancient joke,
Dubbed in some modern guise;
Don't frown and give the thing a poke,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Mr. Asbury, in assembly—"Order, order."
Voice from rear—"A cup of coffee and a ham sandwich."

* * * *

H. Halliday—"I want a good brand of toothpaste."

Drug Clerk—"Forhans."

H. Haliday—"Naw, for teeth."

* * * *

Mr. Andrews—"And why are you late, Bell?"

Bell—"Well, Sir, we set the alarm for seven but only six of us heard it."

* * * *

Friend—"What is your son taking up at school this year?"

Capt. Misener (disgustedly)—"Space, nothing but space!"

* * * *

Vanhorne behind a fence smoking

An elderly lady comes along—"Does your father know you smoke?"

Vanhorne (surprised)—"Are you married?"

Lady—"Yes."

Neil—"Does your husband know that you talk to strange men?"

* * * *

Miss Burris—"Now Duncan, will you look at me for a moment without laughing, please." Now Miss Burris.

* * * *

Mr. Dennis—"One animal ate another at the zoo."

Kearns—"He must have been a cheetah."

* * * *

Definitions

Matrimony is the splice of life.

Mr. Durnford says—"a limburger sandwich is two slices of bread travelling in bad company."

A village girl eloped in a suit of her father's clothes. The next day the village "Daily News" came out with the sensational headline—"Flees in Father's Pants."

* * * *

Fred Samis and his old 1902 model chugged painfully up to the gate at the Sarnia Fair.

Couse—"A dollar for the car."

Fred looked up with a pathetic smile of relief and said "SOLD!"

* * * *

NOTICE

All complaints of libel, extraneous amphibulation, typographical errors, treason or notice of duels concerning the publication of "The Gossip" should be addressed to Room 211. Please enclose self-addressed and stamped envelope. The following were responsible for the success or otherwise of the first edition—N. Patterson, D. McGibbon, C. Brush and last but not least our native son Ken Myers.

Please excuse all errors—typographical or social—as this was the first attempt on the linotype machine by the above mentioned names.

* * * *

Waiter (in St. Thomas)—"Macaulay used to dine at this hotel."

Twaites—"It must have been an egg like this that inspired him to write "Lays of Ancient Rome."

* * * *

The Rugby team was leaving the hotel.

Coach Gray—"Have you got everything?"

The team—"Yes, we have got the towels, the Gideon Bible, and the dresser scarf."

* * * *

It was at a masquerade. "Have you seen Thelma?" asked one of the guests when they met in the smoking room. "She's here as the Essence of Innocence."

"Is that what she's representing?" the other retorted in amazement. "I thought by the brevity of her costume that she came as the Spirit of Forgetfulness."

* * * *



They walked down the lane together,
The sky was studded with stars.
They reached the gate together,
He lifted for her the bars.
She turned her eyes towards him
There was nothing between them now
For he was just the hired man,
And she the Jersey cow.

* * * *

Griffith—"I wish I was a river."

Garrett—"Why."

Jack—"Because I could lay in my bed all day and still keep in my course."

* * * *

Doctor—"My, you have a-cute indigestion."

Mary MacIntyre—"Oh, I bet you tell that to lots of girls."

Not Justice, Just IC'S

Artistic—Ken Myers.
 Bo(o)mbastic(k)—Ross Tuck.
 Chronic—Caram Abdo.
 Dramatic—"3 Live Ghosts."
 Elastic—Andrew Hayne.
 Frantic—Ken Bell (catching the street-car for Strathroy game).
 Gigantic—Spectre of June Exams.
 Hydraulic—The school rink for the hockey game with Watford.
 Idiotic—The silly fellow in Coll. I.A.
 Juggle-ic—The Night Hawks' game with the Chicago Girls.
 Keltic—The Patersons.
 Lyric—Jean Murphy.
 Meteoric—Spoofy's Neck Tie.
 Narcotic—Detention room after four.
 Operatic—Senior Lit. Feb. 1.
 Pneumatic—George Albinson.
 Quixotic—Vincent Norwood.
 Romantic—U-No.
 Sta-tic—The school Clocks.
 Tragie—The Boys' Basket Ball game with London Central.
 Unidiomatic—What Tom called Dick and Harry.
 Voltaic—Lindbergh's matrimonial flight.
 Wheeze-ic—When the S.C.I. & T.S. took the flu.
 X-ic—The unknown.
 Yellow-ic—Somebody's Peroxide Hair.
 Zymotic—The M.O.H. Annual Review.

* * * *

Sight-seeing guide—"and, ladies and gentlemen, on your right you see a monument erected last year to a noble cause."

Miss Burris—"What does it stand for?"

Guide—"Because, lady, it would look silly lying down."

* * * *

There was an old man of Perth
 Who was born on the day of his birth;
 He was married, they say, on his wife's wedding-day,
 And died on his last day on earth.

* * * *

Mr. Halliday—"Say, look here, son, yer ain't getting as much milk from them cows as y'uster."

Herbert—"Nope, sorter lost my pull."

* * * *

Editor—"But these jokes aren't funny."

Contributor—"I know that, but I've just been reading over some back copies of your magazine, and I thought that you might think they were."

* * * *

Rastus—"Wat fur you keeps yer dog muzzled."

Sambo—"That's to give him confidence in hisself."

* * * *

As the first bricklayer on the pyramid said to the second, "So long, I've a pile of work to do."

* * * *

Fraser—"Did you take Marie to the Imperial last night?"

Abner—"No, she'd been on her feet all day, so we went to a dance."

Hypnotist—"My gosh, I've got Twaits in a deep sleep and I can't get him out of it. What'll I do?"

Assistant—"Ring a bell."

* * * *

Why should we learn to read? They have talking movies now.

* * * *

Lady (in a pet store)—"I like this dog, but his legs are too short."

McKay—"Too short! Why, madame, they all four reach the ground."

* * * *

"What's this, a game?" shouted Misener, irately as he received his ninth checker set on his birthday.

* * * *

"Go," said the landlady to our editor, "and never darken my bathtub again."

* * * *

A Jewish father, wishing to teach his little son a lesson, placed him on top of the bookcase and told him to jump in his daddy's arm. The following conversation took place:

"Now, Abie, jump in Papa's arms."

"But Papa, it's so far, I'm afraid."

"Abie! Do you want your Papa to lick you? Jump in Papa's arms, come on; jump to Papa."

Abie still hesitates but finally jumps. His father steps quickly aside and lets little Abie crash to the floor.

Then the father says to his son: "Now, Abie, that will teach you never to trust nobody."

* * * *

T3's Royal Representation at gym



What's the use of livin';

Nothin' to gain!

What's the use of eatin';

Only more pain!

What's the use of kissing?

He'll go and tell.

What's the use of anything?

Oh ! ! !—well.

* * * *

Norwood—"Wasn't that Cleo driving past in that chariot?"

Myers—"Oh, no, it couldn't possibly have been Ben Hur."

* * * *

"... And Waiter" added Stubbs "have my chops lean."

Waiter—"Yes, sir. Which way, sir?"

* * * *

Bill Jones—"Where were you yesterday?"

Rowley McKay—"I was at a wooden wedding."

Bill—"A wooden wedding."

Rowley—"Yes, two Poles got married."

* * * *

—Don't leave me honey, why you used to call me your constant delight."

—“Yes, delight that failed.”

Ken Myers—"Let me kiss you under the mistletoe?"

Marg. Hueston—"I wouldn't let you kiss me under an anaesthetic."

* * * *

Mr. Alderson—"Mercenaries are soldiers who fight for the money they get out of it and not for the love of their country."

Doris Napper—"And do they get killed?"

* * * *

Mr. Dent—"What bird is this?"

Churchill—"Sneagle sno, snotneagle, snowl."

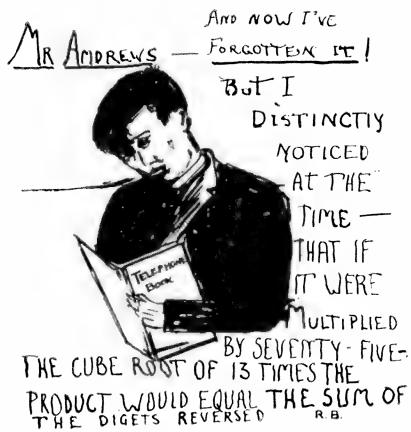
Mr. Dent—"Sneither, Snostrich."

* * * *

Dorothy C.—"Did he kiss you against your will?"

Marie P.—"He thinks he did."

* * * *



Under a spreading chestnut tree
A stubborn auto stands;
The smith an angry man is he
With trouble on his hands.
The carburetor seems to be
The cause of all his woe;
He tightens half a dozen bolts,
But still it doesn't go.
He sits beside the road to give
His brains a chance to cool,
And ponders on his training at
The correspondence school.
And then he starts his job once more
And just by chance is seen
The cause of all his trouble is
He's out of gasoline.

—(With apologies to the
Village Blacksmith).

* * * *

Another theory has been advanced as to why George Washington stood up in the boat. He was Scotch and just had his pants pressed.

* * * *

I often pause and wonder
At Fate's peculiar ways,
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.

* * * *

Visitor—"What are you in jail for?"

Gord—"Taking a picture."

Visitor—"What?"

Patterson—"A cop got me just as I was getting it down off the wall."

* * * *

Stubbs—"I hear you were upset by the bank failure."

Twaits—"I should say so, I completely lost my balance."

* * * *

We heard two small children in boastful conversation the other day.
"My father," said the first, "has electricity in his hair."
"That ain't nothing," came back the second, "My dad's got gas in his stomach."

Yeah, the war cost Sandy his arm. He couldn't bring himself to throw away a grenade.

* * * *

The Latin We Learned AT S. C. I.

Caesar

The legions having found a ford, the cavalry having approached, the baggage being impeded, Caesar having a lot of Gaul, etc. the cavalry landed on the Belgae and had the situation well in hand before you could say Jupiter Pluvius. Thank heaven for the keys.

Cicero

How long will you allow this jazz-mad youth to mock the consuls including me. I'm wise to you, Sweet Cataline. Where were you this morning? Who was the lady I saw you with last night? O tempora, O mores, which means what's the time you morons. Skip the parts in italics boys; you're young yet.

Virgil

There was a lofty crag on the shore with head of living rock, and a heavy swell running up and down the beach, so we anchored and stretched our brine-soaked weary limbs on the sand. Boy, was we soured! You can go to hades very easily and what's more I found it very interesting. There I met all the people worth knowing.

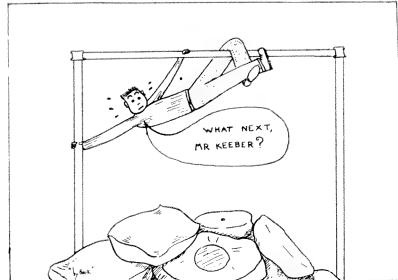
* * * *

"It's all wrong about these Irish being good fighters."

"Yeah."

"Once up North, my brother and I and two other fellows licked an Irishman.

* * * *



"Please".

"No."

"Oh, please let me."

"Absolutely, no."

"Please, dear, just this once."

"No. If mother ever saw you—"

"Well this is the last time I'll come to a place where I can't smoke."

* * * *

"There's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as Froggy Halliday crossed the yard.

* * * *

We wonder what kind of pupils Miss Cruickshanks thinks we have in this school when she says "Elda, can you run up that blind."

* * * *

Pauline (after the play)—"When I was on the stage the audience simply sat there open-mouthed."

Elaine—"Nonsense, my dear, they never all yawn at once."

* * * *

Boss (to Williams)—"You two fellows started diggin' at the same time.

How come Ibsister's got a bigger pile of dirt?

Williams—"Sure, he's digging a bigger hole."

HOO'S HOO

Name	Alias	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Weakness	Ultimate Fate
William Twaits	"Bill"	Zatso	Mathematician	Stage Parties	Billiard marker
Patricia Collins	"Patsy"	O-o-o-h-h-h!	To pass chemistry	Remembering names	Nurse
Donald McGibbon	"Dope"	Ask Pauline.	To win scholarship	Pauline	Same
Pauline Mills	"Pauline"	Phooey!	Has none	Don	Same
Charles Brush	"Chas."	Got 'nother letter, + (?)	Nurses	Men!	A patient patient
Elaine Woodrow	"Lae-lac"	Don't be fresh.	Siren	Men!	Private stenog.
Norman Paterson	"Norm"	Who's that girl?	Chemical engineer	Blushes	Pursued by women
Etta Brown	"Fitt"	I think so too.	1st class honours	Writing	Social hostess
Lloyd Patterson	"Shorty"	Don't mention it	Doesn't know himself	Talking loudly	High-pressure salesman
Marion McKim	"Kinney"	Oh no!	To be an artist	Sophistication	Designer
William Williams	"Bill"	330	Flyer (high)	Sleep	Golf pro.
Patricia Palmer	"Pat"	Say!	Female Paderewski	Millinery	Piano teacher
Ralph Misner	"Ram"	Now I think—	R. M. C.	Giving advice	With Lloyd
Mary MacIntyre	"Senorita"	Oh my-y-y-y!	Pavlowa	Dancing	Cultivating roses
Kenneth Bell	"Ken"	Bother take it.	Saw-bones	Arguing	Surgeon
Helen Brown	"Helen"	Silence!	M. A.	Homework	Teacher
Ken Fraser	"Fras."	I don't think so.	To sing	Girls	Un épicier
Margaret Sparling	"Marge"	Isn't that cute?	One guess.	Dark, curly hair	To write letters

Foiled in the Attempt

Night had long since fallen. The air was alive with the whisper of moving feet. And all was well.

Slowly P. C. Murphy wended his way up Richmond St.—Suddenly as the officer approached Queen St. his clean-cut boyish features became the replica of a tiger's scowl. He saw his duty and he would do it.

Grouped in the entrance of the post-office were a dozen huddled forms—carved, they seemed from stone. Visions of glory flashed thro' the officer's mind. He thought of himself mounted upon a bicycle, perhaps a horse-promotion. Now at closer quarters the huddled figures assumed a more life-like form and began to amble towards a solitary street light, all absorbed they were—their attention focussed upon various blue slips—the officer gasped—collegians he thought—yes, for they wore no garters.—

A terrific roar—we've graduated—shattered the quiet. Then boomed forth a cheer the like of which had never before reached the officer's ear:

Pooh Pooh Harvard
 Pooh Pooh Yale
 We got our knowledge through the mail
 We're not monkeys, nor are we fools
 INTERNATIONAL Correspondence Schools.

The officer chuckled—what ho—just last evening had he not watched, surprise, followed by awe, creep into the faces of his friends as he spoke to the waiter in perfect French.—W.“U”G.

* * * *

“How does an old maid take her medicine?”

—“Incider.”

* * * *

“I want a collar for my husband,” said the woman, “but I'm afraid that I have forgotten the size.”

“Thirteen and a half,” suggested the clerk.

“That's it. How did you know?”

“Men who let their wives buy their collars for them are about that size,” explained the clerk.

* * * *

Norman—“Our coach got some new waterproof pants for Williams and Lloyd Patterson.”

Margaret—“Oh, the big babies.”

* * * *

Waitress—“What will you have sir?”

Brush—“A toasted cheese sandwich.”

Waitress—“On toast, sir?”

Chas.—“No, bring it in on horseback.”

* * * *

“Statistics show that women live longer than men.” Paint is certainly a great preservative.

* * * *

It rains on the just
 And on the unjust fellas,
 —Mostly on the just
 'Cos the unjust swipe umbrellas.

* * * *

Samis (in a Berlin beer garden)—“Hoch!”

Waiter—“Forbidden to spit.”

Pupil (with historic flair)—“How did LaSalle die?”

Mr. Payne (with emotion)—“He died in a hurry—(without pain?)”

* * * *

The Owlbridges Lung Tonic Song—“Oh, hoarseness keep my sales up.”
The Onion Song—“Drink to me only with thine eyes.”

* * * *

Augora—I shudder at the thought of my 35th birthday.”

Patsy—“Why, what happened on your 35th birthday.”

* * * *

Fraser—“That swell looking girl is dead from the neck up.”
Stubbs—“Well, she can bury her head in my arms any time.”

* * * *

“Is your sister fat.”

“Is she fat? She had the mumps 3 weeks before they found what was wrong with her.”

* * * *

Pauline—“There’s Elaine—I understand she bought that dress by installments.”

Marg.—“I suppose that’s the first installment she’s wearing.”

* * * *

Christie (on ferry)—“Hey, Fred, the boat is going down—here’s that ten dollars I owe you.”

Samis—“Aha—a sinking fund.”

* * * *

Miss Walker—“What’s the difference between a buffalo and a bison?”

Bill Jones—“A buffalo is a four-legged animal with horns and a bison is something you wash your face in.”

* * * *

Macbeth—“Make haste, old woman, make haste.”

The Three Witches—“All right, Mac, we’ll bewitch’ a in a minute.”

* * * *



Perhaps these jokes are old
And should be on the shelf,
But if you do not like them,
Just hand some in yourself.

Mary’s head is eleven
inches long, so she calls
it a foot—but she
doesn’t use it as a rule.

Autograph Page

*These many years, have I for honour yearned,
And scant praise earned;
But ah! to win, at last, such friends,
Is full amends.*

(Apologies to William Watson).

Autograph Page

The Gift that is sure to please---

EVERY now and then you want to give something just a little different—something that says "Quality" as soon as it is opened.

That "something" is a box of Neilson's Chocolates.

Not only are they beautifully packaged . . . but the chocolates themselves are entirely distinctive with their unique and delightful centres, so daintily enrobed with the smoothest and finest chocolate coatings.

The same QUALITY runs all through . . . it's the assortment that makes the difference in price.



Neilson's CHOCOLATES

— The Chocolates that are Different —

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ICE CREAM
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Savage Washers
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Electrical Contractors

Miss Burris, after her recent invasion of Detroit and all the wonderful plays, relates that, "the plays run into a happy ending about as serenely as—a taxi into a pedestrian."

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Representative for
GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

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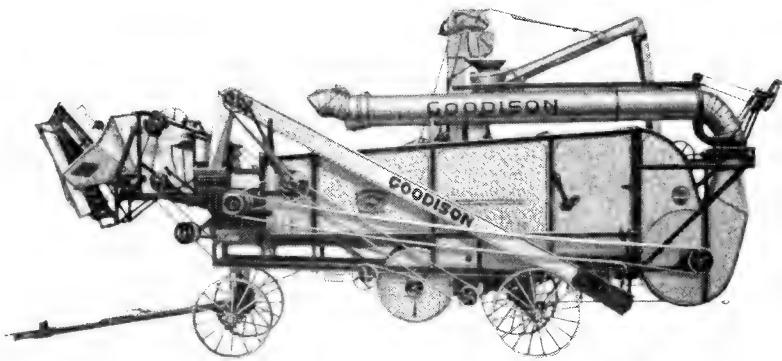
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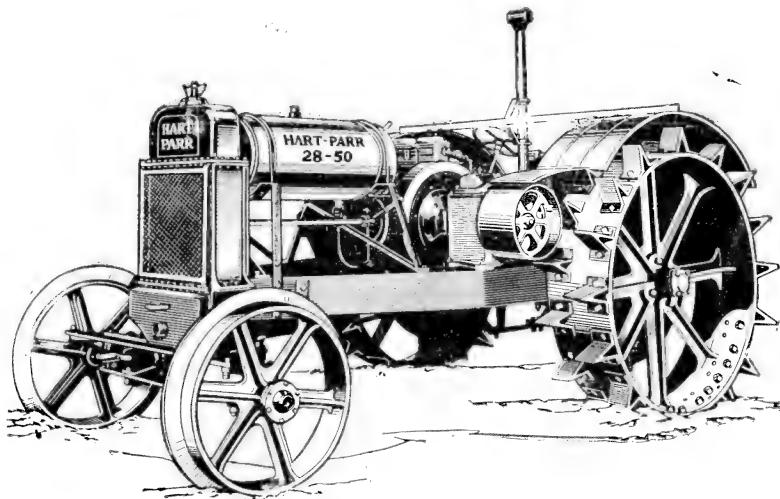
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Wear Better -
Are Better*



Do You Need
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May we suggest that our store is a good place to buy them?

Chiffon Stockings—Silk from top to toe—with the new narrow French Heel that lends grace to the silken clad ankle.

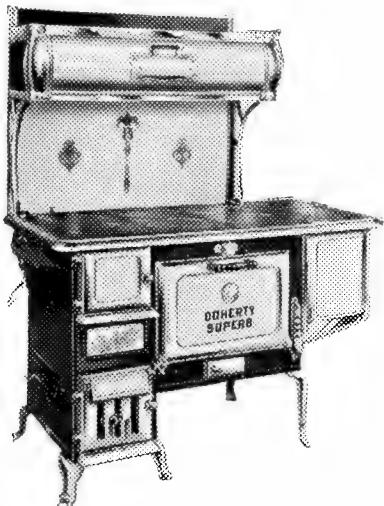
French Tan, Chateau Parchment, Gun Metal, Pearl Blush, Black and White.

FRED MILLS

Clark—"I just bought two new handkerchiefs at \$3.00 each."

Twaites—"That's a lot to blow in, isn't it?"

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The triplex grates are for burning coal or coke. The lower part of the fire pot is lined with brick, but the upper part has carefully fitted cast iron linings. In the summer, if it is desired to burn wood, the end coal linings are taken out, and special wood bottom is set in place over the grates. You now have the proper fire-box for wood, because when the back end is removed it opens up an extension pocket which enables one to put in a long stick. 24-inch wood can be burned, and of almost any shape, for the door is large and there is plenty of room everywhere. No need to spend hours whittling up small stove-wood.

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When You Leave High School

One of our specialized courses will enable you to put your education to work, will place you in line for the better positions where opportunity and promotion awaits you.

Sarnia Business College

Judge—"What's the charge agin' this man?"

Officer—"Stealing nine bottles of beer, your honour."

Judge—"Case dismissed, I can't make a case out of nine bottles."



Greetings from the
Kiwanis Club
of Sarnia

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Call in, Collegians, as you pass the door, and try our Homemadē Candy

Made fresh daily.

Different kinds for every taste.

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Gordon Helps

George, the engineer, is plain spoken. He calls a spade a spade. But you wouldn't give a Nichol for what he calls a lawn mower.

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Fresh Water Bathing

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SARNIA CITY COUNCIL--1929

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CANADA PAINT AND VARNISHES

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FRONT STREET, SARNIA

Smith—"Who told you that dress was too long?"

Marie—"No one, but yesterday it caught on my garter."

McFee's Garage
STORAGE

ACCESSORIES SERVICE STATION

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Phone 29

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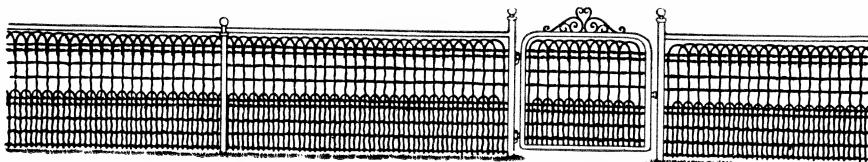
Boss—"Did you take Jenkins home after he was run over by the steam roller?"
Harris (working for pavement Co.)—"Yes, and his wife wasn't home so we shoved him under the door."

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Lets in fresh air and sunshine, opens up alleys to inspection, transforms back yards which are too often eyesores into nature's beauty spots. For residence lawns and gardens our Flower Bed Border provides ample protection.

These can be supplied either painted or galvanized. Nothing so adds to the attractive appearance of your home as a clean-clipped lawn with an appropriate fence.

Let us measure your lot and make an estimate of the cost of fencing it.



The Sarnia Fence Co., Limited

SARNIA, ONTARIO.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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ROY CODLING, Prop.

Did you ever hear of the Scotch boy who shot his parents so he could go to the orphans picnic?

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107 N. Christina St.



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Soph. to Carl Chalmers at service station—"Keep Ethyl now?"
Carl—"I gas so".

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Responsible and courteous Service at all times.

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For Sport and Exercise
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FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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Stranger—"Have any big men been born in this city?"

N. Nichol—"No, only babies."

***Friendly
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Is the key note of Bank of
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like our service, tell
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We welcome new customers.

This Bank is Here to Help You.

The Bank of Toronto

J. W. SIMPSON, Manager.

"ALMOST TOO LATE"—

That's what Billy Williams,
Norman Patterson and Bill
Turnbull said when they
rushed in to canvass for this
ad. We are "just going to
press."

LOTS OF MEN—

Are "too late" applying for
their Life Insurance. They
leave it till they're "just
going to die."

**Buy yours when you're young
so you can cash it when
you're old.**

W. A. WATSON

"THE GREAT WEST LIFE"

THE COLLEGIATE

—And, strange to tell, among
that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while
others not;
And suddenly one more im-
patient cried—
“Who is the Potter, Pray, and
who the Pot?”

Omar Khayyam



NEILSON'S CHOCOLATES

By Box and Bulk

—
ICE CREAM

SOFT DRINKS

CIGARETTES

ALLCROFT'S
CANDY SHOPPE

Who is the certain person in the S.C.I. who is so dumb that his mind would have gone had it not been too weak to travel?

FOR BIG CAR PERFORMANCE

AT STILL A LOW PRICE

PONTIAC--Big Six

Has Still Retained Its Place as a Leader

LOOK AT THE FACTS

LOOK AT THE CAR

Sarnia Pontiac-Oakland Motors

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The Place for Boys or Girls

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Jean—"Why is your face so red?"

Vera—"Cause."

Jean—"Cause why?"

Vera—"Causemetics."



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Only First Class Companies Represented.

They call her Pearl cause she's so easy to string. "How do you know Gordon?"

A Word to Our Advertisers

As we prepare the "Collegiate" for 1929 the realization of how much we depend upon the support of our advertisers comes forcibly home to us. We have endeavoured to solicit the support of every business firm and professional man in the city. In most cases we have received their earnest and whole-hearted support and for this we are very grateful.

When we approach our advertisers we endeavour to impress upon them the advantages of advertising in the "Collegiate". We impress the fact that this magazine goes out into over a thousand different homes in this city and is read by the parents as well as the pupils. Unlike a newspaper, the "Collegiate" has a permanent value and its pages are frequently referred to by pupils for years afterwards.

On the other hand, the "Collegiate" is not a money making proposition but is essentially the mirror of the students and the work they are doing. By advertising in this magazine you are enabling the students of this school to publish a magazine that is on a par with the best high school publications in the Dominion. Surely, the business and professional men of this city would not fail to support us even if it was only for this last cause alone.

Therefore, on behalf of the student body we take this opportunity of thanking our advertisers whose hearty support has made this magazine possible and hope that you will continue your advertisements in years to come.

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ELECTRIC WASHERS
S. W. PAINTS
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DOHERTY GAS STATION
Agent for WHIPPET AUTOMOBILES

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We call and deliver.

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CLEANERS and DYERS

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Phone 81

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FUNERAL and AMBULANCE SERVICE
Sarnia, Ontario

Misner (showing picture of himself on a donkey)—“That was taken at the exhibition.”

Helen Paterson—“But who is that on your back.”

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Allen (dreamily)—"Keeping up the telegraph wires I suppose."

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